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A

MUSIC AND FRIENDS.

MUSIC AND FRIENDS;

OR,

PLEASANT RECOLLECTIONS

OF

A Dilettante.

BY WILLIAM GARDINER,

AUTHOR OF

"SACRED MELODIES," "ORATORIO OF JUDAH," "MUSIC OF NATURE,"
"MUSIC AND FRIENDS";
EDITOR OF THE "LIVES OF HAYDN AND MOZART," ETC.;
MEMBER OF THE ACADEMY OF ST. CECILIA, ROME; AND OF THE CLASS OF FINE ARTS
DE L'INSTITUTE HISTORIQUE DE FRANCE.

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PREFACE.

In the two previous volumes of this work, I have given some account of my life and early recollections. I now put down some other particulars—some from my early boyhood—possessing, I am aware, no value in themselves, and of no public interest, beyond that which time confers upon them.

The Songs are specimens of old fashioned poetry, —as Isaac Walton says, "Choicely good"—to which I have composed appropriate airs. My anecdotes may now see the light without offence, the incidents to which they refer having occurred so far back as nearly to be forgotton.

My love of Music has not been chilled with advancing years; as may be seen in the thoughts I have let drop upon that science in this, my final volume.

Leicester, 1853.

For pages 382 and 383, read 370 and 371.

[To the *Sacred Melodies*, which I published forty years ago, I had four hundred and four subscribers, only twenty four of whom are now alive. The following, whom (with the exception of four or five) I have the honour to call my personal friends, I place upon record with the utmost pride and pleasure as subscribers to this, my last work.]

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MUSIC AND FRIENDS;

OR,

PLEASANT RECOLLECTIONS, &c.

CHAPTER I.

INFANCY—EAR FOR MUSIC—DAME SCHOOL—VAUGHAN—JANE GLOVER — MR. BURGESS — TELESCOPE — CHIME CLOCK — SHAKSPERIAN JUBILEE.

I have stated in the first volume, that I was born on the ides of March (the 15th), 1770, the memorable day on which Brutus stabbed Cæsar. I mention this, because all men are fond of associating themselves with great names, even those whose origin is no higher than my own.

There are images impressed upon my mind, which I conceive to have existed there from the very commencement of my being, which ever and anon start up into remembrance more *visibly*, as it were, than any ideas acquired by the mere observation of the senses. These pictures in the chambers of fancy were not imprinted by external objects—they existed before I had actually learnt to see. Glimpses of these sensations I

still retain, which I consider as undivided threads connected with a *former existence*—not a creation, but a developement of impressions—not to be attributed to anything in this outer world. On a close observation of children we may be led to suspect that some of their startling inquiries and rapid thoughts arise from no other source than these in-born visions.

Before I was a twelvemonth old, my ear caught a tune from my father's flute; it was so strongly impressed upon my mind, that on meeting with it sixty years afterwards, I found every note was perfectly retained in my recollection. Another air which he played on the violoncello, I have inserted as a curiosity, *vide* page 20.

The early use of our faculties sharpens the perceptions of the senses, and this quickness is often erroneously ascribed to genius.

Dame School.

1772.—In my second year I was sent to a dame school, kept by Mrs. Loseby, who lived in the house now converted into Payne's fish shop, in High-street, Leicester. There was only one other male youngster in the school besides myself, Master Welby Vaughan (third son of Doctor Vaughan, an eminent physician). This cherub knight, a year older than myself, was regarded by me as a Don Quixote,

to whom I played the part of Sancho Panza. We were made to sit on a small form by ourselves, distinct from the little girls, who filled the school. When breeched for the first time, I well recollect the display I made with my jacket interlaced with silver sugar-loaf buttons. The glitter produced in me the first sensations of pride, and evidently the first feeling of envy in my schoolfellow.

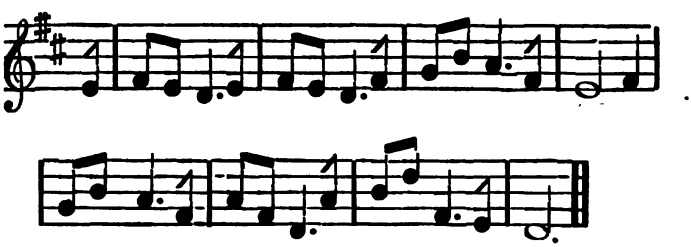
Mrs. Loseby was a little sharp old woman, so crooked and lame that she could not move from her chair. She was the horror of my waking and sleeping thoughts. How often have I dreamed that she hobbled after me, frightful figure as she was, and when upon the point of being caught, I have started from my sleep, miraculously escaping from her grasp. My young Doctor led me into many a scrape, for which we were called up to the judgment seat, to be punished by a smart slap upon the hand, with a small mahogany battledore which she kept by her side—which gave the fingers a tingling sensation for some time. When the old lady was ill we were turned over to the maiden government of her niece, Jane Glover, a good-tempered, and pleasing young person, who I then supposed was the heroine of the following verse, which I had often heard sung, to very pretty music:—

Go to Jane Glover,
And tell her I love her,
And by the light of the moon
I will come to her.

In the summer time we were treated with a tea-drinking at the Bath gardens. Upon this gala-day we were all dressed in our best; our heads were curled and powdered, and what was very showy, the girls were all clad in white, with a pink sash, and red morocco shoes. We walked hand-in-hand, without hats or caps, to the great admiration of the people who lined the streets to look at us.

Mr. Burgess.

1773.—Our nearest neighbour was Mr. Burgess, an eminent manufacturer. His house was situated at the end of an alley leading from the upper part of the Market-place into the Horse-fair, a narrow passage where only two could walk abreast. When the Assembly Rooms were built, the present Hotel-street was made, as an outlet for carriages, over the foundations of the ancient town wall. From Mr. Burgess's house there was an open view over the fields as far as the Marquis of Granby—not an object intervened, except the Recorder's house, which stood in a large garden. The whole district has since been built upon, and this house now finds itself standing in Belvoir-street, at the corner of Bowling-green-street. At Mr. Burgess's I was a constant visitor, and among many treats bestowed upon me, none gratified me more than being permitted to look through a telescope. How surprised was I to

see persons at the distance of a mile drawn close to me, so that I could discern the shining metal buttons on their clothes! This gave birth to my love of telescopes, and, ultimately, to that of astronomy. Another object which claimed my attention, and to which I paid frequent visits, was a chime-clock, which played a tune every three hours. Its simple and plaintive melody always interested me, and the strong impression it made upon my mind now enables me to write it down from memory:—

Mr. Burgess was a lover of music, and my father's attainments in that way always made him a welcome visitor. Then, there was no music without plenty of libations of ale—wine was scarcely ever seen, even in the best families. The crowning liquor of the night was the all joy-inspiring punch.—Shakspere's Jubilee had lately been held at Stratford-upon-Avon, and my friends who attended this *fete* brought home with them carved busts, tobacco-stoppers, &c., made of the mulberry tree which Shakspere planted. I well recollect the

following song upon that occasion, which became very popular:—

Behold! this fair goblet was carved from the tree,
Which, O my sweet Shakspere, was planted by thee.

These Avon penates were thrown into the flowing bowl, and as the libations quickened, the poetic fire of my friends quickened also, much to the alarm of my boyish feelings. The sentiments of the following song were in unison with the taste of the day.

SONG.

How can the mind be e'er at ease,
Unless you first the body please?
Life is, what e'er vain man may doubt,
But taking in—and putting out.

Since life's but a span,
Live as much as you can;
Let none of it pass without pleasure;
But push on your strength,
Of what life wants in length,
In the breadth you must make up the measure.

CHAPTER II.

MILITIA—BAUMGARTEN AND THE BAND—IRELAND—THE YOUTH PERRY—MILITARY DRESS—DEATH OF CAPTAIN SPENCER.

1778.—About this time the Militia was drawn for, an event which produced an extraordinary sensation in the public mind. A thousand red coats, with arms in their hands, started up in the Market-place, as if by magic, and fired a volley which alarmed and shook the whole town. The surprise was unexampled—a soldier not having been seen since the civil wars.

Previous to the general muster, half-a-dozen lads had been sent up to London, to be taught various instruments, in order to form a military band. Their German master, Baumgarten, put into their hands a new instrument, called the clarionet, which, with its fiery tone, was better adapted to lead armies on to battle than the meek and feeble oboe. This instrument, with its companion, the bassoon, was to be found in every country choir. The fierceness of war has, however, driven the oboe out of society, and it is now nearly forgotten. After the regiment had been drilled for a month, the stocking-maker and ploughman returned to their homes, with a self-importance never felt before, looking down upon their fellows almost with contempt, and returning reluctantly to their work. In 1778 the American war was at its height,

and the militia was called out on actual duty. The panic produced by this measure is not to be described. Every wife and mother's son dreamt of seeing husband and father slain in battle; nor was the public mind at all appeased till it was declared, that, constitutionally, the militia could not be sent out of the kingdom. However, on June 10th, the phalanx marched out, with drawn swords, drums rolling, and colours flying, by the Ashby-road, for Liverpool, and thence to Ireland. The town was deserted, especially by the females, who had come from every part of the county to accompany their sweethearts part of the way, which they did many miles before they could bid the last farewell. The charm of the band, playing lively quick steps, drew me as far as Grooby, ere I took leave of my friend, Perry. This young gentleman lived within a door of us, and, as boys, we were companions. Though he was not more than twelve years of age, he was admitted an ensign in his father's company. He wore a sword and full uniform. In every respect he was my superior, yet he continued his acquaintance with me, of which I was not a little proud, he being the admiration of all boys of his own age. The military dress was then absurdly uncouth. The flaps of the coat reached nearly to the ancles, and the waistcoat flaps to the middle of the thigh. White woollen breeches, stockings, shoes and buckles, completed the lower attire. The hair, loaded with flour and pomatum, terminated in a long pigtail, as thick as your

wrist, and rolled upon the shoulders. This was considered a defence against a sword cut, in battle. The head was surmounted with a large cocked hat; and the chin was so propped up, by a stiff leathern collar, that the man of war could scarcely see the ground on which he marched. The firelock was as much as any person could carry. Thus loaded and shackled, he was too unwieldy to fight, and too heavy to run away.

On the conclusion of the American war, in 1783 (just five years afterwards), the regiment returned to their families and friends, having performed no one feat of arms, or achieved one earthly good. On their road home, Captain Spencer died at Worksop, and was brought to be buried in the Great Meeting yard, Leicester. The same band which inspired me with their lively airs, now played, in solemn style, the *Dead March in Saul*, as the hero was carried to the grave, when the troops fired a volley over him. His tombstone stands near to the vestry, from which I have copied the following epitaph:—

"Is Spencer, then, to tyrant Death a prey!
Who faced him oft in all his dread array?
Boast, Death, thy sting; and Grave, thy victory boast!
Must we lament him, then, as ever lost?
No! faith replies, he'll wake to life again;
Where, Death, thy sting; where, Grave, thy victory, then?"

CHAPTER III.

OLD LEICESTER—WALLS, GATES, INNS—LORD'S HOUSE—TREES IN THE STREETS.

1774.—When the plague raged here in 1669, the high road from the north, which passed by the Abbey, was turned through Belgrave, and so on to Leicester, outside the walls, to avoid the pestilence—hence arose the suburbs of the Belgrave-gate, Church-gate, and Humberstone-gate. The principal inns near the High Cross were deserted, and the Three Crowns and Three Cranes, in Gallowtree-gate, became the chief resort for travellers. The town, within the walls, was at that time not more than a quarter of a mile square. The four gates were taken down in 1774. Over the east gate there was an upper story, which made the opening so low, that a loaded waggon could not pass under it. The Church-gate was the town ditch, full of mire, with a few houses standing on the eastern bank. The houses were all made of wood and plaster, not more than two storeys high. The varieties of roof and gables lunging upon one another, gave the old place a picturesque appearance. The chief street was Highcross-street, where stood the building of the Old Cross, which left scarcely room for a carriage to pass. In the High-street, was a mansion built of stone, belonging to the Huntingdon family, called the Lord's House, of which only one turret remains, now cased

with brick, and the highest object in the street. A very enlivening feature were the trees scattered through the town. Opposite to the Borough gaol (which was made out of St. Peter's church) were the elm trees, two gigantic fellows, who stretched their arms completely across the street. In summer time they formed a pleasant shade, where many a pot of stout October regaled the idlers of that day. Near to King Richard's house, stood a remarkably tall holly. Its smooth silver stem, with bushy top, mounted greatly above the houses. Just below the Confrater's house, was a row of massive chestnut trees, hiding some wretched buildings. On this spot stand the white houses, built by our townsman, Johnson, who, I believe, visited Italy after he had become a London banker, and introduced the art of stuccoing—probably the first instance of its being used in England.

In the Market-place was the Pigeon Tree, under which country women sat to sell pigeons, a great article of food brought from the open corn fields that surrounded Leicester in all directions. Opposite the Post-office there was a grove of trees, under which stood the small thatched inn called the Jolly Miller. Between this and the coal-yard, at the corner of Rutland-street, was a horse pond, where the porters from the Crowns and the Cranes washed their horses. All these rural features have disappeared. As our manufactures and population have increased, the ground has become too valuable to allow these sylvan ornaments to remain.

CHAPTER IV.

ELECTION—PRETENDER—CORPORATION—POCHIN AND HUNGERFORD—RIOTS—MUSIC BURNT—W. EVANS, ESQ.—DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

1775.—In this year, the contested election of Pochin and Hungerford took place, which was carried on with unexampled violence and animosity. To explain this excess of party feeling, it is necessary to state, that such were the Jacobite principles of the Corporation, in 1745, that when the Pretender was at Derby, every bakehouse was put in requisition to cook victuals for the rebel army, expected in Leicester the very next day; thus avowing their hatred to the Hanoverian succession. The opponents were the Whig families of the county, who had mainly assisted to place the present family upon the throne. At the head of these, were Lord Stamford, the Duke of Rutland, Sir John Danvers, and many others. The Corporation, a self-elected body, possessed a powerful influence, and to counteract this, the Whigs made a common purse to support the election. My father being an active person, and a great friend to constitutional liberty, was entrusted with untold gold to bribe the voters, in the cause of Mr. Pochin, the Whig candidate. Scarcely a person could be found who did not enter into the contest with ungovernable warmth, and the females especially, who were, in their electioneering fervour, decked

out profusely in party-coloured silks and ribbons. The contest continued through several weeks, and, powerful as the country gentlemen were on the Liberal side, the Corporation triumphed, and Mr. Pochin lost his election.

Another scene of drunkenness and riot, was the contest of Parkyns and Montelieu, which lasted many weeks; and had not a compromise taken place, numbers would have lost their lives, and probably half the town would have been destroyed. The votes being nearly balanced, the madness of the parties increased, as the polling drew near to a close; and, to save the town from further tumult and disorder, it was agreed that each side should withdraw a candidate. The moment the hitherto contending mobs saw that there was an end put to their drunkenness, they cordially united to be revenged on the candidates. The Exchange and the Concert-room, where the committees sat, were instantly gutted. The archives of the Corporation, with the library of music, were torn to pieces, and, with the musical instruments, were committed to the flames of a huge bonfire in the Market-place. If a troop of horse had not at that moment entered, dispersing the wretches in all directions, the consequences might have been dreadful.

In the election of 1826, not less than sixty thousand pounds were spent in this disgraceful way. The upright William Evans, Esq., told me that his committee had spent him twenty-two thousand pounds;

which sum was found insufficient to send him to Parliament. What an improvement is the present mode of election, compared with that which had been practised for the last hundred years! How true was the observation made by the Duke of Wellington to a friend of mine, that the Municipal Reform was one of the best measures the Whig Ministry ever passed.

CHAPTER V.

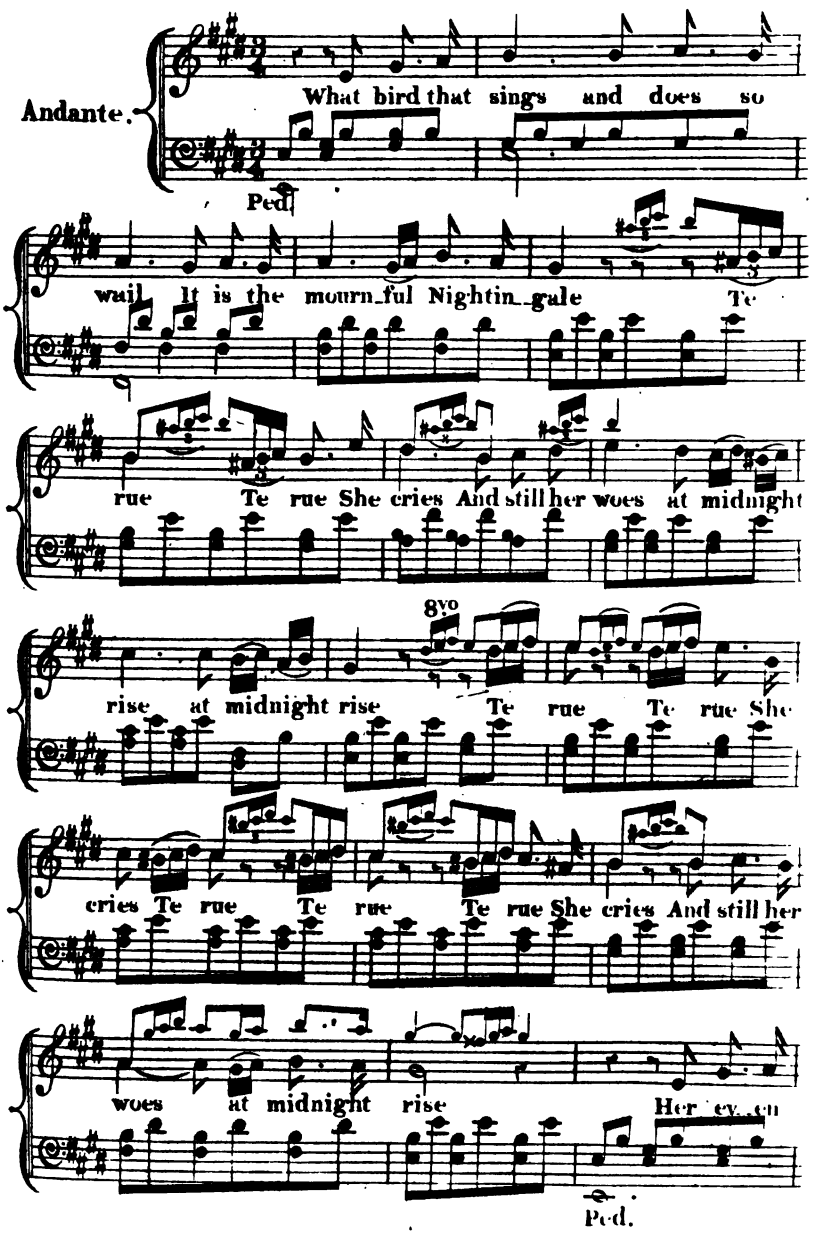
EDUCATION — TRIGONOMETRY — ARTHUR KERSHAW — FRENCH LANGUAGE—BASHFULNESS — BOYS' TRICKS—SUPERSTITIOUS FEARS.

1777.—In this year, I was sent to Mr. Carrick's day school, where I learnt little more than writing, and the first rules of arithmetic. As soon as school was over, I ran home, anxious to be employed in anything I could do in my father's manufactory, for I had no inclination to join in the sports of my schoolfellows. My father had a taste for literature, so that in associating with him, I had many more subjects presented to my mind, than if I had been placed at a boarding school. I have often lamented that I had not the advantage of a classical education; yet, in some respects, this loss has quickened my exertions in obtaining information wherever I could find it. Among my father's acquaintances were some of superior talent. When

they came to smoke a pipe with him, in the evening, I petitioned to sit up, that I might hear the conversation. Now and then I ventured to interpose a question, which was kindly answered. This gratified me and strengthened my confidence.

A book on Trigonometry fell in my way; the lined circles greatly excited my attention; and when I found it was a branch of study, by which the distance of the heavenly bodies could be ascertained, I teased my father to let me be taught what appeared so curious and strange. No master, however, could be found except William Ward, a stocking-maker, who lived opposite to us. We began with Algebra, but so deficient was he in the knack of explanation, that he failed in communicating to others what was familiar to himself, and I gave it up in despair. A man of this sort the Egyptians represented by the figure of a dark-lanthorn, closed on all sides; though illumined within, it afforded no light to others.

Some years afterwards, Arthur Kershaw, a teacher of languages, came to Leicester, well recommended. Mr. Coltman's two sons, Mr. Harley Vaughan, and I, were sent to him, as scholars, to set him a going. I began with Latin, and had I been intended for a learned professon, my master could not have laboured more to drive into me all the niceties of Lilly's Grammar. Tired of the endless rules and exceptions, I begged to relinquish it for the French, and launched into the more fathomable sea of Cham-

baud. The pronunciation of the French, so very unlike the English, took my fancy. I had an ear for all sorts of sounds; and what was difficult with many, was comparatively easy to me. For acquiring a language by rote I had no talent; but to acquire it by ear, was natural. In after life I visited Paris with a learned friend who well understood the language, but could not hit off the pronunciation. He was vexed upon asking a question to hear the reply "*Je ne vous entende pas*" (I don't understand you). The plan we adopted was this: my friend formed the sentence, and I gave the pronunciation, and thus we got on very well. Though our language-master had arrived at middle age, he was so sheepishly bashful that he could not look any one in the face. When he was talking (which he did in a very pompous manner), he constantly turned his head away, looking over his shoulder, as if apprehending an attack from behind. In the street his shuffling gait was so rapid and sneaking, that he appeared like a thief running away from his pursuers. Though well informed, he was highly superstitious, and believed in ghosts. Early one morning I was at school before my companions had arrived. On his going down stairs to let them in, I contrived to get out of the window and joined them at the door. On seeing me he was amazed, and said "I thought I had left you up-stairs." "You must be mistaken, Sir," I replied. "Well," he said, "I am often troubled with such hallucinations"!! In the evening, to play

Andante.
What bird that sings and does so
Ped.
wail It is the mourn_ful Nightin_gale Te
rue Te rue She cries And still her woes at midnight
8vo
rise at midnight rise Te rue Te rue She
cries Te rue Te rue Te rue She cries And still her
woes at midnight rise Her ey_en
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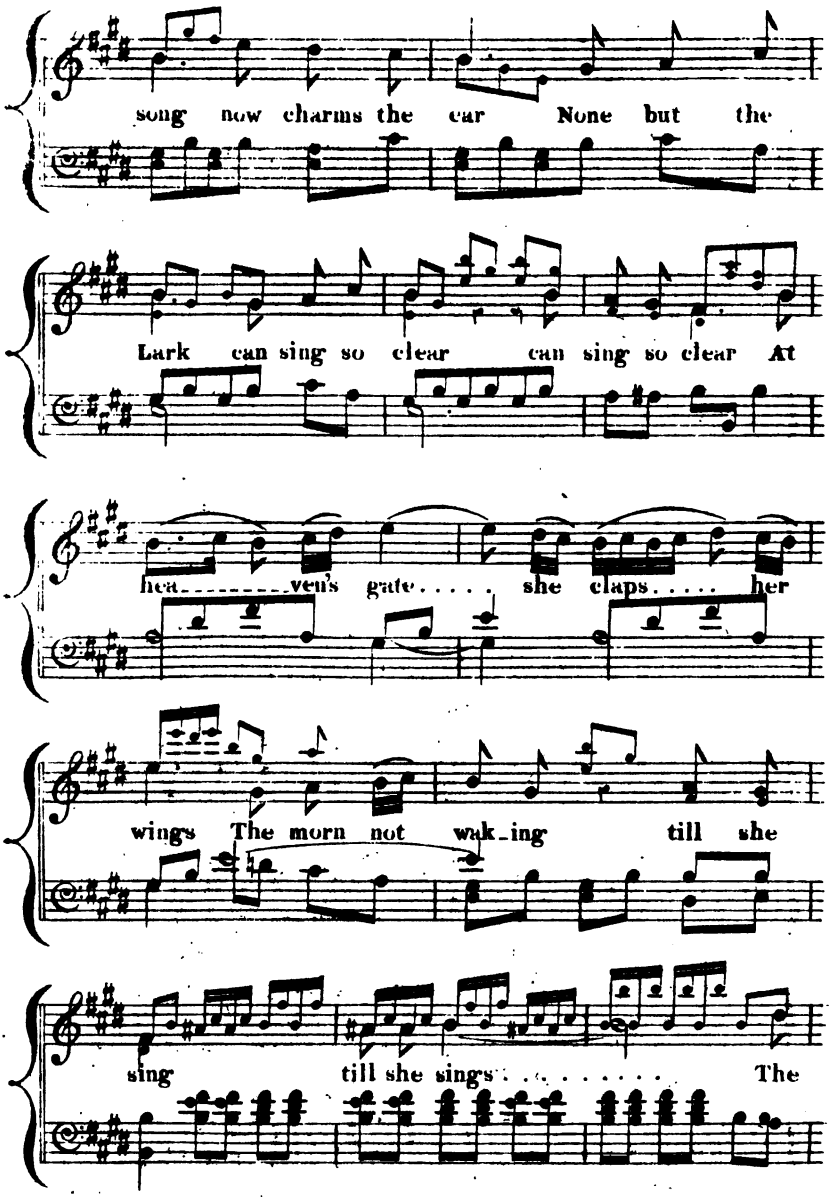
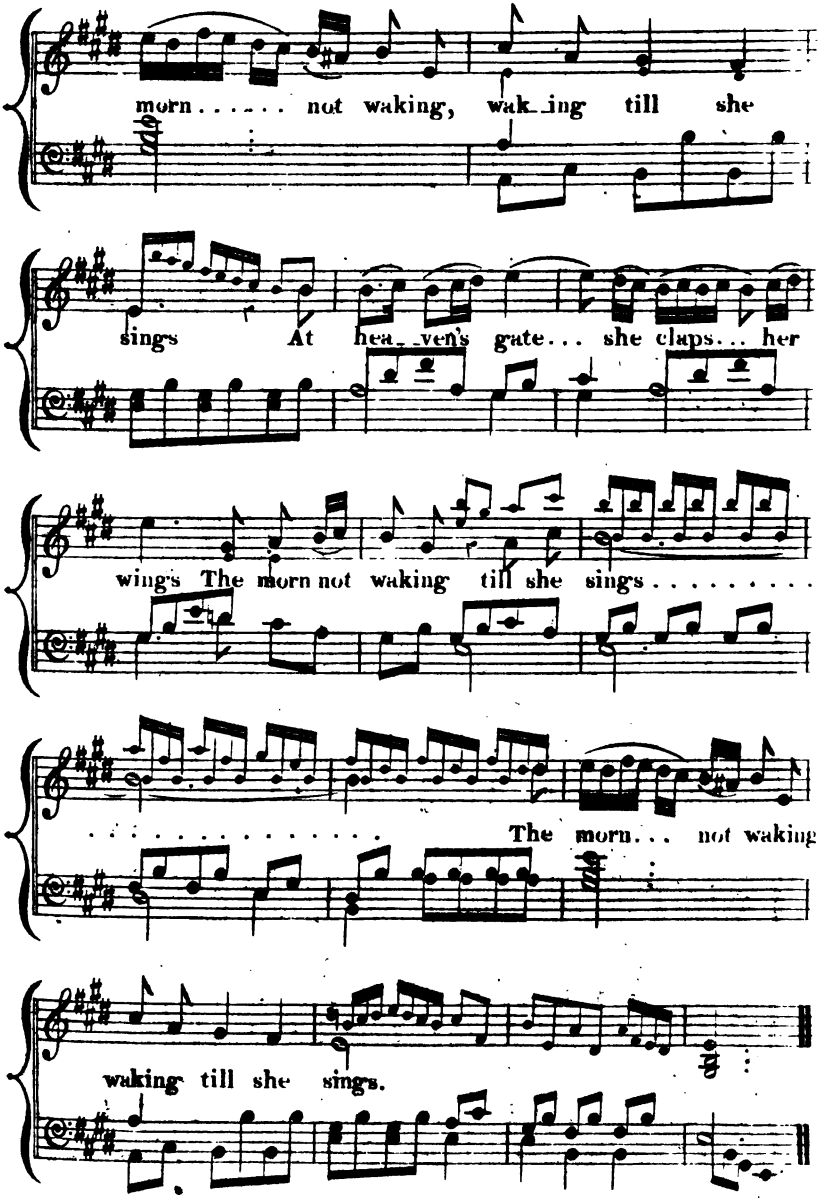
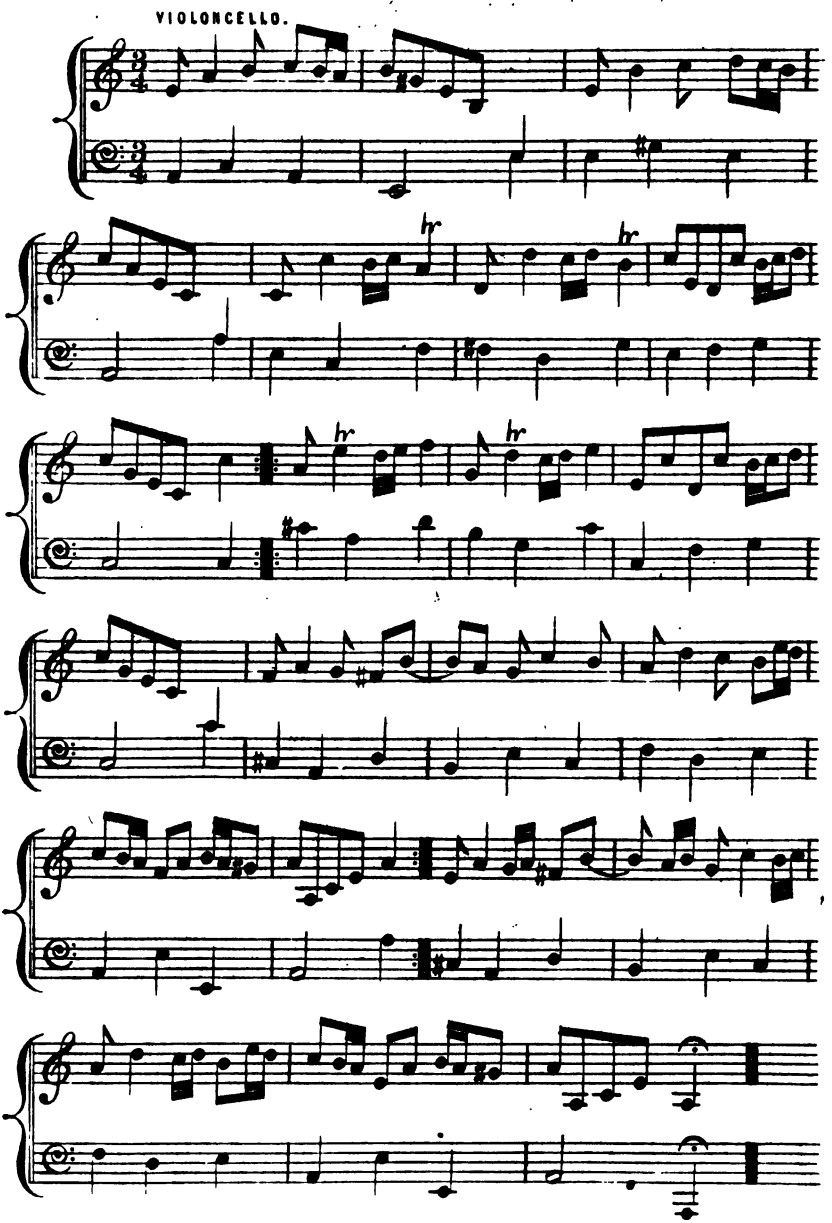

song now charms the ear None but the
Lark can sing so clear can sing so clear At
hea-------vens gate. . . . she claps. . . . her
wings The morn not wak-ing till she
sing till she sings. . . . . The

morn . . . . . not waking, wak_ing till she
sings At hea_ven's gate . . . she claps . . . her
wings The morn not waking till she sings . . . . . .
. . . . . The morn . . . not waking
waking till she sings.

HORNPIPE.

him a trick, we stuck some glass crackers in the candle, which, in about an hour, exploded with a loud report, blew out the candle, and left us in the dark. A particle of glass hit his forehead. He cried aloud, and said it was his opposite neighbour who had a design upon his life, and had fired a pistol at him! When in the company of females he was dreadfully embarrassed. To put his gallantry to the test my friend C—— borrowed his sister's clothes, and personated a young lady leaning on the arm of a gentleman, who waited upon him to be taught French. On seeing a petticoat enter the room, he was alarmed, and turned his back upon the visitors. The lady expressed a wish to be taught some lessons. Kershaw firmly replied he never taught ladies. As the fair one approached, he receded into a corner, when, laying hold of his arm, she said she would not be denied. He screamed out in an agony of fright, and we, pretty fellows, burst out in a roar of laughter as the strangers fled from the room. Our valiant teacher did not ever get this insufferable attack upon him for some time, nor did he ever make out who had assaulted him in this abominable way. This scene was in the last act of my schooldays, which terminated with more fun than discipline.

CHAPTER VI.

CORBET—MR. BENTLEY—INDUSTRY—THE CRANKY MISS B.—KICKED DOWN STAIRS.

Among the public characters mentioned by Throsby, in his *History of Leicester*, is William Corbet, a little prig of a man, who lived with Mr. Bentley, the draper, was the only tradesman who discounted paper money, there being no bankers in Leicester till the time of Carr and Hodges. Corbet was his servant, for more than forty years, and proved an honest, obsequious creature. Being very fond of dress, he selected from his master's shop a variety of articles with which he adorned his diminutive person, and, in full costume, looked very much like a large dressed-up doll. Though a bachelor of sixty years' standing, such were his womanish habits, that, from his youth, he had employed himself in making his own clothes, shirts, and every domestic article in which the needle was employed. Indeed, he was one of the exquisites of the day. At Mr. Bentley's decease he set up housekeeping himself, but kept no servant, as he shunned the society of females. At Corbet's death, Throsby says, "his house was found stuffed with clothing of every description. The sale of his goods afforded much amusement. He had forty suits of clothes, twenty dozens of shirts, 120 table-cloths, and

as many napkins; fifty pairs of sheets, fifty dozens of purses; besides innumerable other instances of his patient industry."

We had in Leicester another singular character of the opposite sex—Miss B.—an old maid, described in a paper of that day, as one of the most cranky, ill-natured, maggoty, peevish, conceited, censorious, out-of-the-way, never-to-be-pleased, good-for-nothing creatures that ever appeared in the world. Her cold commanding brow put to flight everything mild and cheering. She was rich, and that for Corbet was sufficient attraction. It was whispered that she had taken a fancy to him on account of his saving disposition, and that, if he could get introduced to her, the lady might be won. Miss B. was of a robust, masculine make, strong both in body and mind. She had more of the rough-and-ready even in her little finger, than the insipid Corbet in his whole body. By an extraordinary effort of courage our hero waited upon the lady, and met with a tolerable reception. In his eagerness to recommend himself, he began to descant upon his money, and modestly hinted at the shirts, sheets, and napkins, which he could lay at her feet on the wedding day, all the product of his own hands. Alas! this display of his notable industry excited only her contempt. She arose with the utmost indignation, and marched him out of the room. In his hurry and fright, he fell down stairs; but from the passionate violence of the lady, the general belief was, that she

kicked him down stairs. This is the incident referred to in the following song:—

SONG—(PAGE 38.)

When late I attempted
Your passion to prove,
Why were you so deaf to my prayers?
Perhaps you were right,
To dissemble your love,
But why did you kick me down stairs?

CHAPTER VII.

JOURNEY TO DUFFIELD—PONY—GALLOWS—BIRSTALL SANDS—DERBY—BOOTS AND SPURS—ANDERSEN.

1778.—When I was eight years old, I prevailed upon my parents to let me pay a visit to my grandmother at Duffield, in Derbyshire. A neighbour offered to lend me his pony, and as it was very tractable, I was permitted to venture upon this exploit by myself. Long before the day arrived I dreamed of nothing but my journey; nor was I sure of the promised pleasure until I felt my feet in the stirrups, and heard the creaking of the new saddle on which I had mounted. It was dark when I set off in the morning, and by the time I had reached Belgrave, it occurred to me that the road passed close to the gallows, where I had lately seen a woman hanged for

murder. As it was not yet light, my spirits were fluttered at the thought of passing this place. Luckily, I perceived a light on the road before me—it was the driver of Clarke's broad-wheeled waggon, who carried a lanthorn in his hand. I was fortunate to fall in with a companion at this moment, and joined him with great pleasure, telling him everything about my journey. As we passed the gallows, however, I could not help, now and then, glancing my eye towards it, expecting to see some spirit flitting through the dark firs that surrounded it When we were clear of this horrible place, I was about to trot off; but we were just entering upon Birstall sands, a noted spot for highwaymen, and I thought it better to submit to the snail-like pace of the waggon till we had got clear of this second danger. I then made the best of my way, and did not stop till I arrived at Derby.

As I rode up the main street, it was a question with me where I should put up. I wanted my dinner, and so did the pony. I looked at every sign. At last we came to a small inn—the *Horse and Trumpet* —which I thought I had courage to enter. In the room, into which I was shown, I espied a trumpet hanging up, and, to my comfort, I found that the landlord was a musician. The family dinner was just ready, and I was ready to join it. After making a hearty dinner, I ventured to call for a glass of rum and water, called *grog*—ale I had never tasted. With this I felt much elated, and proved very good com-

pany. At three o'clock, I ordered out my pony from the stable, where I had seen him fed, paid my reckoning, and set off for Duffield. I forgot to state that I had saved my money to buy myself a pair of jockey boots; and, what was more brilliant in my eyes, as an appendage to the boots, was a pair of silver spurs, which gave a finish to my equestrian appearance. In half an hour after leaving Derby, I was at my grandmother's house. The good old lady pulled me off my Bucephalus, and almost smothered me with kisses. My pony was quartered at Mr. Wood's, a near neighbour, who occupied the water-mill over the Derwent. I took great delight in my visits to this gentleman's house, for he had a daughter of my own age, in whom I was much interested. Desirous of making a smart appearance in the eyes of my little Daphne, I was careful to be dressed in my best; and I well recollect looking in the glass and approving the figure I beheld. My rosy cheeks, bright teeth, and wavy locks, still remain to this day impressed on my recollection, with undiminished clearness. This will scarcely be credited by many; but the poet Andersen says, "the mind forgets nothing; everything can again be awakened, as fresh and living as the moment when it happened." The performance of this journey raised me in my own estimation not a little, and from it I acquired a confidence that never forsook me.

CHAPTER VIII.

GREAT MEETING—YOUNG SINGER—FLOWERS—PSALMODY—MESSIAH.

The congregation of Dissenters who worship in the Great Meeting had its rise Aug. 24, 1662, when forty-one ministers in Leicestershire, and as many in Northamptonshire, gave up their livings, rather than conform to the ritual of the Church. A great portion of the congregations followed the preachers, and built meeting houses at Harborough, Kibworth, Wigston, Narborough, Hinckley, Mountsorrel, Loughborough, Bardon, and elsewhere. This event laid the foundation of that vast spread of Dissent which prevails in the two counties.

As in the time of Luther, psalmody was a rallying-point among seceders, so the Great Meeting, Leicester, being the centre from which the love of religious liberty emanated, psalm-singing became prevalent among the pious families. The tunes were of the most lugubrious cast; but, as the age softened from rigid Puritanism, more sprightly tunes found their way into the conventicles. My father, a great lover of music, who assisted as an amateur performer in the coronation ceremonies of George III., was the first to infuse a more cheerful style into the singing at the Great Meeting. This is alluded to in *Nicholls's*

History of Leicestershire, where the choir is spoken of as "forming a musical society, cultivated with great care, and justly celebrated for its excellence." This is the more remarkable, as the Scotch Presbyterians have shown a total neglect of sacred music in their worship, even to this day. It may be said, I was nursed in psalmody. At the age of five, by the offer of some ripe cherries, I was induced to sing the solo in Knapp's wedding anthem, "*Thy wife shall be as a fruitful vine upon the walls of thine house.*" Set upon a bench in the chapel, I thus made my debut as a singer. As I grew up, I was not insensible to the distinction which this gave me among boys of my own age, and, with a good ear and a good voice, I wanted no incentive to excel. My chief merit lay in the obvious pleasure I took in singing, and it was evident that I sang from the heart. With what pleasure did I hear the church bells announce the return of the Sabbath. Sunday mornings, then, were gay among the lower orders. Every one appeared in a bright suit of clothes, and, as the cultivation of flowers was then a prevalent taste, many had pinks or roses stuck in the button-holes of their coats—some came to chapel with flowers in their mouths. After service, I frequently went with my father to see their nicely-kept gardens, all of which have now unhappily disappeared. I never can forget the mournful ditties of our forefathers, which gave a tinge to my early thoughts. How dismal were the tunes called Gar-

grave, Stroud, and Bangor, rendered still more so by the practice of singing the note below the key (in the minor mood) a full tone, instead of half a tone. This antiquated method still continues; I heard it, in a Welsh congregation, at Aberystwith, seventy-six years afterwards. In vain have I sought for the small anthem books of that day—printed long before any publications issued from the cathedrals. A great advance was made by the *Musical Magazine*, 1780, in which the Messiah was first published in the G clef. All the treble songs I sang with passionate fondness. It was at the time of possessing this book, that I fell into a deep cistern, and was but just saved from drowning. My father called upon me to sing a song of thanksgiving for my narrow escape, and placed before me the song, "*I know that my Redeemer liveth*," which I sang with a sorrowful heart, and eyes full of tears.

Bond, the organist of Coventry, published a set of anthems, quite suitable for the very mean talent of that day. In this collection there was one for Christmas-day, which I always sang with heart-felt glee; since, immediately after service, we dined with my grandfather, where we had plum-pudding, baked and boiled. Dr. Boyce's anthems were printed soon after, which proved a mine of excellent music. Unfortunately, there was but one solo for a treble-boy in the book written in the C clef. I sang all the tenor songs. The last movement of *Praise the Lord, O ye servants*,

that expresses the *rising up of the sun to the going down of the same*—certainly is more droll than devout, by the frolicsome accompaniment of the bass, which is quite beneath the gravity of the subject. I shall enlarge upon his excellent compositions when I speak of Drs. Croft, Green, and Boyce.

CHAPTER IX.

PARENTS—WRESTLING— FASHION—FEASTS — CORPORATION — WAKES.

An old lady once observed, in my hearing, that my father and mother, when first married, were a handsome couple. My father was of the middle size, well made, with an intelligent face, and handsome leg. My mother was fair, with a fine open countenance, shaded with auburn locks, which she carried to her grave, without a single grey hair, in her 76th year.

Wrestling was then considered a manly accomplishment among gentlemen, and, as my father was strong and active, he was persuaded to accept a challenge from Mr. Carr, the banker, who teased him to try his strength in this way, though very contrary to his known tastes and habits. The match took place in public, agreeable to the fashion of that day, when the man of money was presently thrown, greatly to the amusement of the by-standers. The dress of that time has

totally disappeared. My father wore his hair in imitation of the enormous wigs, worn by the higher circles. My mother had a high cushion placed on her head, over which the front hair was combed, to join that behind. When propped up on a pair of high-heeled shoes, she looked more like a giantess than a middle-sized woman.* Ladies of fashion were still more formidable. Their wide hooped petticoats so spread out the figure, that the men appeared diminutive creatures by the side of them. Cocked hats were universally worn. The gentry had them laced with silver or gold, to match the lace on their clothes. Now-a-days they would be taken for livery servants. Black was never considered as full dress, and was only worn for mourning, and the fashionable world glittered in all the colours of the rainbow.

Our victories at sea, during the American war, so raised the enthusiasm of the country, that many entered the navy to partake of the national glory, and the short-knee'd breeches were laid aside for the sailors' trousers. This alteration had a great effect upon the Leicester trade. Stockings were shortened into half-hose, and what we lost in the length of stockings the Yorkshire clothier gained in the increased length of cloth in the trousers. This circumstance entirely destroyed the manufacture of those beautiful and curious stockings, which till then, fashion was constantly

* In the *Tatler*, the shoe heels are described as four inches high, and the wigs three feet long.

changing with the utmost variety. At that time we were not so thick upon the ground as at present, the whole population being not more than ten thousand. There was less luxury and more leisure. We had numerous feasts in the course of the year. There was the venison feast, the tradesmen's feast, the florists' feast, the singers' feast, and many others, at which vast libations of ale were consumed. The grandest entertainment was the Mayor's feast, which began at three o'clock, with a whet of collared brawn to sharpen the appetite for dinner at four. The table was amply served with an abundance of game, sent by the gentry of the county, which, with a pipe of wine from the town funds, kept the more loyal part till three o'clock in the morning.

Wakes and fairs were continually occurring, in which the lower orders indulged in all sorts of sports, as cock-throwing, football, and singlestick. The work-people had their clubs, foot-ales, and candle-blocks. The farmers had their sheep-shearing, Maypoles, and harvest-cart. In the upper classes, dancing and cards prevailed; but the grand amusement among the gentry was cockfighting. The mains to be fought were advertised in every paper, and were as common as the cricket matches at this time Sometimes, one hundred cocks were slaughtered in a day. The theatre of this amusement, called the cock-pit, stood where now stand the Assembly Rooms. Even men of rank and fashion joined in this cruel sport, and, like our

Saxon ancestors, hunted all day and drank all night. The milder sports were angling, bowling, and archery. Of domestic music there was none. It was a rare thing to meet with a jingling spinnet or harpsichord. It is to the invention of the pianoforte, that we must ascribe the brilliant and expressive effects of modern art, and the general spread of a musical taste in all ranks of society.

CHAPTER X.

DR. FRANKLIN—KING GEO. III.—GEN. BURGOYNE—BUNKER'S-HILL—POETS — ANDRE — WASHINGTON — MONODY — MISS SEWARD—LORD CHATHAM.

1776.—The American war was the great public event of my early life, and, probably, the most important in its results, that ever happened in the history of mankind. The colonists were threatened with the severest chastisement if they dared to resist the measures of the authorities we set over them. Doctor Franklin was sent over to represent to the government the unpopularity of its arbitrary proceedings, with an offer to raise three hundred and fifty thousand pounds, on their grievances being removed. Every effort at conciliation was made by them, and Lord Chatham may be said to have lost his life, in his strenuous endeavours to prevent this unnatural quarrel. King

George III. no one could turn. He insisted upon unconditional submission, without any redress. Resistance was laughed at. The colonists were described as a lawless rabble, without arms, food, or clothing, which a single regiment would instantly put down. General Burgoyne said, "give me a broomstick, and I will go through the country." This silly piece of boasting has been confirmed in Lord Oxford's Memoirs, published in 1848. During the altercation, government contrived to send over by small detachments not less than ninety-one thousand foot, and eleven thousand horse. I remember the plan of the battle of Bunker's-hill, fought June 17, 1775, being published in the *Leicester Journal*, and how interested the Dissenters were in the struggle, as friends to civil and religious liberty. The capture of General Burgoyne and the whole of his army, early in the contest, was an event that raised the enthusiasm of the Americans, and promised them ultimate success. How that General must have blushed when compelled to lay down his arms to a foe, whom he had treated with such gross contempt. Poets and musicians have nothing to do with arms. Though Burgoyne did not shine in the field, yet, as a bard, he was pre-eminent. See his beautiful song:—

"Why will Maria, when I gaze,
My ravished eyes reprove,
And chide them from the only face,
They can behold with love." *

* Page 620, vol. 2 of this work.

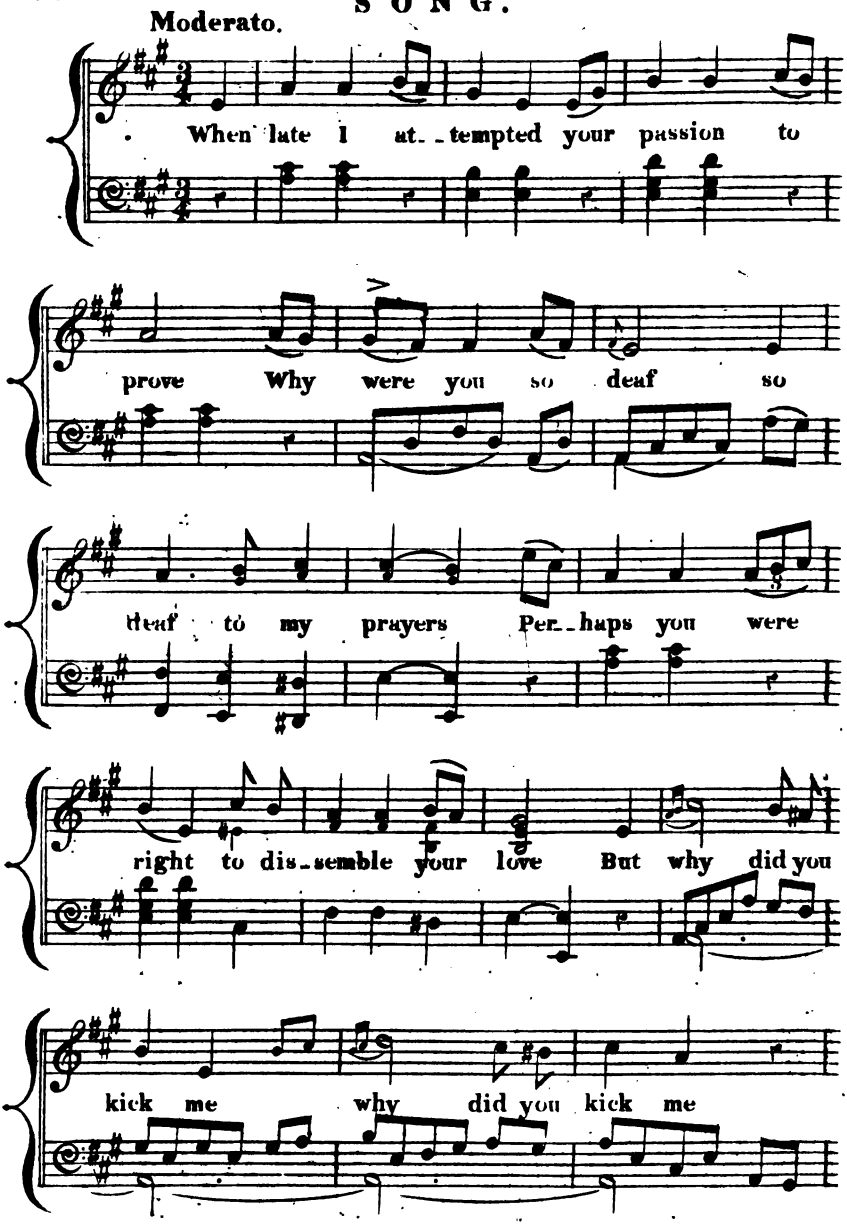
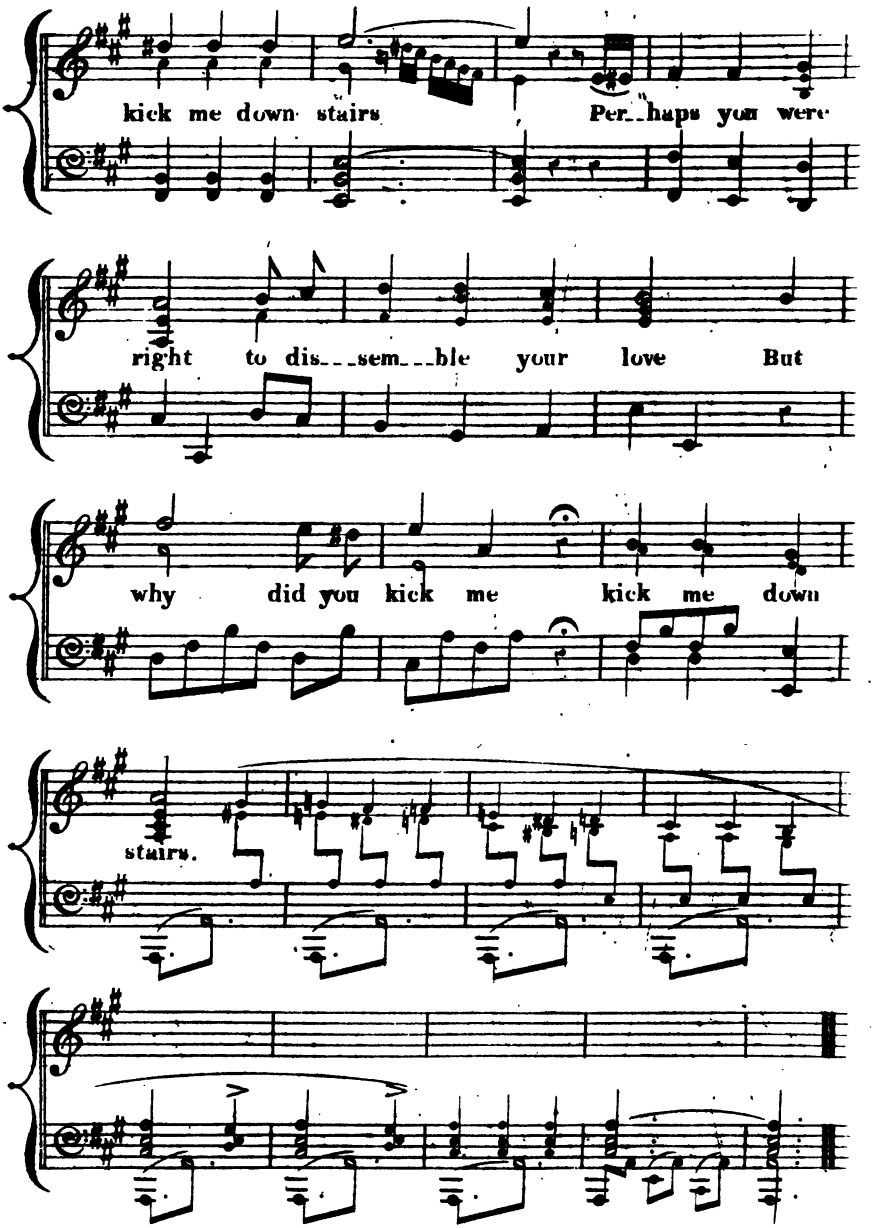
The next striking event was that of Major Andre being detected as a spy. General Arnold, a distinguished leader in the American cause, foiled in his ambitious views, determined to go over to the English, as soon as an opportunity offered. He contrived to make his intention known to the British commander, Sir Henry Clinton. Being a matter of great moment he despatched the young officer, Andre, in the disguise of a peasant, to arrange the affair with Arnold, whom he found waiting on the shore. To insure his safe return, Arnold gave him a certificate that he was an American, and, with this, Andre had passed all the posts but the last. After he had been examined by three young volunteers, one of them perceiving something in his manner that did not accord with his appearance, called him back, and said he was not satisfied. When about to be more narrowly searched, he offered them his gold watch to let him go, and afterwards a purse of one hundred guineas. The bribe had no effect. In his boots were found the terms of Arnold's defection, in his own hand-writing. Eleven days were spent in negociating for this officer's release. The whole of the rebel prisoners were offered in exchange for him; but Washington was not to be moved from his first resolve, that he would give him up for Arnold, but on no other conditions. The tears stood in the General's eyes, when he ordered this amiable young man to be hanged, who, he said, was less culpable than either of the commanders, whom he had served. When the

news arrived in England, it produced a pang in every breast. At this time, I recollect Mr. Savill was in Leicester, the great friend of Miss Seward, who wrote the touching monody upon this unfortunate officer. The words are magnificently set to music by Paxton, and it is, perhaps, the finest instance of glee writing in our language :—

"Round the hapless Andre's urn,
Be the cypress foliage spread;
Fragrant spice profusely burn,
Honours grateful to the dead.

Let a soldier's manly form,
Guard the vase his ashes bears,
Truth in living sorrows warm,
Pay a mourning nation's tears.

Fame his praise upon thy wing,
Thro' the world dispersing tell,
In the service of his king,
In his country's cause he fell."

SONG.

Moderato.
When late I at_tempted your passion to
prove Why were you so deaf so
deaf to my prayers Per_haps you were
right to dis_semble your love But why did you
kick me why did you kick me

kick me down stairs
Per_haps you were
right to dis___sem___ble your love But
why did you kick me kick me down
stairs.

CHAPTER XI.

PLAY—SOUTHGATE—MISS FARREN—DANCING—MR. SIDDONS—MISS O'NEALE.

The pleasure I had on first seeing a play, is not to be described. I was completely fascinated, and the whole appeared a reality.

Our townsman, Chamberlain, a basket maker, living near the East-gates, was a clever facetious fellow, who occasionally convened a company of comedians at Leicester. He was an amateur actor, as well as being manager. The Assembly Room was fitted up with boxes, pit, and gallery; and as a patron of the art, Chamberlain invited young aspirants to the stage, to make their debût in Leicester. I remember Mr. and Mrs. Siddons—then, of no notoriety. Southgate, a buffoon, delighted me with his grimaces. His coming on in the character of a down-looking, disconsolate bachelor, and singing the following song, I can never forget:

SONG.—PAGE 218.

A lonely bachelor am I;
I live upon a second floor;
I cannot marry, the reason why,
I am so desperately poor.

I know a girl,
But dare not court her,
Because I've nothing
To support her.

The first play I saw in London, was one in which Miss Farren appeared. I do not recollect the piece; but there is an engraving of her, taken from one of the scenes, in a morning dress, dangling a muff upon her left arm. Charming in manner, as in person, she rose to a coronet, as the Countess of Derby. It was said of her, by Lord Mount Edgecumbe, who possessed a fine taste in music and acting, that when she left the stage, genteel comedy became extinct.

In the opera-house, I saw a beautiful young English dancer, the daughter of a hairdresser, who fascinated the audience through a whole season, with her celebrated hornpipe (*vide* page 360). Before the time of Noverre, the great improver of this art, it may be said that dancing was exhibited only in the feet, but in this young lady, the whole person contributed to the elegance of her style. Nature had been lavish in her flexible form, and though she indulged in an exquisite variety of graceful attitudes, she never broke through the strict bounds of modesty. The music to which she danced was stubborn and unyielding, but this helped to show off, by contrast, her snake-like evolutions. This lady was taken off the stage, and became a Duchess. I have heard it observed that dancers have no genius; and it has been pleasantly remarked, that their minds fall into their limbs, and their understandings into their feet.

Mrs. Siddons, who was in Leicester in 1778, I again saw in the height of her career, in 1794. Her

native dignity was very striking. As Lady Macbeth she was evidently a Queen, born to govern and subdue. Her figure and stern expression seemed made for the character. Her acting, at times, appeared to me a little strained, beyond the dictates of nature. Afterwards, I saw her rival, Miss O'Neale. It was in a scene of domestic life, easy to be understood, in which she touched the inmost soul. Her captivating manner surpassed what fancy could conceive. What charmed me most, were the impassioned tones of her voice, giving a pathos which sank deep into the heart. A striking excellence was a regular, unbroken, and consistent character, from which she never departed to obtain applause. I saw her (as Mrs. Haller, in *The Stranger*,) overpowered with female distress. You could not conceive it to be a studied piece of acting—it was the utterance of passionate nature.

It is observed, in the life of Schiller, that the stage with us is a harmless pastime; wholesome, because it occupies the man, by occupying his mental, not his sensual faculties. The Germans consider it a mode of refining the hearts and minds of men, and talk of it as a lay pulpit, the worthy ally of the sacred one. Perhaps it would be better for us, that this view of it should be encouraged in England; it possibly might drive away our national vice of drunkenness.

CHAPTER XII.

ROTHLEY—THE MILL—RAMBLES.

1778.—I was nearly eight years of age when I accompanied my father to Rothley wake. Our visit was to Mr. Scampton, a worthy old bachelor. Being amused with my talkative disposition, he persuaded my father to let me stay with him for a few months. It was summer time, and as I had seldom seen the fields, everything was new to me, and I had the utmost delight in rambling about. In front of Mr. Scampton's house was a field of corn, the stalks of which were taller than myself. Into this I crept, to gather the purple and yellow flowers, of which I made magnificent wreaths. The field had one gentle rise, as far as Mountsorrel; on the most elevated part stood Rothley windmill. Few days passed in which I did not pay my respects to the miller. He was always glad to see me, as I had many things to tell him, of which he knew nothing, and he was entertained with my company. The rocking of the mill in a high wind, and the roar of the sails, I thought frightfully grand. It brought to my mind the picture of Don Quixote, fighting the giant windmills. Ever since, I have had a poetic sensation in visiting the windmills in Leicestershire; from every one of their elevated situations you enjoy a charming prospect. In the village, I found a

companion of my own age, who lived with his mother, near to us; not a vulgar lad, but one that was gentle and pleasing. Every day we strolled through overgrown lanes, searching hedge-bottoms for wild flowers; sometimes we rambled as far as Rothley Plain, to procure rushes, of which we made grenadier caps and baskets. The troops of rabbits which we disturbed there greatly surprised me, as they scampered to their hiding-places; I thought I should like to catch some of them to take home with me, and feed them on sowthistles. It was a great achievement to stroll as far as Button Wood. Here we gathered bilberries, a delicious fruit, and uprooted a tall straight hazel from its mossy bed, but a higher prize was a peculiar knotted switch; when stripped of its bark, it turned of a blood colour, and was a walking-stick fit for a gentleman. Such treasures were carried to bed with us, and gladdened our eyes on waking. Through the village there ran a merry brook, fed by the rocky streams of Charnwood forest. After a sultry day, with what pleasure did we boys repair to its sedgy banks, strip under the alder trees, and gambol in the water. Here I learnt to swim; the water being just the depth to make us buoyant; so that with a few steady strokes this important art was gained. This spot was a favourite haunt for fishermen; but I had no taste for the sport of pious old Isaac Walton, who tells us how lovingly he stuck the writhing worm upon the barbed hook. However, I was persuaded by two of Mr.

Scampton's men to go with them and see the preparations made for a fishing party the next day. This was by baiting the brook with grains, to lure the fish into certain spots, so that voracious man might pounce upon them while enjoying a feast. At the end of the village was a bridge leading to the Temple meadows: it was nothing more than a single plank, raised very high, with a hand-rail to steady you in crossing. As these two heroes were idly leaning against the rail, full of the thoughts of to-morrow's sport, it snapped, and head and heels they fell backwards into the water. I was delighted! One of them, who had lost a limb in the wars, when topsy-turvy, cocked his wooden leg up to the stars, and I thought I should have died with laughing at the figure he cut. The water was deep enough to give them a good sousing, and to save them from hurt in the fall. We went home much tamer than we set out. With what glee did I mount the harvest waggon for the fun of jolting over the rugged roads, to the wheat field. From shock to shock it slowly moved to gather the rustling sheaves. In the rear of the reapers were a flock of gleaners—some pretty village girls, for one of whom I would have pilfered some ears to enrich her store, had I dared to do so. The day's toil over, we hastened home for the harvest supper. At the head of the board sat the worthy host, by whose side I was placed. Then came Will, Ralph, Joe, and Jim, with their wives and helpers. Presently a shoulder of mutton, scorching hot, as the

day had been, a plum pudding, and a roasted goose were put on the table, when they soon fell to, each playing his part in good earnest. Among the guests was a Rothley lass, who had come from the squire's house, in town, to see her family and friends. She was so smartened up as to appear like a lady among these clowns; their awkward manner put her to the blush, and she would scarcely own her former friends. The gingered ale went merrily round. Joe, who was a good singer, was called upon to entertain the company. Seeing them tippling a little too fast, he admonished them in the following song:—

SONG.

Beware of swallowing too much ale;
The more you drink,
The worse you think;
Perchance your health and purse will fail:
Beware of swallowing too much ale.

The jokes growing coarser as it grew late, I was taken to bed from a scene not to be imitated; but which was permitted to intrude upon the simple manners of a country life. Perhaps there is no period in which we enjoy these rural pleasures so much as in the time of our youth.

CHAPTER XIII.

GIBRALTAR — RODNEY — ILLUMINATION.

1781.—The American war had been raging for six years, and was unexpectedly put an end to by the surrender of York town. The attack was made with such consummate skill by Washington, that Lord Cornwallis owned that his army were completely surrounded, and obliged to lay down their arms. The news, on its arrival in England, would have destroyed the ministry, had not the news of our glorious naval victories arrived at the same moment.

Rodney met with the French fleet, near to the island of Guadaloupe. He took and destroyed nearly all the large ships, with the famous Admiral Count de Grasse on board. Such rejoicings ran through the land, that we forgot our American disasters, and the old town of Leicester was foremost in the national triumph. A general illumination took place, and there was not a dirty lane or alley that did not join in the universal blaze. As the weather was beautiful, the streets were crowded with well-dressed spectators, viewing the transparent pictures and brilliant devices through the greatest part of the night. For a time our victories by sea silenced all political bickerings, every one partaking of the national glory. Mortified

as the French were, they ran their shattered ships into port, hastily repaired them, and, in little more than three months, in order to be revenged, planned, with the Spaniards, the siege of Gibraltar. The preparations were upon a scale so immense, that not the least doubt was entertained, though the most impregnable fortress in the world, that this key of the Mediterranean would be wrested from us, after having kept it for 146 years. General Elliot beheld the combined fleets of France and Spain, with hundreds of battering ships, drawn up in front of the fortress. The surrounding hills were covered with Spaniards to witness the attack. The bombardment began on all sides about nine o'clock in the morning. One who witnessed the sight, says, all description would fail in attempting to convey adequate ideas of the scene. The very actors could have had only an indistinct conception of what was passing. No imagination could conceive any thing more terrible. But it was during the night that the most awful work began. The commander of the garrison constructed a number of furnaces, by which he made his cannon balls red hot, and threw them into the forest of ships that lay before him. I well remember it was said the assailants, in their consternation, covered the roofs of their gun-boats with raw hides, thinking that the red hot shot would slide off into the sea. Seven of the largest ships were soon in flames, the light of which enabled Elliot to direct his fire with unerring precision. When they were

thrown into confusion, Captain Curtis, with a few gun boats, completed the frightful chaos. As daybreak appeared, it unfolded a scene of wide-spread calamity. Every effort was exerted by the English to save the enemy. The number drowned and burnt to death exceeded those that were killed in the engagement. This great victory was followed by similar demonstrations of naval skill, and the English, on the seas, were considered invincible.

Captain Gamble.

I must not forget to record an instance of naval heroism, to the honour of our townsman, Captain Gamble, who fought the memorable battle of the *Flora* and *La Nymphe*. The two frigates were well matched. After a severe and protracted engagement, with much slaughter on both sides, the *La Nymphe* was taken. This combat was considered as decisive of the superiority of our sailors over those of the French, and our captain was rewarded with national honours.

During the war, the captured sailors were sent on their parole into the midland counties; and we had many of the officers in Leicester. Their manners were strikingly polite, and their accomplishments, in music and dancing, procured for them constant invitations into the best company. Sunday afternoon was the great day of recreation. They all assembled in

Phipps' field, on the south side of the town—now entirely covered with houses. Here they amused themselves in active sports of a novel kind, and which also greatly diverted the spectators.

SOULEZ.

The billiard room was the constant resort of the French officers. An incident occurred here that utterly destroyed the harmony between the foreigners and the townspeople. Soulez was playing a game of billiards with John Fenton; a dispute arose, in which Fenton so grossly insulted Soulez, that he left the room, and shortly returned with a brace of pistols and demanded instant satisfaction. The pistols (loaded) were thrown on the table for Fenton to take his choice, He, dastardly seizing one of them, ran away with it. Soulez pursued him to the Green Dragon, where Fenton took shelter. His brother, the landlord, a large stout man, endeavoured to thrust the Frenchman out; but in the scuffle, Soulez, who had the other pistol in his pocket, shot the landlord on the spot. Soulez was tried for the murder; but, as there could have been no previous malice against the landlord, it was brought in manslaughter. When the Frenchman was remanded to prison, had it not been for my father, and a few others who were present, he would have been torn to pieces by the mob. The sentence was submitted to the judges, and, soon afterwards, Soulez received the King's pardon.

CHAPTER XIV.

WOLSEY—DAVY BLACK—DESTRUCTION OF THE ABBEY.

Leicester Abbey has acquired a name in history as the place where Cardinal Wolsey rested on his journey from York, when commanded into the presence of the King. The mortification he felt on this sudden downfall of his greatness was more than he could sustain. He sickened and died here on the third day after his arrival. The Abbey is now a ruin, standing on a rising ground by the side of the river Soar, with an extensive meadow beyond, that quite separates it from the town. When a boy, I had great delight in visiting this venerable place, being permitted to rove about the extensive orchards and gardens. Mr. Davy Black, who held this domain as tenant to Sir William Manners, lived in a thatched cottage within the ivy-covered walls. Black was a very pleasant fellow, enjoyed his pipe and a jug of mild ale, was fond of music, and sang a good song. In the better sort of public houses it was not uncommon for half-a-dozen good voices to fire off song after song the night through. There was a singular humour in our friend Davy's performance of the following:—

SONG.

I know that I went to the fair,
The miller's daughter, Sue, was there;
Her beauty made me gape and stare,
A woeful sight for John.
I fell in love upon the place;
I told her my unhappy case;
Yet still she turned away her face,
And bid me get me gone.

It was accompanied by a boon companion of his, with a twanging sound through the nose, like a *pizzicato* bass, that had a droll, and not unpleasing effect. My musical attainments always procured for me a hearty welcome; and when the fruit was ripe, I was never slow to pay my respects to Mr. Black's cherries, to which I helped myself pretty freely.

Upon the suppression of the religious houses, the Abbey was given to Cavendish, the faithful servant of Wolsey, as an atonement on the part of the King for his severity towards the proud Cardinal. As the Devonshire family sided with the parliament, when Charles laid siege to Leicester, in 1645, it was burnt down by the royal troops. Part of the chapel was left standing, in the windows of which were remains of the finest tracery.

I was invited to be present when search was made to discover the remains of the Cardinal. After digging the whole day, the search was abandoned. I met Mr. Deville, the phrenologist, many years afterwards.

He encouraged me to renew the search, and said he would engage to give 200 guineas for the Cardinal's skull. The revenues of the Abbey were considerable, and the ceremonies were conducted with vast pomp and parade. The music was of the first order; and, upon grand occasions, had the assistance of the Lady-Chapel's Choir in the Newark—vocalists of great eminence, all of them having received the honour of knighthood. On the destruction of the Abbey, the bells sold for £500. They were excellent; and their effect, at that distance from the town, must have been beautifully sweet. With a slight alteration, we may quote the lines of Professor Hurdis, on Christ Church bells, at Oxford:—

> And so, too, have I paused and held my oar,
> And suffered the slow stream to bear me home,
> While the Abbey peal along the meadows ran.

The Monastery gave an importance to the town of Leicester greatly beyond any of the neighbouring cities. The fall of this gorgeous structure and that of Wolsey might have suggested the following

SONG.—(PAGE 58.)

Alone, as I went up and down,
In an abbey, so fair to see,
Thinking what consolation
Was best in my adversity:

By chance, I cast on side mine eye,
And saw this written upon the wall:—
"What e'er estate, O man, thou be,
Obey and thank thy God, for all."

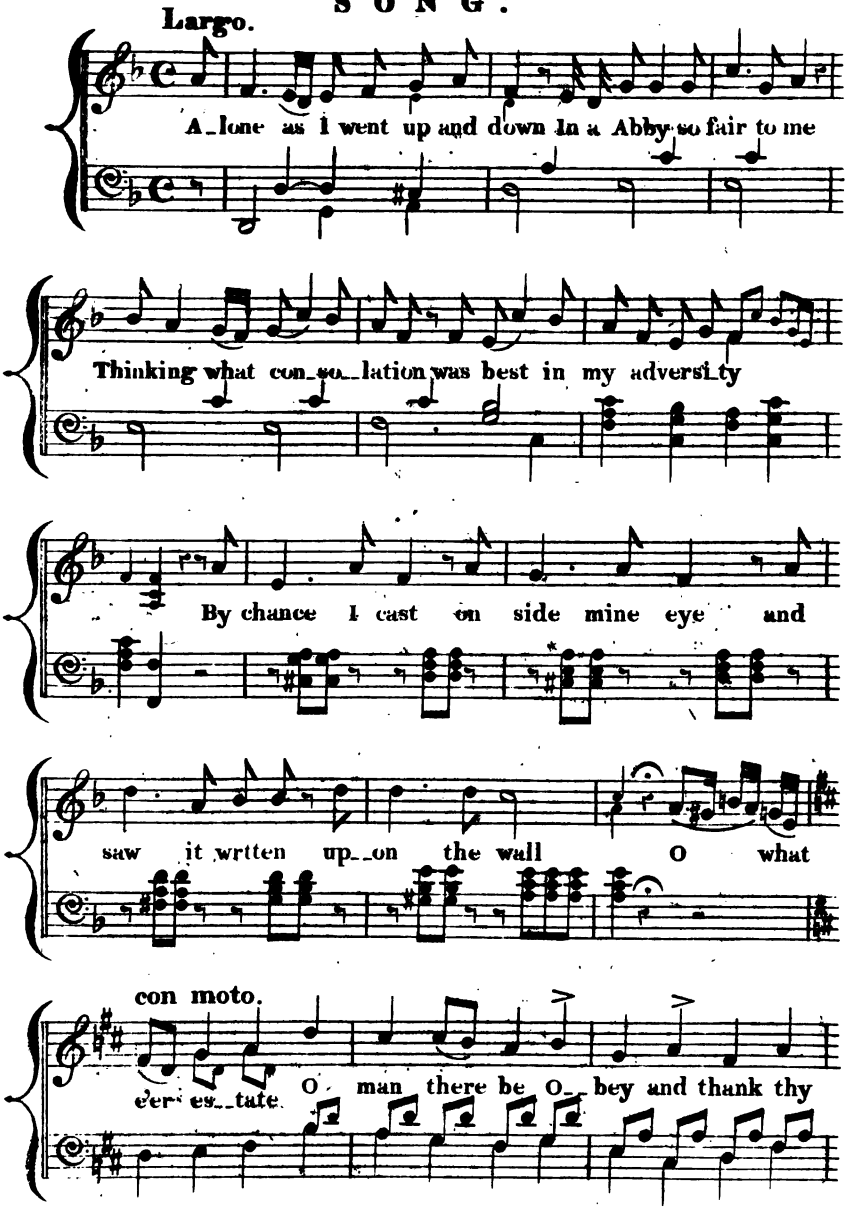
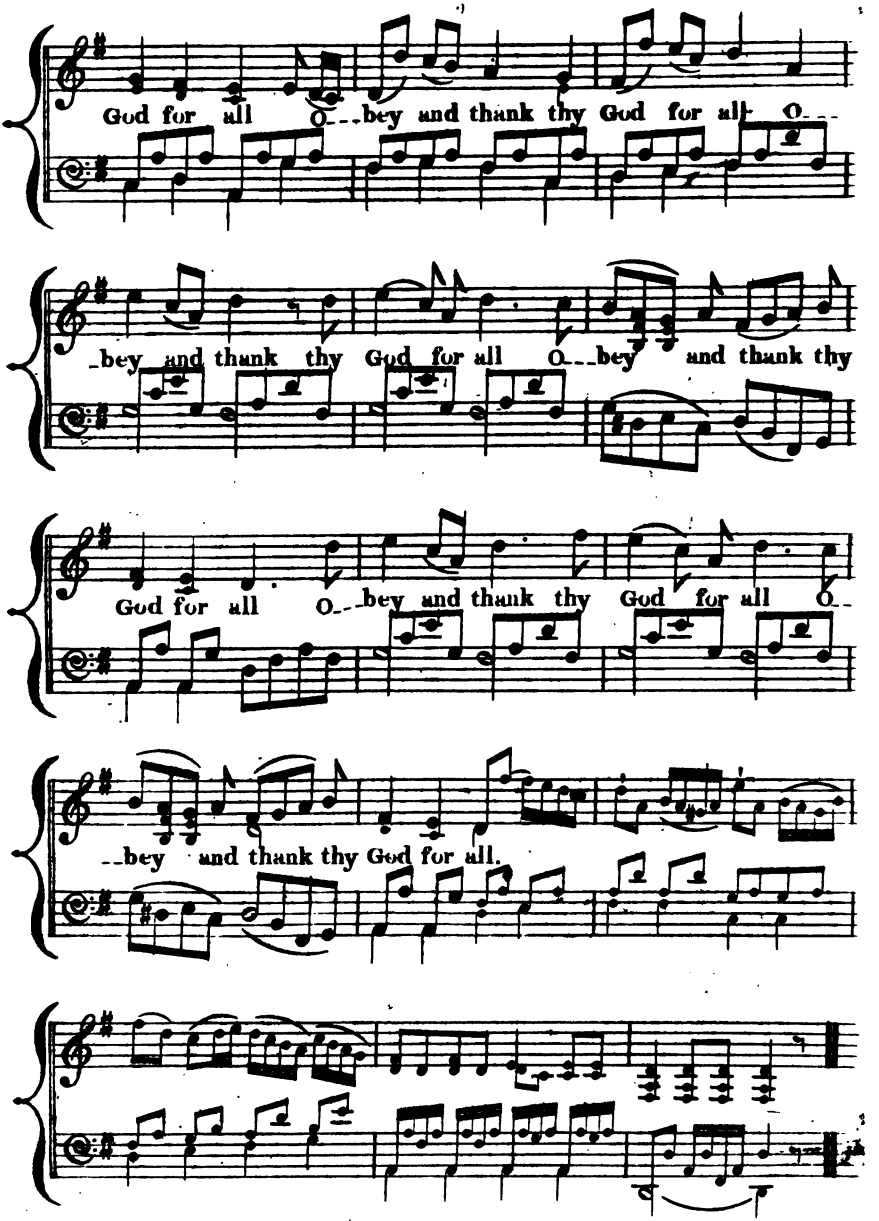
CHAPTER XV.

SKAITERS—WINTER, 1783—PANTOMIME ON THE ICE.

1783.—The remark of the old man in *Gil Blas* that the peaches were not so fine as when he was a lad, may be applied to the seasons. The summers were formerly much hotter, and the winters colder than now. This cannot be doubted, whatever may be the cause. Some maintain that the draining of the land has worked this change, and what rather confirms this notion is, that a similar effect is taking place in America, by cutting down the woods and clearing the country. Upon the first appearance of a sharp frost, which often took place early in November, every boy was elated at the thought of a long winter, in which he could learn to skait, a pleasure that had no bounds. Before it was light we were down in the meadows, with frost-bitten fingers, to learn this gentleman-like diversion. The art was brought to Leicester, by the French and Dutch prisoners, during the American war, and was much taken to and enjoyed by all ranks, as a manly exercise. The highest point of excellence was to throw the body fearlessly on the outer edge of the skait, by which your progress ran into a succession of graceful curves. This cannot be attained but at the hazard of many dangerous falls. I too well remember,

in my first essay, that I pitched upon my head, and, by the violent concussion, lost my sight for some hours. However, so great is the charm for flying like the wind, that these mishaps are soon forgotten. Experienced skaiters perform prodigies in this way, which, for elegant movement, surpass even the grace of the ball-room minuets.

The winter of 1783 was so intense, and of such long continuance, that a party of the best skaiters got up a dramatic pantomime, which they performed upon the broad sweep of the river, opposite to the Bath gardens. Harlequin and Columbine were represented by the fleetest skaiters. They were followed by Pantaloon and Justice Guttle. There had been just established a set of noisy watchmen in the town, with their great coats, rattles, and lanthorns. These gentry formed part of the *dramatis personæ*. Besides these were sailors, milkmaids, gipsies, and ballad singers, who sang and sold droll songs, written for the occasion. Nuns and friars were not forgotten. The devil pursuing the baker caused much laughter, as his satanic majesty, with his long tail rushed through the crowd. The characters were in masks and grotesquely dressed, and the harlequinade mightily pleased the spectators on the banks, who loudly applauded the scene. Goethë was a skaiter, and took vast pleasure in it. He says the word comes from Schreiten—to stride—because, like the Homeric gods, the skaiter strides away on winged shoes, over the sea-frozen plain.

SONG.

Largo.
A_lone as I went up and down In a Abby so fair to me
Thinking what con_so_lation was best in my adversi_ty
By chance I cast on side mine eye and
saw it wrtten up_on the wall O what
con moto.
e'er es_tate O man there be O_bey and thank thy

God for all O--bey and thank thy God for all O--
-bey and thank thy God for all O--bey and thank thy
God for all O--bey and thank thy God for all O-
--bey and thank thy God for all.

CHAPTER XVI.

STOKE GOLDING — RICHARD II. — RICHARD III. — BOSWORTH FIELD — MUSIC — THUNDERSTORM — NIGHTINGALE.

To young minds, what is more delightful in the summer time than a jaunt into the country, on such a day as I and my companions spent with our friend, Captain H——, at Stoke? I was then just sixteen, full of life and enterprise. After breakfast, our horses were brought out, their sleek coats sparkling in the sunshine, pricking up their ears at the thought of a gallop over the green fields. As the morning gave promise of a sultry day, the dusty road, was if possible, to be avoided. We were informed of a way by Roe's Rest, but who could find it? "Oh, the more intricate the better," was the cry. The restraint of the turnpike road promised neither pleasure nor adventure. Near the third milestone on the Hinckley road, we turned off, over pleasant knolls, by the side of fragrant woods, in a direction for Charnwood Forest. We cantered upon the glossy turf in wanton frolic—not in pursuit of the timid hare, or cunning fox, ending our sport in cruelty and death.

Over this country Richard the Second galloped with his uncle, John O'Gaunt, after the wild boar, which lay hid among the thickets. How changed the

scene! In place of valiant knights, clad in steel, we beheld the mowers in their white shirts, toiling in the noon-day sun. Having ridden for an hour or more, the village of Earl Shilton came into view on our left. Here bold Richard the Third halted previous to the fight in Bosworth Field, where, in a rash encounter, he lost his crown and his life.

On the wing of pleasure we hurried to our looked-for goal, and at length beheld the naval flag of our host fluttering in the breeze. In in the stable yard, a chorus of yelping curs and full-mouthed hounds gave note of our arrival. In the antiquated hall, beneath the cool shade of a sycamore, the Captain met us with a hearty welcome, crying, "Boys, I'm glad to see you! What a glorious day! What say you to a glass of brown stout, to clear your dusty throats?" In a trice the family tankard appeared with its frothy head, and thirsty as Tantalus, we swigged it to our hearts' content. "But where are the ladies?" "Oh, the girls! the girls!" cries the Captain. "Julia, Maria, Jane, —hark ye, my dears, the young squires are come. Ambrose, where are the ladies?" "In the garden, sir, among the flowers." "With your leave, Captain, we'll go and find them." "Aye, aye, go and look for the pretty rogues." Lothario led the way, through winding walks to a shady bower, where the fair ones lay concealed. One of these ladies was accomplished in music; I gazed as much as I dare, to find out the nymph of my heart. Amidst the straying of eyes, I

thought a look rested on me, which vibrated like a kindred sound. A walk to the village was proposed, to see some weapons lately found in Bosworth Field. They were in the hands of the constable, who used a battle-axe (with the three lions of the Plantagenets upon it) as his staff of office. We also saw halberts, spurs, and other relics of this memorable fight. The dinner bell now sounded from afar, and to avoid the heat of the day, we strolled through a shady lane. The elder sisters were escorted by my friends; the younger, Miss Jane, fell to my care. As I walked by her side, I soon found that she was the Sappho of the family. Our conversation was on music—a subject of all others closely allied to love. Many pretty songs were cited; some, that were new to me she promised to play and sing in the evening. By this time we had arrived in sight of the hall, where the Captain, on the steps, was calling us to dinner: and holding out his watch, said, "Ladies, I only give you ten minutes for your toilet; be quick, be quick—the parson's come—we just make eight, the right number for dinner;" the thought of which appeared to give him inward satisfaction. In the drawing-room we found the smart rector, with the ladies, quite at home. Presently, dinner being announced, the captain said, "Parson, do you take my eldest daughter, and I will hand this gentleman (meaning me), as the greatest stranger." On being separated from Miss Jane, I confess I felt a pang; but as I sat opposite to her I had the charm of

her eyes, which made me supremely happy. Soon after dinner had commenced, the captain said, "Come, sir, let you and I have a glass of wine together—what say you?" "With much pleasure," I replied; "but, sir, may I be permitted to take the birch wine, which is excellent and peculiar to the country." "Aye, that's right," replied he, "and I'll take sherry." As I had scarcely acquired sufficient confidence to talk with my fair friends, Miss Julia drew me out in a conversation upon music. Here I was at home, and was honoured with a handsome compliment from the rector. As the wine passed briskly, and the spirits of the party kept rising into a *forte*, the ladies abruptly left the room: I was quick enough to open the door, and my alertness was acknowledged by a gracious smile from Miss Jane. The Captain called for a fresh sort of port, which he said he could recommend, and seemed to begin the day anew; a second and a third bottle were ordered. These libations had no charms for me, since the object of my adoration was gone. The door opening, I heard music at a distance, and, in a whisper, asked permission of our host to follow the ladies. Looking at me significantly, he gave me an intimation to begone. On entering the drawing-room, I expressed my regret that I had not heard the song just concluded, and hoped for a repetition. It was an old ballad, which I had heard once before:—

"Say, have you in the village seen
A lonely youth, of pensive mien?

If such a one hath passed by,
With melancholy in his eye,
Where is he gone? Ah, tell me where!
'Tis Allan Brook, of Windermere."*

It was sung by Miss Jane. Her pensive look, and the soft accents of her voice, enchanted me. The spell, however, was suddenly broken by the wine-drinkers bursting into the room. They had listened to the song, and begged to hear it again. The Captain, however, with good taste, called upon his daughter to sing him his favourite :—

"In the world's crooked path where I've been,
There to share of life's gloom my poor part,
The bright sunshine that softened the scene
Was a smile from the girl of my heart."

This was loudly applauded. I had crept into a corner during this interval, when my fair one asked me to sing. I was aware that nothing tender or sentimental would please at this moment, and I hit upon the convivial strain which Purcel sang to Charles the Second.

BACCHANTE.

"Sum up all the delights
This world can produce,
The darling allurements,
Now chiefly in us,
You'll find, when compared,
There's none can contend
With the solid enjoyments
Of bottle and friend."

* *Vide* Vol. I., page 660.

For honour, or wealth,
  Or beauty, may waste,
Those joys often fade,
  But rarely do last;
They're so hard to attain,
  And so easily lost,
That the pleasure ne'er answers
  The trouble and cost.

None like wine and true friendship
  Are lasting and sure—
From jealousy free,
  And from envy secure.
Then fill up your glasses,
  Until they run o'er;
A friend and good wine,
  Are the charms we adore!"*

The merriment was silenced by a flash of lightning, and the large drops of rain drove the ladies from the verandah. A roll of distant thunder followed. The next flash showed that the storm was rapidly approaching—I observed it was within a mile of us. Presently an instantaneous crash proved it to be overhead. The ladies were much alarmed, and, regarding me as a philosopher, enquired for the safest place. I said, "Come from the fireplace: the chimney is the most dangerous part of the room." When the storm was over, we were enticed into the garden by the smell of sweet flowers which, old Walton says, always follows these electrical explosions. Presently our horses were

* Music of Nature, page 96.

saddled, and, as the soaking rain had laid the dust, we returned by the road. The full moon had just risen, beaming in all her brightness. As we passed Braunstone Wood, we heard the notes of the nightingale. This beauteous melody harmonized with the state of my heart, and gave a pleasing finish to a joyous lovely day.

SONG.—(PAGE 17.)

What bird that sings and does so wail?
It is the mournful nightingale.
"Terue, terue, terue!" she cries;
And still her notes at midnight rise.
Her even song now charms the ear,
None but the lark can sing so clear.
At heaven's gate she claps her wings,
The morn not waking till she sings.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE SLAVE TRADE—CAPTAIN KIMBER—MR. BABINGTON—MR. SHARPE—MR. WILBERFORCE.

The public mind was first drawn to the consideration of the infamous practice of man selling man in the year 1785, by a trial in the courts of law, where a Captain Kimber brought an action to recover the value of 150 slaves, whom he had tied in couples, head and heels together, and thrown overboard into the sea.

The trial was heard before Lord Kenyon, who, upon the opening of it, observed:—"Then, the inhumanity of the transaction forms no part of the enquiry." "Certainly not," replied the Attorney-General; "Slaves, having no souls, are considered as live lumber, and may be dealt with as cattle, or any dumb animal." Kimber justified the proceeding by saying that he was short of water; and if the slaves had died a natural death, the loss would have fallen upon his employers. To avoid this, he threw them overboard. However, it was proved that, three days afterwards, there was a copious shower, and that he went into port with plenty of water. The captain was non-suited.

Fortunately, a few humane persons were found in every town who were horror-struck at this relation, and, also, at the sentiments divulged by the law authorities. However, the humane were laughed at, for their mawkish sensibility, in making a stir about a trade which, it was stated, they could not possibly understand. Meetings were called, and evidence collected of the atrocities committed; so that parliament was obliged to listen to the increasing indignation expressed by the humane part of the public. Our Mr. Babington took the lead in the meetings at Leicester, and many of us abstained from eating sugar till such wickedness should be redressed. Dunning, the most eminent counsellor of the day, was much employed, and took briefs on both sides the question, to determine whether the blacks were to be considered as human

beings or not. Soon after, a circumstance occurred that introduced an able advocate of humanity into the field. A Barbadoes merchant had brought with him to England an African slave, as his servant, whom he used in a cruel manner, by beating him so unmercifully as to endanger his life. As he was likely to die, his master turned him adrift, to save expence. The poor fellow besought Mr. Sharpe, a surgeon, to administer to him some relief. Here he happened to meet with the brother of the surgeon (Granville Sharpe, Esq.,) who took pity on the unfortunate man, supported him with money till he was well enough to work, and found him a place. When Strong (for that was his name) had become stout and well, his old master by chance saw him, and laid a plan to kidnap him, which was accomplished, and conveyed him to the Poultry Compter, where he was sold to Captain James for thirty pounds. Strong contrived to inform his protector, Mr. Sharpe, who instantly went to visit the captive, but was denied access to the prisoner; upon which Mr. Sharpe waited on the Lord Mayor (Sir Robert Kite), who demanded that Strong should be brought before him. The case was argued; but, as negroes were considered mere cattle, the lawyers maintained that the man of colour must be given up to his master. The Mayor, however, set him at liberty, on the ground that he had been taken up without a warrant. But on leaving the court, the master seized the prisoner again, when Mr. Sharpe put his

hand upon the tyrant and said,—"I charge you with an assault upon the person of John Strong," and called upon the bystanders to assist. The master, intimidated, ran away, and left the African in the hands of his protector. Mr. Sharpe, after some years' fighting in parliament, obtained an act to the effect *that the moment a slave set his foot upon our land, that moment he became master of his own person and was free!*

The great champion, Mr. Wilberforce, found an ardent fellow-labourer in Mr. Babington. It was in the groves of Rothley Temple that these philanthropists drew up a statement, extending to two thousand pages, of the cruelties practised in this inhuman traffic. They brought down an African slave (Gustavus Vassey), who, in good English, preached several sermons. His appearance in a suit of black, was that of a fine-figured gentleman. He was very intelligent, and conversed with more good sense than many who doubted his claim to belong to the human race. This at once convinced every one that negroes were of the same species as ourselves.

CHAPTER XVIII.

DR. CROFT—DR. GREEN—DR. BOYCE.

Dr. Croft.

The work of Dr. Croft, entitled *Musica Sacra*, was the first folio music-book *engraved* in this country, and, as it laid the foundation of good music in the choir of the Great Meeting, Leicester, I shall give a brief account of its contents, and also of the works of Green and Boyce. As the anthems of these masters could not be well performed without an organ, my father prevailed upon the Puritan heads of the congregation to concede some of their rigid opinions, and to allow the use of a bass viol to support the voices in the performance of these divine compositions. This was the first instrument of its kind introduced into a dissenting meeting house, and was, for a time, censured as approaching too near the ceremonies of the Church.

The first anthem, *Sing unto God*,* opens with an alto solo, in a bright and lofty strain, followed by a short pleasing chorus of easy execution. The next anthem, *Lord, what love have I unto thy law?* for two sopranos, is a pensive and beautiful composition. Kent, a pupil of Croft, has copied this into his book of anthems, nearly note for note—an unwarrantable

* Sacred Melodies, No. 58.

theft. He defended himself by saying that he could not write better music to the words. *We will rejoice,** is a full anthem, written upon a clear stately fugue. *O Lord, thou hast searched me out, and known me,*† is ingeniously interwoven for three voices. The bass solo, *Thou art about my path and my bed,* is full of grandeur, and finely contrasts with the beautiful strain for a female voice, *Whither shall I go from thy presence?* The anthem, for a bass voice, *Praise the Lord, O my soul,* is a noble subject. The alto solo, *Thou deckest thyself with light,* is beautifully transparent and melodious. *He layeth the beams of his chambers in the waters,* requires all that weight of voice possessed by Lablache to produce the ponderous effect intended by the author. *Cry aloud, and shout, O inhabitants of Zion,* accompanied with all the instruments of the modern orchestra, transcends everything in our language. The style of this author is that of imposing grandeur, addressed to the majesty of the Supreme Being. Had he lived at the present day, he would have been the Beethoven of sacred music.

Dr. Green

succeded Croft, and published two volumes of Anthems upon the plan of his master. Handel had just arrived in England, and often visited the Organ Loft

* Sacred Melodies, No. 57. † Sacred Melodies, No. 51.

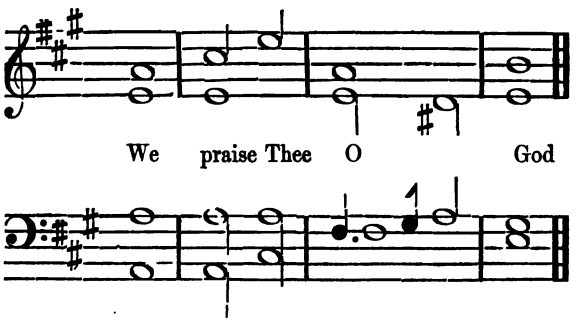
of St. Paul's, where Green, then a youth, did the duty. The stranger was solicited to play. When he sat down, Green was struck with the tremendous chords that thundered from the instrument. Handel's visits stimulated Green to incessant practice, and he soon became the first organist of his time. This work opens with the anthem, *Sing unto the Lord a new song*,* a duo, tunefully sweet, for sopranos. The bass solo, *The Lord shall go forth in his might*, is truly majestic. This is followed by a movement, for two voices, full of tenderness and exquisite expression. A *chef d'œuvre* is the anthem, *God is our hope and strength*,† written originally for five men's voices, now increased in beauty by the change to a soprano. Indeed, the epithet *beautiful* will apply to the general character of Green's compositions.

Dr. Boyce

Followed his master, Green, in all the honourable stations held by him. Green had commenced a grand work in collecting the MSS of our Church writers, which lay scattered in all the cathedrals of the kingdom. This was completed by Boyce. Dr. Arnold continued the collection down to his own time. In flavour, this work is no better than a second vintage. Boyce, like his predecessors, produced two volumes

* Sacred Melodies, No. 54. † Sacred Melodies, No. 50.

of original anthems. His style—not so majestic as Croft's, nor so showy as Green's—is embued with a devotional sentiment peculiarly his own. The first volume opens with this clear and inspiring subject:—



The anthem, *If we believe that Jesus died and rose again*, is a subject that no previous author had dared to touch. Its sublimity cannot be described, nor can it be said to have been performed since the time of Norris. *By the waters of Babylon, we sat down and wept,** is a lament of deep feeling, expressed with that fullness of heart peculiar to this serious writer. *Be thou my Judge,*† is of the same cast. How firm is the melody which falls upon the words, *Examine me, O Lord, and prove me.* The exalted style of these writers died with them. Not an anthem has appeared during the last seventy years that can be put into competition with them.

* Sacred Melodies, No. 53. † Sacred Melodies, No. 60.

I cannot quit the subject without alluding to a work composed expressly for the anniversary of the Leicester Infirmary—an Ode to Charity—written by Mr. Cradock, of Gumley, and set to music by Dr. Boyce. The duetto, *Here shall soft Charity repair,** and the last chorus, are the only pieces that have been published from the original score, in my possession. Wherever the aid of music is enlisted in the cause of charity, a more powerful appeal cannot be found than is contained in these beautiful and impressive compositions.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE GALLANTRY OF SOLDIERS.

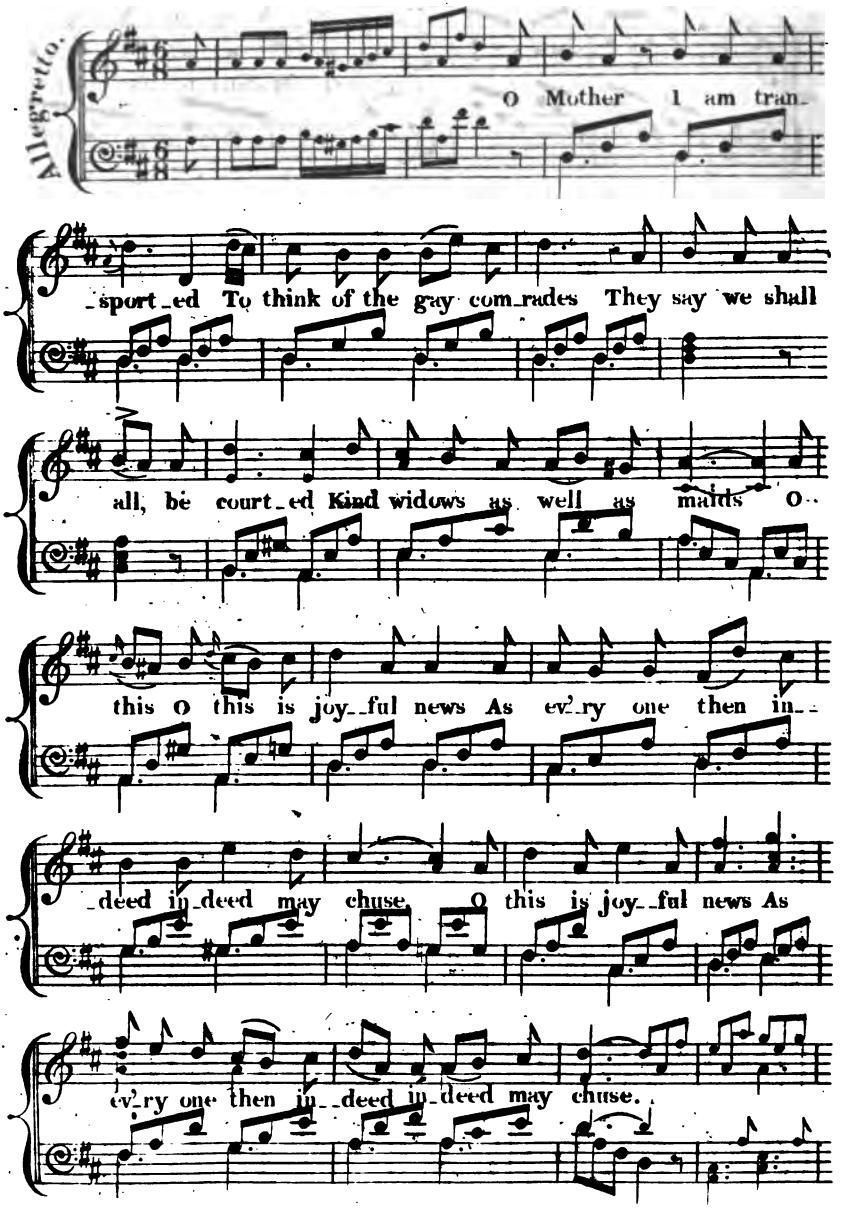
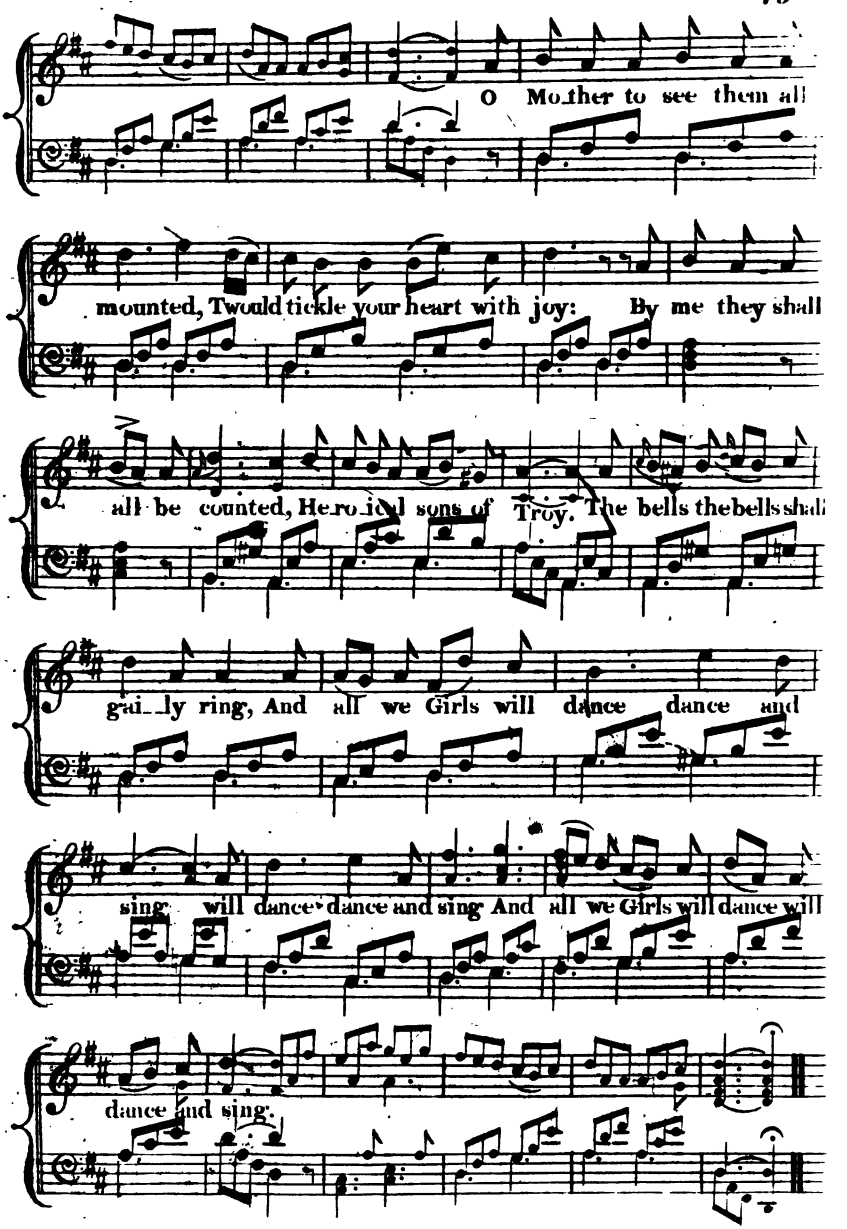
All women are fond of soldiers. They respect them as their national protectors. Their military ardour and manly air are often induced by the passion of love. Women know this, and take a deep interest in a character that is courageous and courteous. The soldier fights with intrepidity, to gain the estimation of one he loves; an emotion that fills every breast, from the general down to the lowest in the ranks. The mounted cavalier is the lady-killer. His chival-

* Sacred Melodies, Nos. 137 and 138.

ric bearing and prancing horse evince a more brave and daring spirit, than that of the soldier who fights on foot. It was this feeling which carried the Red-cross Knights to the holy land—certainly not the lowly spirit of Christianity: it was the Quixotism of love and romance.

During the American war, vast numbers of troops passed through our town, on their way to the western world. In summer time, they arrived in the evening, covered with dust, and set off again in the morning with their bright implements of war. The whole population was roused on these occasions. Crowds of young girls were up by day-break, to join the brave fellows and accompany them as they marched out of town, which they did for miles before they possibly could part. Addison says that women, in their nature, are much more gay and joyous than men; their fibres are more delicate, and their animal spirits more light and volatile. Vivacity is their gift, and beautifully contrasts with the gravity of the man.

It is difficult to conjecture why Leicester never rose to a military station. Barracks were built in many large towns about us, as Northampton, Nottingham, and York. Yet our lasses were seldom treated with the animating sight of these men of war. The following effusion is that of a Nottingham girl upon the expectation of a regiment of the Guards being quartered in that town :—

SONG.

Allegretto.
O Mother I am tran-
-sport-ed To think of the gay com-rades They say we shall
all, be court-ed Kind widows as well as maids O-
this O this is joy-ful news As ev'-ry one then in-
-deed in-deed may chuse O this is joy-ful news As
ev'-ry one then in-deed in-deed may chuse.

O Mother to see them all
mounted, Twould tickle your heart with joy: By me they shall
all be counted, Heroical sons of Troy. The bells the bells shall
gaily ring, And all we Girls will dance dance and
sing will dance dance and sing And all we Girls will dance will
dance and sing.

SONG.—(PAGE 78.)

"O mother, I am transported,
To think of the gay comrades;
They say, we shall all be courted,
Kind widows, as well as maids:
O this, O this, is joyful news,
As every one, then, indeed may choose.

"Dear mother, to see them all mounted!
It would tickle your heart with joy.
By me they shall all be counted,
Heroical sons of Troy:
The bells in the steeple shall ring,
And all we girls will dance and sing."

Love, without contradiction, is the deepest passion that women feel and express. Other passions will scarcely move them, but this is paramount, and constitutes the charm of their lives.

CHAPTER XX.

LACEBY—WRETCHED ROADS.

The pleasure of travelling in fine weather, over good roads, mounted on a sprightly horse, cannot be sufficiently extolled. In my youth, I frequently went journeys of business on horseback; I never moved so fast, or was so pressed for time, that I did not contrive to visit everything in the course of my route worth seeing, and always much enjoyed the changing scenes of nature. On one occasion, after leaving Hull,

I crossed the Humber on my way to the gay little town of Louth—the principal town in the northern part of Lincolnshire. The roads, if they deserved the name, were up to the knees in mud, and, in winter time, only passable on a nimble horse like mine, that could skip from one sound place to another. Having ridden for some hours, buffeted by wind and rain, I took shelter in a snug little inn, at the village of Laceby, where I put up for the night. I crept into the chimney corner, by the side of a blazing fire, and inhaled comfort at every pore. My hostess prepared me some bones of mutton and nicely-mashed potatoes, which, with a glass of grog, made me completely happy. At breakfast, next morning, I met with Dr. Johnson's prospectus for publishing his Dictionary, which I read with much pleasure: a singular pamphlet to find in such an out-of-the-way place. I was about to pursue my journey, when I discovered that I had unfortunately left behind me my ledger of accounts, which was of such importance that I must return to recover it, before I could resume my trading concerns. My heart sickened at the thought of retracing the miserable roads I had passed, and while I was considering what to do, in came the parson of the parish to read the newspaper. Pleasure sat upon his rosy face, but in mine distress was too apparent. After a few words of salutation, I revealed to him the dilemma I was in. "Oh! sir," said he, smiling, "I can get you out of this difficulty in a

trice. We have a little active fellow here, who knows all the bye-roads, and will fetch your book in half the time it cost you in coming here." The words of my clerical friend revived me. He instantly sallied forth, and presently returned with the herald booted and spurred, who darted off upon his mission. After his reverence had lighted his pipe, I ventured to express the great obligation I felt, and said, "had I not met with you sir, I should have been the most miserable fellow alive." "Well, sir," he replied, "I dare say you would have done as much for me in your country." When the rector had rapped out the ashes of his second pipe, he got up saying, "Come, sir, the parsonage is hard by, and I beg you will accompany me to it. It being Christmas time, my daughter has a few young friends with her, and I hope we can agreeably fill up this unexpected pause in your journey." I acknowledged the compliment with deep submission. On seeing me somewhat embarrassed, he sharply said, "Come, come, no hesitation," and I walked with him to the rectory. On entering, four young ladies were busy with their netting, when my friend, in a strong voice, said, "Here girls, I have brought this young squire from the ale-house, who is doomed to stop for the day; and sooner than he should be moping there by himself, I thought you would take compassion, and entertain him as your guest." His reverence slammed to the door, and left me to my fate. What a situation! How could I bear up against the searching looks of

four pairs of black and blue eyes?—doubtless I must have appeared a simple fool. I was, however, soon relieved by the young lady of the house asking me when I had arrived in Laceby. This broke the awful pause, and, in my best manner, I recounted the miseries of the previous day; but, with an assurance that I had forgotten all my troubles in falling into such delightful company. Smiles and blushes ensued. On seeing a pianoforte, I ventured to observe, "You are fond of music, ladies"? "O yes," says my hostess, "Jane plays divinely, and Rebecca sings charmingly." "What a delightful resource is music," said I, "to fill up the dull hours of winter." "Indeed it is," said my kind hostess, "especially in a place like this—the very corner of the world." I was pressed to give them a song, and, thinking it might lessen the distance between us, as I seemed to have dropped from the clouds, I sat down to the pianoforte, and sang Haydn's Canzonet, "*My mother bids me bind my hair*," which seemed to touch their little hearts. At this moment, the rector returned, and I was requested to sing it again. Detecting some of the northern brogue in my friend, like Timotheus, I changed my hand to the Scotch air, "*The lass of Paty's mill.*"—This moved the divine to a degree of merriment, that drew peals of laughter from the fair ones. In the height of my bliss, news came that the messenger had returned. I tore myself from the blooming girls, not having heard the least intimation of their names, farther than Julia, Jane, and

Rebecca, and darted off upon my journey, never to meet the sweet creatures again.

CHAPTER XXI.

PAINTED LADIES—POWDER AND POMATUM.

The fashions have become greatly simplified since I first visited London. The universal mode of ladies and gentlemen dressing the hair with powder and pomatum, gave a stately and finished appearance to an assemblage of persons, that can now scarcely be conceived. As the style of dress concealed many wrinkles, which creep on with old age, it was not wonderful that powder should have been generally adopted, even by the lowest ranks, as baldness and grey hair could not be readily discovered. The preposterous decoration of the head in ladies so much exposed their features, that paint became necessary, to cover the ravages that time was making. At that period, they seldom moved about in carriages. The fashion was to meet at Ranelagh and Vauxhall, where distinguished persons walked in the evening.

A lively picture of this age is given by Walpole, who says, "I had a card from Lady Caroline Petersham, to go with her and Miss Ash to Vauxhall. When I called, I found they had just laid on the last layer of RED, and looked as handsome as crimson

could make them. We marched to our barge, in which was a band of French horns.* The moment we arrived at the gardens, we picked up the Marquis of Granby—very drunk from Jenny Whims. Lady Caroline fetched her brother, Lord Orford, from the next box, to partake of seven minced chickens, which she stewed in a China dish, over a lamp, rattling and laughing all the while she was cooking—we expecting the dish to explode and fly about our ears. Our merriment drew crowds about us, who remained gaping while we supped, and did not move, till Harry Vane took up a bumper and drank to all their good healths. It was three o'clock in the morning before we got home."

In this wilderness of lights, the milder beams of beauty had little chance of being seen, without the assistance of paint. Unsophisticated girls from the country, with their pale faces, moved among the trees like so many ghosts.

When the French revolution took place, all these absurdities were destroyed at a blow. Then, every republican became *a crop*—the term of the day—and powder, pigtails, and pomatum were cast to the winds. Southey refused at Oxford to have his hair powdered, and was considered as disaffected to Church and State.

* This water music was written by Handel for parties on the Thames.

The sweet face of woman now once more bloomed in nature's pure red and white, and the frivolities of the age were justly satirized in the following verses:—

SONG.—(PAGE 98.)

"Is it for a grace, or is it a dislike?
While others give the lip you give the cheek;
Some take it for a pride in your behaviour,
But I do rather take it for a favour.

"Wherefore, to show the kindness of my love,
I'll leave both lip and cheek to kiss your glove:
Ask not the cause, but if you'll be acquainted,
Your glove's perfumed, your lip and cheek are painted."

RANELAGH.

Nothing appeared to me so like a dream as my visit to the once fashionable place of amusement, Ranelagh. It carried me away to the scenes of the Arabian Nights. The gardens, in which the Rotunda stood, were dark and gloomy, compared to Vauxhall; no doubt, to give effect to that burst of light that struck the stranger on entering this temple of pleasure. The glare of the running galleries and lofty dome, and the dark recesses dimly seen, gave the imagination full scope to revel in the regions of fancy.

The structure was like the temple of Minerva, in Rome, but of much greater magnitude. On the ground floor, a cordon of alcoves ran round the outer

circle, each large enough for a party of six. At a considerable height above these, a similar circle formed a gallery, from which you had a fine view of the company below. In the centre of the area was a compartment railed off, which might be compared to the nave of a wheel, from which radiated tea, coffee, and foreign delicacies in all directions. The promenade, which lay between the centre and the outer circle, was carpeted, so that no noise arose from the moving of the company backwards and forwards in opposite currents. In the upper circle was an organ and orchestra, from which you were occasionally entertained with vocal and instrumental performances. The following ballad was sung with much *naivetè* by a young *debutante* :—

SONG.—(PAGE 318.)

" Get you gone, O why do you woo me?
If you love me, don't—don't pursue me:
Let that inclination perish,
Which I dare no longer cherish.
My girlish dreams were all for you,
Such as, till then, I never knew."

The chief object of this assembly—this brilliant focus of fashion—was to walk in the cool of the evening, dressed in the most elegant style possible, to see and be seen. The whispering conversation excited no more noise than so many bees in a hive, and dropped into silence the moment the music began. Before we departed, three of the king's sons entered,

arm-in-arm, and jostled through the crowd. No one made way for them, and apparently they enjoyed this freedom from restraint. When we got out of the vortex, to return home, the sun was just rising. The freshness of the morning made me feel as if I had been steeped in delirium—so bewildered were my thoughts. After a sound sleep, my visit to Ranelagh seemed to be the first part of a dream from which I had just awakened.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE LEASOWES.

In returning once from Worcester, through a beautiful country, I fell in with a young gentleman, who was riding in the same direction as myself. We agreed to put up our horses at the pretty village of Hales Owen. My companion asked me if I had ever seen the Leasowes. I had not. They were near at hand, he said, and were well worth seeing. I was pleased with the proposition, and, having ordered dinner to be ready on our return, we set off.

The Leasowes comprised the house and grounds of the late poet, Shenstone, a fanciful residence planned by himself; but at the time of our visit, fast falling into decay. Though bereaved of its charms, sufficient yet remained to show how beautiful this villa must

have been when in its pride. There was no one living in the house, and no access to the grounds but through a gap in the fence. We strolled through winding paths and shady groves, ornamented with statues, colonnades, and dripping grottos. Over one of these cool retreats the poet had placed the following inscription, since set to music in a very pleasing way by the accomplished Lord Mornington:—

"Here, in cool grot and mossy cell,
We rural fays and fairies dwell;
Tho' rarely seen by mortal eye,
When the pale moon ascending high
Darts thro' yon limes her quiv'ring beams,
We frisk it, near the crystal streams.

"Her beams, reflected from the wave,
Afford the light our revels crave;
The turf, with daisies broidered o'er,
Exceed, we wot, the Parian floor;
Nor yet for artful strains we call,
But listen—to the waterfall."

This secluded domain contains, in the smallest compass, all the beauties of poetic scenery. Nature herself is charming; but here, the poet has decked her out in all the blandishments of art. From a rock gushed a little impetuous stream, that admirably played its part in this theatre of fancy. After personating waterfalls, placid lakes, and tinkling rills, it left this paradise to flow into the vulgar meadows below, to do the drudgery of turning mill-wheels, making nails, and grinding corn, under the ignoble name of

the river Stour. Turning our attention to the land, what feathery woods and glossy slopes enticed you along. In sequestered spots, you met with tablets in memory of departed friends. One to Lady Lyttleton —Shenston's nearest neighbour—written by her husband, contained these beautiful lines :—

"Adieu to the village delights,
Which lately my fancy enjoyed;
No longer the country invites,
For me, all its pleasures are void.

"Adieu, thou sweet health-breathing morn,
Thou can'st not my comfort restore;
For ever, adieu, my dear vill,
My Lucy, alas! is no more." *

We threaded the long alleys with delight, through which, like telescopes, we looked at the faint prospects far beyond. In whatever direction we turned, there were pictures for the painter's eye. To describe this elysium, Johnson himself might write in vain. It was such a paradise as this that Garrick possessed at Chiswick, who said to the sage, "to die and leave it, made death horrible." My visit to this lovely retreat induced me to put a few placid notes to the following lines :—

SONG.—(PAGE 118.)

"To these lone shades where peace delights to dwell,
My fortune oft permits me to retreat;
Here bid the world, with all its cares, farewell,
And leave its pleasures to the rich and great."

* For the Music, *vide* Vol. I., page 18.

We returned to dinner at our comfortable inn, and, after a bottle of perry, the champaigne of the country, we jogged off to Birmingham, where we parted.

CHAPTER XXIII.

JOURNEY INTO NORFOLK—CAMBRIDGE—MUSIC—COLLEGES.

In the year 1789, I was sent into Norfolk, to collect some outstanding moneys in that county. On arriving at Cambridge, I put up at Gurfog's Hotel, opposite to St. John's-gate, and, having no business to transact there, as soon as I had seen my horse fed (that being the first duty of a traveller), I sallied forth among the colleges, and strolled about, amazed at the magnificence I beheld. As I passed St. Mary's Church, I heard music, and soon found my way into the organ-loft—where Dr. Randall, the professor of music, was rehearsing Handel's anthem, *My heart is inditing in a good matter*. I was charmed, and could not leave till the music had ceased. This was preparatory to the celebration-day on which the king was to go to St. Paul's, to return thanks for his mental recovery. I saw little more than the exterior of these buildings, as I had not sufficient boldness to enter any one of the quadrangles. How great was my surprise, when I learnt that all this grandeur was stored with

learning. I felt the same desire as Prince Laboo, when he first saw a school, who expressed a wish that he might sit down among the scholars, and do as they did. With what an air of dignity the students passed me in the streets, in their caps and flowing gowns! The whole scene was imposing, and filled me with admiration. I returned to the inn for dinner, and ate it without knowing what was set before me, so captivated had I been. However, the bill soon informed me, for it amounted to the alarming sum of four shillings and eight pence. I remonstrated against the charge; the waiter said he would send his master. Mr. Gurfog made his appearance, and addressing me as a "freshman," hoped there was nothing wrong in the bill. I assured him I was not a "gownsman," and of no higher rank than a commercial traveller, and that I had hitherto been charged only a shilling for my dinner. Upon showing my saddle-bags, which I had hid under the table, he made a thousand apologies, and reduced my dinner to a shilling.*

On my way to Bury, I fell in with a groom, going to Newmarket races; and, as it was a sight worth seeing, I begged to join him. The course was a barren heath, and instead of booths and crowds of people, I found only a few clusters of spectators, chiefly noblemen, who were more intent upon the sport as a gambling affair, than in admiration of the beautiful

* Port wine then was only 2s. a bottle.

horses. My companion knew many of the distinguished characters, among whom he pointed out to me Charles Fox, in his blue coat and buff waistcoat. But for the pleasure of seeing this statesman, I thought it a flat, uninteresting sight, and not at all equal to our races at Leicester. I then pursued my route to Bury, and was much struck with the antiquity of the Abbey. As I strolled through the church-yard, I met with an epitaph, which I was curious enough to copy:

> "Here lies the body of Jane Kent;
> Death kick'd up her heels, and away she went."

I arrived in the evening at Diss, and hearing that there was a grinding organ in the church, then a great novelty, I hunted up the sexton, and expressed a wish to see it. He lit his lanthorn, and on our way to the church informed me that he was the organist as well as sexton. With a very consequential air, he began his performance. I was pleased with the compact and solid effect—more so than with the loose style of playing I have heard from some dexterous performers. I then observed, "you play nothing but psalmody"! He smiled, and with self-complacency said, "I play voluntaries, sir"! and immediately commenced one, which I applauded. Afterwards I was favoured with Handel's *Hallelujah Chorus*, with which he played the congregation out of church. As the night was cold, I took him to the inn, and warmed his heart with a cup of gingered ale. This he ma-

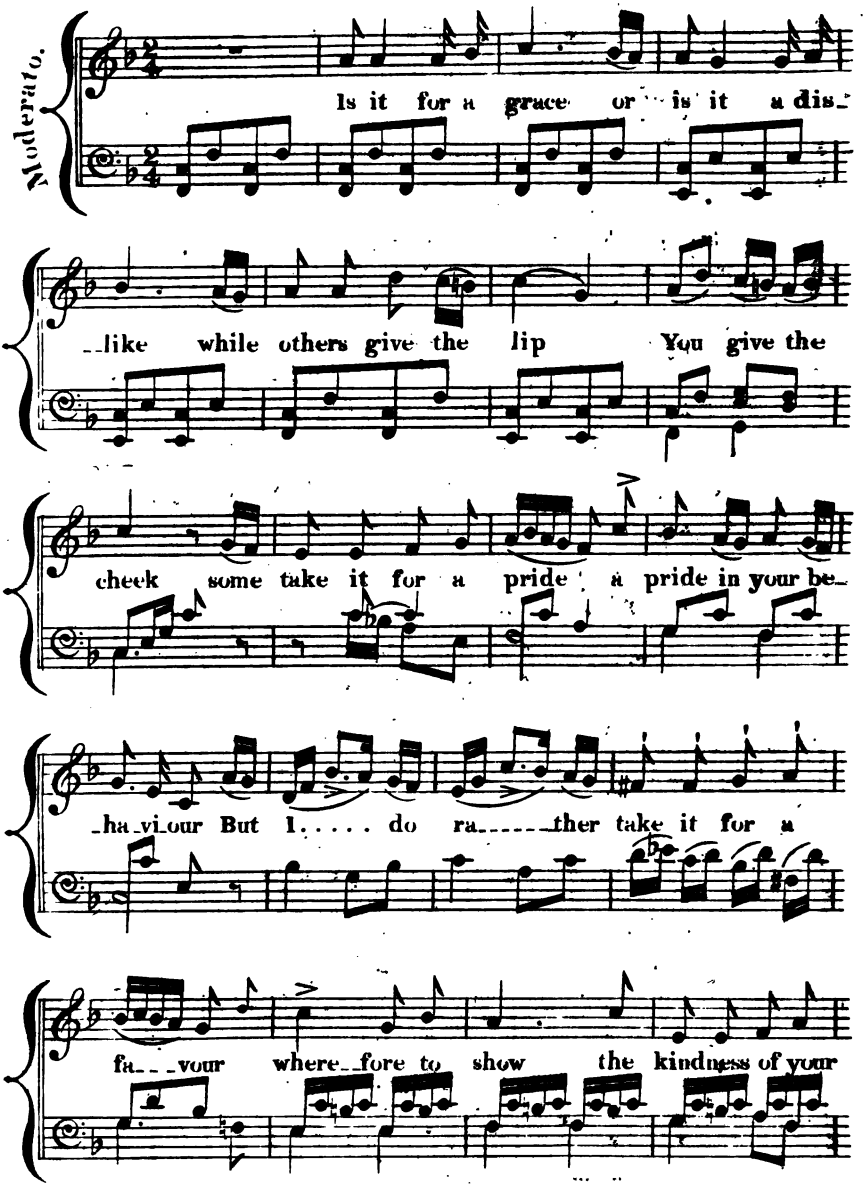
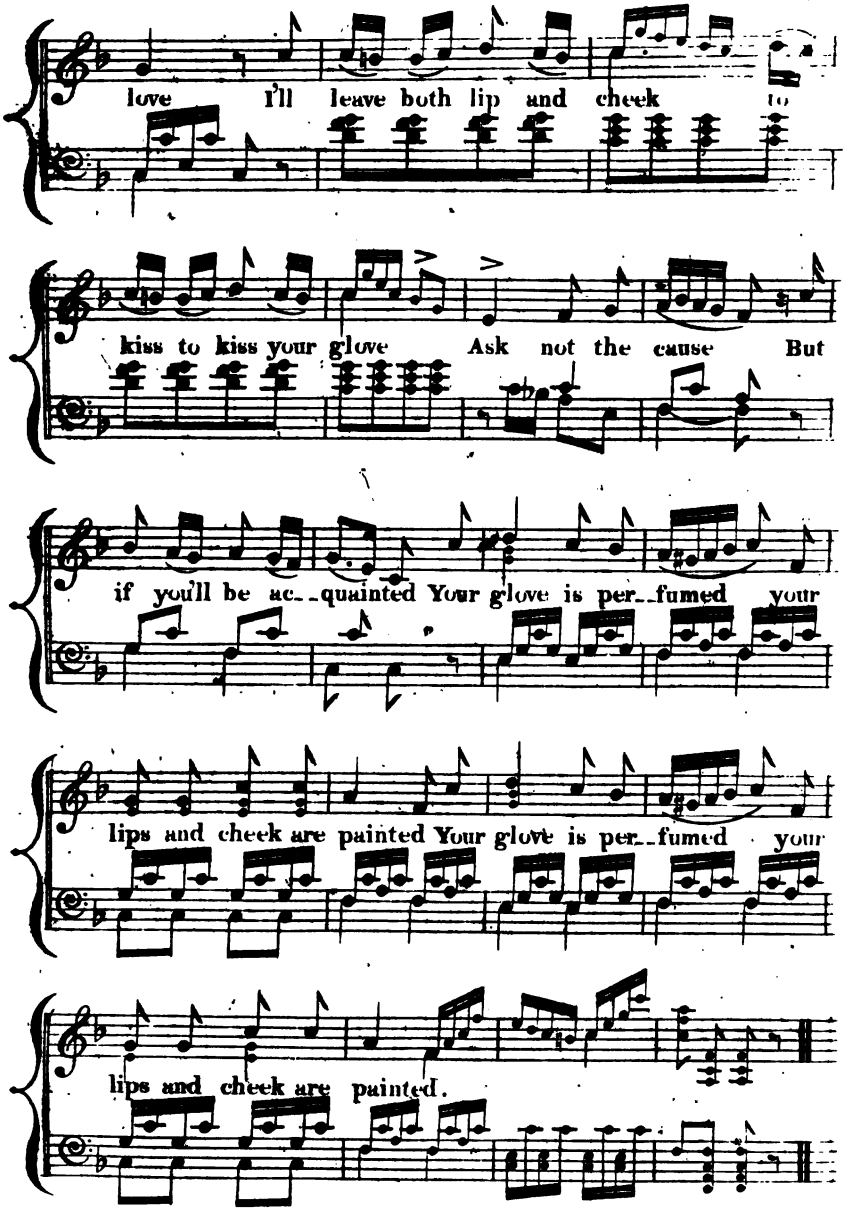
naged with as much ease as his performance on the organ. At Harleston and Bungay, the steeples were being decorated with lamps, up to the very weather-cock, for the intended rejoicings for the king's recovery. We arrived at Yarmouth in the evening, amidst a blaze of light. The ships in the harbour, with lamps hung in the rigging, looked like a constellation of coloured stars. In the morning, I visited the church, and found an unwieldy organ, with a coarse bawling voice, probably made in the Low Countries—where loudness is more considered than quality of tone. The Leicestershire Militia were then encamped at Lowestoft, and I hired a Yarmouth coach with two wooden wheels under the body, into which I could scarcely squeeze myself, to pay a visit to my friend Thomas Buxton, a captain in this regiment, which lay there, ready to pounce upon the French, should they dare to land.

In the evening, Mr. Dickinson of Birmingham, and Mr. Nott of London, with myself, set off for Norwich. Within a short distance of that city, we were stopped by two footpads. The road was a deep sand, so that our horses' feet could not be heard. Finding three of us, the attack was no sooner made than given up, when the rascals skulked into the coppice on each side of the road. We reported the affair the moment we arrived, and found it was no uncommon occurrence to be way-laid on that spot. In such sandy parts of the road highway robberies were generally committed.—

Birstal sands, near Leicester, and Woburn sands, were noted places, and the dread of all travellers.

Norwich Cathedral overpowered me with its grandeur. As I entered, the music was rolling through the arches in solemn harmony. I had seen the cathedral at Worcester, with which I was powerfully impressed; but here, my sensations were infinitely more sublime.

On my way to Peterborough, I passed through a country obviously stolen from the sea. Here I scraped an acquaintance with the organist of the cathedral, Mr. Calah, who presented me with a song he had just published. Such was the want of new music at that time, that trifles of this sort added to the reputation of a professor, and gave him distinction. I touched the organ, which was some hundred years old; the keys were so worn, that it was like putting your fingers into a row of ivory spoons. As to execution upon such an instrument, it was impossible. At Stamford I put up at the house of Glanville, a clever old man of seventy, who married a young wife, a greater attraction even than the good cheer the house was famous for. Here I dined with a son of Dr. Willis, the king's physician, who lived in the neighbourhood, and learnt some particulars of his father's management of the king in his madness; curious, inasmuch as he applied to parliament for power to use coercion with his royal patient. While having my hair dressed in the kitchen, a person came in, who, seeing a cod-fish lying on the dresser, opened its mouth, and,

SONG.

Moderato.
Is it for a grace or is it a dis-
-like while others give the lip You give the
cheek some take it for a pride a pride in your be-
-ha-viour But I..... do ra-----ther take it for a
fa--vour where-fore to show the kindness of your

love I'll leave both lip and cheek to
kiss to kiss your glove Ask not the cause But
if you'll be ac--quainted Your glove is per--fumed your
lips and cheek are painted Your glove is per--fumed your
lips and cheek are painted.

moving the jaws, apparently made the fish speak. I jumped up from the barber's hands in great surprise, exclaiming, "You are a ventriloquist." The man smiled, and acknowledged the fact. He was then exhibiting his talent in Stamford. The art lies in the knack of compressing the voice into the chest, so as to make the sounds come apparently from a distance. As the speaker takes care that the features are perfectly at rest, you do not suppose the sound to emanate from him, but he directs the attention to the spot from which he wishes you to imagine the sound to proceed. In this way, the female contralto produces the rich tones of the *voce di petto*, which so powerfully interest us in that enchanting voice.

On entering the churchyard, at Grantham, I was gratified on hearing the tones of the organ. To enjoy the true effect of this noble instrument, you should never be within view of it. I presently made my way into the organ loft, where I found a rough fellow, like a Cyclops, working away, at a cramped extemporaneous fugue. When he concluded, I bowed a nod of approbation. He got up, and putting a quid of tobacco into his mouth, asked me to sit down and try the instrument. This I declined, and pressed him to give me another fugue. He was pleased, and instantly knocked out a chromatic one, with all the fury of a Polyphemus. I observed it was a fine organ, upon the full church scale. He had played it for more than fifty years, and said a stranger once came in, as I had done,

while he was playing, and seemed pleased. "I got up," said the old fellow, "and pressed him to sit down, which he did, and made no more ado, but pulling out all the stops, there came such a peal of thunder, I thought the church would have come down, and I swore that he was either Handel or the Devil! He rose, and ran down stairs. I quickly followed, and looked below his coat-laps for his tail, to be convinced. It proved to be the old German, who popped into his carriage, which was waiting for him at the gate, and in an instant was out of sight." This was the last incident of my journey. I now turned my horse's head towards home. With what pleasure, on a rising ground, did I first see the steeples of my native town, gilded by the rays of the parting sun; and how did my heart throb as the picture neared upon me. The very thought that in one short hour I should return to those who would receive me with affection, after my wandering, was a sensation more sweet than can be described.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE CHASE, AND BRADGATE.

The rivers Wreak and Soar, divide our county into equal parts, the banks of which are edged with carpeted meadows. On the east, the gently swelling

hills that rise into Rutlandshire, are dotted over with pleasant villages. Over this tract of smooth turf, checkered, as it is, with thick hedgerows, the Leicestershire fox-hunters gallop for twenty miles without a stop. The passion for hunting is unbounded. More than two hundred gentlemen, clad in scarlet, are sometimes seen rivalling each other in feats of daring horsemanship, at a pace that none but madmen would dare to ride. This county has ever been famous for the chase, in which the clergy in olden time would take the lead. They were privileged to kill game on sounding a horn, and no one enjoyed the sport more than the Abbot of Leicester. The following is one of their songs :—

SONG.—(PAGE 180.)

The bugle horn the Margrave sounds,
Halloo, halloo, halloo;
The neighing steed, he forward bounds,
The yelping pack pursue.
O'er hill and dale, away they fly,
See, see! the game's in view;
And echoes sweet return the cry,
Halloo, halloo, halloo.

BRADGATE.

On the western side of the county the features are of a bolder cast. As we approach the domain of Charnwood Forest, which may be called the Tyrol of Leicestershire, the elevations of Bradgate, Bardon, and

Woodhouse come into view. On entering the ancient park of Bradgate, the eye catches the ruined mansion of the unfortunate Lady Jane Grey. This retired spot, so full of romance, has great charms for pleasure parties in summer time. Every vehicle and char-a-banc is loaded with youthful fair ones, and attentive beaux; not forgetting the well-stored baskets for the day's repast. Arrived at the ruined hall, the camp is formed, under the shade of the wide-spreading oaks, and on the glossy turf the pic nic feast is laid. When everything is set in order, the young and gay mount the hill to pay a visit to the summer-house, called "Old John," which commands the out-stretched prospect there! The wood nymphs clamber up the rugged steep. The tangled fern baffles their eager steps—driving them to the narrow path of the wild deer, where only two can walk abreast. Thus cast into loving pairs, soft emotions soon invade the palpitating heart. I remember once, I watched the slow step of a worthy friend of mine, as he walked by the side of the sprightly Jane ——, pressing his suit, with a diffident heart. Alas! he had little chance in the lottery of love. Her eye was placed upon one far less worthy, but whose outward mien and careless air enslaved her heart: she pursued a phantom, and slighted the best of men. I was grieved for him. The following is a transcript of his feelings:—

SONG.—(PAGE 138.)

If to love, she could not incline,
I told her I'd die in an hour:
To die says she—tis thine,
But to love! is not in my power.

I asked her the reason why,
She could not me approve;
She said it was a task too hard,
To give any reason for love.

Thus, in climbing the hill of life, looking for the summit of our wishes, what dire disappointment often comes!—On achieving the hill top, lo! what a glorious sight is unfurled! what a picture hangs before the delighted eyes! In the near ground just beneath, lies Beaumanor, buried in clustering trees. Far on the left, wrapped up in smoke, Derby is but dimly seen, while Nottingham gleams in the bright sunshine. As the eye wanders to the verge of the horizon, where earth and sky unite, lo! Lincoln Minster stands, like a ghostly fabric in another world. Turn where you will, what a radiant orb of life and light appears. Hark! from the vale below, the bugle sounds, and echoes leap from wood to wood, like unseen spirits. Down the dizzy steep the bounding nymphs and corydons dart like fawns to their wonted groves. Now reclining on the grass, how pleasant to partake of the sylvan feast, and reviving glass, when music fills the grove—rousing the listening herds, who draw near to enjoy the vocal sounds. Once more the

steep height is mounted to bid adieu to nature's picture. Alas! how changed is now the scene. As the sun goes down behind yon western hill, the mellow light dies away, and the solemn hues of night draw on, warning us it is time to depart. The carriages freighted, we reluctantly leave the breezy hill to return to the close and smoky town.

CHAPTER XXV.

BARTLEMAN—HARRISON—KNYVETT—GREATOREX.

In the summer time, these four sons of harmony used to visit Lord Chesterfield, at Bradby, in Staffordshire. Each had a light boat, easily carried from one portage to another, and, in this way, they navigated themselves from the Thames, through canals and rivers to Burton-upon-Trent, near to his Lordship's mansion. They were not only sons of harmony, but sons of the angle—disciples of old Isaac Walton. On the banks of the Trent they had a house where their boats and fishing tackle were lodged, and always ready for their favourite sport. Lord Chesterfield was a great lover of music, and, with King George III., was a director of the ancient concerts, in which the voices of these gentlemen received the plaudits of that monarch. When the season of music closed in town, his Lordship invited them, like so many

school boys, to spend the holidays with him at Bradby, during which (except now and then,) music was to be totally abandoned. Out-door amusements, such as cricket, quoits, and trap-ball were their delight, not forgetting the silent angle. These occupied the day, till the dinner-bell rang, when our devotees to Apollo and Bacchus soon convinced his Lordship how well they could also play their part in the salle-a-manger. Under no restraint, the delights of the evening surpassed the sports of the day. If they sang, it was for their own amusement, giving way to sallies of mirth and humour, like a set of wild creatures, compared with their staid and cautious demeanour in town.

The next visit was to Sir Charles Hudson,* at Wanlip, where they met with similar indulgence. Miss Greatorex, then living in Leicester, used to avail herself of such valuable aid at her annual concert. This took place in the assize week, and was fully attended by the county families. As vocalists, they were the most perfect set of English singers that ever joined their voices together. Bartleman, for tone and expression, has never been approached. His enunciation was bold and intrepid, having all the force of elocution, added to the power of song. *Hark! my Daridcar, we're call'd below*, and the animated strain of *Lucinda's Eyes*, were fine exhibitions of his rhetorical powers. It may be

* *Vide* vol. II., p. 526, 641.

said the music of Purcel died with him. The vocal concerts in London were established by this party; and, after they had sung the classical glees threadbare, they introduced, as a novelty, a mawkish sort of composition—ballads, harmonised for four voices—to which they improperly gave the name of glees. These they brought down with them in MS. to Leicester, and, being pretty well known as songs, were much applauded. The following I recollect:—"O, Nanny, wilt thou gang with me?"—"Shepherds, I have lost my love."—"My love is like a red, red rose."—"Fair Ellen like a lily grew."

As a song, *O Nanny* is beautifully expressive, both in words and music; but as a glee, it becomes absurd and ridiculous. In answer to the solicitation, Nanny might reply, "'Tis sufficient *I gang with one of you*—only let me choose whom I like best."

One morning's entertainment, was a visit to St. Martin's organ, to hear Greatorex perform upon that noble instrument. He excelled in playing Handel's choruses, with a fulness and weight of tone never heard from any other hand: his compact execution was like Doric Architecture, massive and grand! These gifted spirits rusticated with us every year; and in their evening parties, I was enlisted to take a part in the madrigals, and as I could sing at sight, a praise was accorded to me, which I did not expect. One afternoon I walked with them to some grounds of Mr. Heyrick's, to have a game at quoits, in which I was

not so ready to join as in their music. They entered into it with all the animation of a set of schoolboys. On our way, I mentioned to Mr. Greatorex that I had just received, from Hamburgh, a copy of Haydn's Creation, and begged his opinion of it. "Why, sir," he replied, "I think it never will be much performed; it is so difficult, and its lightness of style will never suit the English taste."

CHAPTER XXVI.

WOODBRIDGE.

My friend, of St. John's College, Cambridge, was a facetious, true-hearted fellow, under a silent and grave demeanour. His genius lay in mathematical learning; and when he paid us a visit at Leicester, his company was sought as a distinguished scholar. He was completely wrapped up in the studies of Professor Waring, and the philosopher, Billy Farish, as he was called, who were his tutors. A great trouble to him was his absence of mind, which frequently led him into many laughable mistakes: he seemed to have no room in his thoughts, except for algebra and conic sections.

Woodbridge was a good-looking, well-made bachelor, and our ladies uniformly set their caps at him:

but wagers were laid that he never would marry. Vain were their endeavours to draw him into the net of matrimony. The only pilgrimage he ever made was to Market Bosworth, the birth-place of Thomas Simpson, Fellow of the Royal Society. In these solitary rambles he pondered upon the theorems of Maclaurin and Emerson. The latter he admired for the blunt simplicity of his manners, and was fond of imitating him. The loquacity of our fair ones nearly worried him to death; but there was one silent maiden, whose language lay in her soft blue eyes, that miraculously melted his mathematical heart. With all his philosophy he could not withstand the spell; he surrendered, and became a married man. The change in his nature was as remarkable as it was sudden. Like the chrysalis, he passed into another state of existence; and, like a butterfly, flitted through the evening of life, full of sunshine and pleasure. The following extract from an old poet, will express the power of love upon his obdurate heart:—

SONG.—(PAGE 158.)

"What a dull fool was I,
To think so gross a lie,
As that I ever was in love before:

"I have, perhaps, known one or two,
With whom I was content to be,
At what they call keeping company.

"But, after all they could say,
I still could be with more:
Their absence ne'er made me shed a tear.

"And, I can truly swear,
That till my eyes first gazed on you,
I ne'er beheld the maid I could adore!"

CHAPTER XXVII.

MANUFACTURES.

In the reign of Charles the First, there were few manufactures in the country. Our silks and brocades came from Florence and Genoa; the ladies' mantles and dresses from Mantua; the millinery from Milan; the muslins from India; and the chintz and nankeen from China. In our humid climate, nature has taken care of us, by providing the richest pastures for our long-woolled sheep, from which suitable clothing is made to defend us from the weather. A century ago cotton garments were scarcely known. All ranks were clad in woollens; the females in a worsted stuff called Tammy, originally made at Tamworth, from which place it took its name. When the farmers sold their wool, they reserved the black fleeces for their daughters to spin, and to which was added a thread of linen, forming a mixed fabric, which, from the material it was made of, got the name of linsey-woolsey.

Of this the farmers' coats were made; and at fair times this grizzly uniform presented a curious appearance. Then, every stocking-maker had his frame at home, and his wife and daughters had their spinning wheels. Scattered through the county, these artizans in summer left their frames and wheels to assist in getting in the harvest, after which they returned to their usual employ, and thus had constant work throughout the year. As an old manufacturer, I may mention that for the first month after harvest, the work was always worse done than at any other time, owing to the hardening of the hands in the harvest work. A flatness of trade was never known. Surplus goods were laid by to meet the seasons as they came round. The population of Leicester at that time was not more than ten thousand. Situated in the centre of an agricultural district, provisions were cheap, which enabled the steady and industrious to lead easy and comfortable lives. It was a pretty sight in the villages, to see a cluster of girls spinning under the shade of the walnut trees, combining with their love-songs the whizzing of their wheels, and forming an accompaniment to their artless melody.

SONG.—(PAGE 157).

"As I sat at my spinning wheel,
A bonny lad came passing by:
I ken'd him round, and I liked him weel,
Good faith! he had a bonny eye.
My heart now panting 'gan to feel,
But still I turned my spinning wheel.

"My milk-white hand he did extol,
And praised my fingers long and small;
And said there was no lady fair,
That ever could with me compare.
To kiss my hand he down did kneel,
But still I turned my spinning wheel."

These scenes have passed away. Now the young are too early pent up in spinning mills, amidst stunning noise, instead of breathing the free invigorating air. Arkwright's invention has changed the whole frame of society, by its cheap and superior mode of spinning. It has swept away the domestic industry of the eastern part of the world, which, from the earliest time, had been carried on by the distaff. When I was in Paris, in 1802, Denon showed me some spun cotton, taken out of a mummy, many thousand years old. From an ingenious lecture, given by Mr. Bazeley, in Manchester, I copy the following particulars:—"Herodotus, who travelled in India, says, 'In these countries there are trees which bear vegetable wool, with which the people clothe themselves.' The spread of cotton clothing did not take place till the conquest of Mahomed, five hundred years after Christ. Such was the beauty of these Indian textures, that they were denominated *webs of woven wind.* Marco Polo says, the skin could be seen through them, and when a man put them on he appeared quite naked. These exquisite fabrics, called muslin, spun and woven by the delicate fingers of eastern females, were forbidden to be exported, and

all were sent to the Seraglio of the Great Mogul. The first mention of cotton clothing being introduced into England is by the poet Chaucer, who clothes his knight in fustian, then a costly article. Manchester, 600 years ago, was famous for weaving linen cloth, the thread for which they procured from Ireland; and on the introduction of vegetable wool from Smyrna, it was spun by the hand into cotton yarn, but of such an inferior nature, that the clothes made from it were used only as linings. We come now to the great event. A hairdresser discovers a mode of spinning cotton by machinery, so vast and with such rapidity, that a thousand threads can be spun in less time than one formerly by hand, and what the operator laboured to perform, he now only directs."

In the year 1780, I assisted in knocking to pieces for firewood Hargreaves' spinning jennies (which Mr. Coltman introduced into Leicester), in consequence of their being superseded by Arkwright's invention. Calicoes at this time were imported from China, and were taxed with a high duty as *a protection* to our Lancashire weavers; but the very superior material from Arkwright's machine being preferred by the public, the clothiers induced Parliament to lay the same impost upon the Manchester articles as they had done upon the Indian goods, as a protection to their trade. Such was the improvement that the mills could not be built fast enough to supply the weavers with thread. When the same invention was intro-

duced into Leicester for the spinning of sheep's wool, it was decried by the authorities, and the machinery destroyed by the mob. But the invention was hailed as a boon by the towns of Nottingham, Cuckney, Bristol, Warwick, Northampton, Bedworth, &c., on which places we were wholly dependent for worsted for our stocking-makers. Next to the inventions in spinning, we may speak of the improvements in printing the calico. It is by the wonder-working cylinder that the most beautiful patterns are printed in eight to twelve colours at the same moment; and that one is enabled to perform the work which many hundreds might not be able to perform without it. It was in this elegant department of the manufacture that Mr. Cobden first distinguished himself as a man of the highest taste and ingenuity.

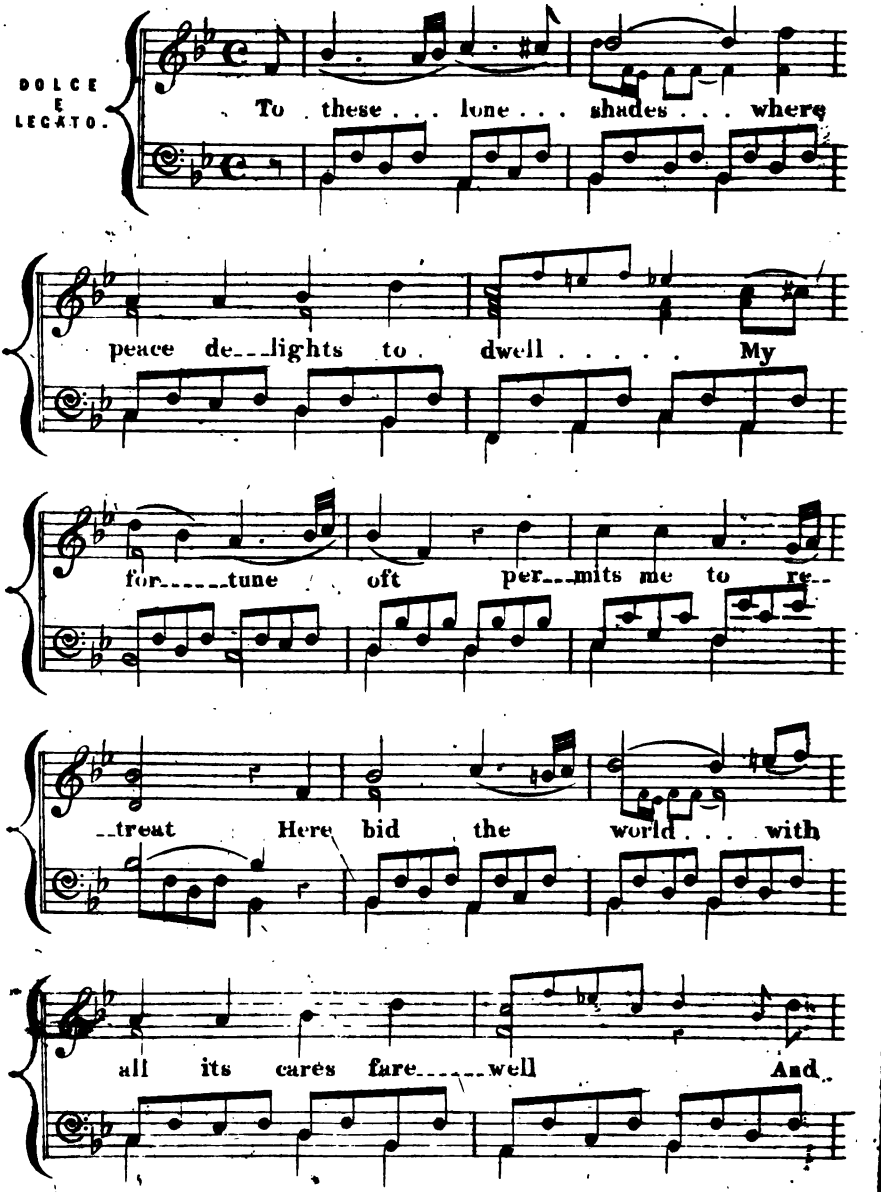
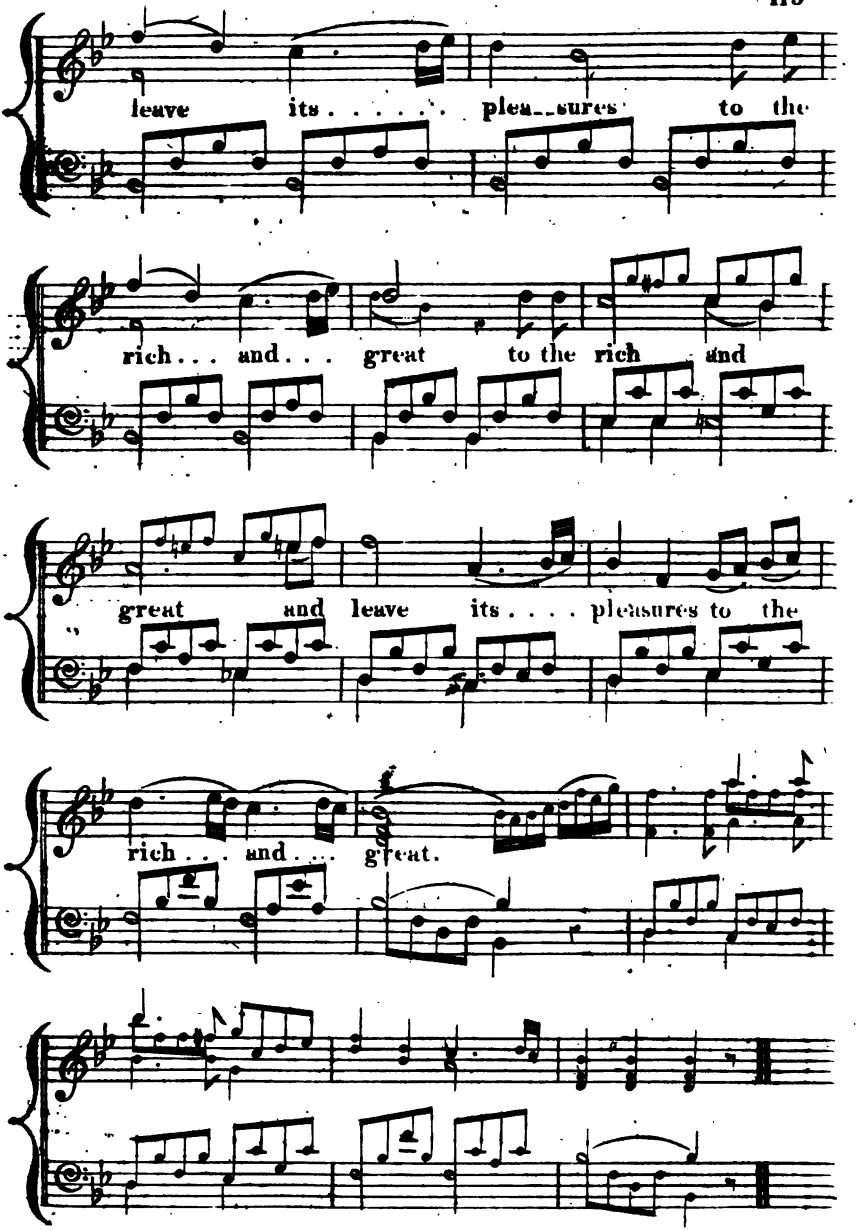
Though we have conferred the blessings of cheap clothing upon all the nations of the earth, this very cheapness has deprived the poor families of their homespun woollens, which are so much better suited to our variable climate. The general use of cotton cloth, from its great cheapness, has been followed by a dire calamity: that of exposing poor children to be burnt to death. They are generally clad in a loose cotton pinafore, which costs but a trifle, and when crowding round a fire, this light material is wafted into the flames by the draught from the opening of a door, and the little creature, in too many instances, is burnt to death. It is supposed that not less than three

thousand children lose their lives in this way every year. Formerly, when clad in woollen stuffs, such accidents were unknown. So it is, that the greatest good is scarcely ever without its attendant evil.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

JOHN ALLEN AND PHŒBE GRAY.

John Allen, a cool, calculating Scotchman, came amongst us to practise medicine. His demure and staid appearance won for him general respect. He was a tall, bony man, with sandy hair; without a particle of poetry in his veins. Punctual, cautious, and careful as he was, he never failed to have an eye to the main chance. He lodged at Mrs. Gray's, the confectioner, who had a sprightly daughter, with lily hands and crimson cheeks, whose lips were sweeter than the lollypops in her mother's shop. Mrs. Gray's manners were of the humble sort; but her daughter, Phœbe, was pretty and engaging in whatever she did. Allen, in the height of his generosity, would often tempt Miss Phœbe with some of her mother's "white-hearts"; but she was not to be won in that sweet way: her heart was set upon a pink silk in the mercer's window, next door, which she liked better than her mother's commodities. The hint was too broad for the keen Scotchman to mistake. It quite stag-

SONG.

DOLCE E LEGATO.
To these . . . lone . . . shades . . . where
peace de___lights to . dwell . . . . . My
for_____tune oft per___mits me to re__
__treat Here bid the world . . . with
all its cares fare_____well And

leave its . . . . . plea_sures to the
rich . . . and . . . great to the rich and
great and leave its . . . . pleasures to the
rich . . . and . . . great.

gered him. Her raven locks and jet black eyes were too much for Allen to withstand; and, on the next Sunday, Miss Phœbe was arrayed in the pink slip, and looked like a new-blown rose.

Allen's gravity became much disturbed, and in addressing his landlady, he said, "Meestress Gray, ye have a pratty business here, and ye maun have scraped a little siller together. Ye have also a canny doater."

Mrs. Gray: "Ah! Doctor," she is a little forward thing, who takes great liberty with you; I'd have you snub her."

Doctor: "Weel, weel, Meestress Gray, that's na' offence to me; but, as I was just saying, ye must ha' saved a fifty-pund, or so."

Mrs. Gray: "Oh! lawful heart, Doctor; a poor widow like me cannot have much money."

Doctor: "There's na' getting through the world without a little siller, Mrs. Gray: I was thinking about your doater."

Mrs. Gray: "Ah! Sir, she's a little expensive thing: she runs away with all I can get."

Doctor: "I was thinking about Phœbe, if ye'd pairt wi' her."

Mrs. Gray: "Part with her, Sir; for what?"

Doctor: "To me, Meestress Gray."

Mrs. Gray: "Aye, Doctor, but she's so young."

Doctor: "Weel, weel, Meestress Gray, ther's na' much objeection to that."

Mrs. Gray: "For sure, Doctor, you are the best judge on such matters."

Doctor: "Then, as I was saying, ye have twa shop windows, and if Phœbe should become Mrs. Allen, I could set my gallipots in the other window, and we would, in that case, drop all talk about the siller."

Phœbe soon found what power she had over the Doctor's heart; and had only to wait for her own consent to become Mrs. Allen. Her impatience for the nuptial dress, however, was too evident; but the Doctor's prudence was not to be overcome. My friend had a taste for music, and restrained the eagerness of the fair one for a time by singing the following song, in which she joined in the last verse:—

SONG.—(PAGE 177.)

"Prithee, Pœbe, not so fast,
Let's na' run and wed in haste;
We've a thousand things to do,
You must fly, and I pursue.

"You must frown, and I must sigh;
I entreat, and you deny;
Stay! if I am never cross'd,
Half the pleasure will be lost.

"Be, or seem to be, sincere;
Give me reason to despair;
Fondness will my wishes cloy,
Make me careless of my joy.

DUO.

" Lovers may, of course, complain
Of their trouble and their pain;
But, if pain and trouble cease,
Love without it will ne'er please."

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE EVENING WALK.

What is more delightful than a walk into the fields on a summer's evening, when the soft-dropping shower has allayed the sultry heat of the day? How refreshing the cool breeze, that wafts the scent of meadow-flowers across your path! While sauntering by the wood-side or silver stream, with no desire to hook or even disturb its playful tenants, or to see the wood-pigeon bleed, let us luxuriate in the smiles of nature. On every side what cheering sounds! —the lowing cattle, the throstle on the tree, the far-off whetting scythe. What music this! compared to the dull whirl of the modern factory-mill, stupifying the youthful brain. What weary sameness is imposed on the imprisoned elves, who sigh to taste the sweet refreshing air.

Great as this change is from village life, as it used to be, it is not without its enjoyments. Trade brings with it domestic comforts and mental pleasures. The spread of books and schools, lays open all the avenues

to knowledge, and nothing is more striking at the present day, than the rapid development of enquiring minds, among the lower orders. From this class many simplifications in our machinery have sprung.

The sciences of mechanics and chemistry, furnish illimitable objects of research. The field is of vast extent, especially in our manufactories, in which the newly-discovered laws of nature are wonderfully applied. The hydrostatic bellows, which was considered little more than a toy when I was a lad, has enabled the engineer to carry the tubular bridge, weighing two thousand tons, over an arm of the sea. Our immense spinning mills so completely absorb the time and attention of the masses in the large towns, that every Sunday the artificers, after an early morning service, ought to be driven into the fields to recruit their health. In the evening the government should supply the finest music in our churches, where the soul may be elevated in the solemn service of thanksgiving for the blessings we enjoy. This would refine and raise the taste of the people, and get rid of much evil and misery.

THE WORKING MAN'S SONG.—(Page 197.)

"The morning of our rest is come,
The sun is shining clear;
I see it on the steeple top,
Put on your shawl, my dear.

"And let us leave the smoky town,
The dense and stagnant lane;
And take our children by the hand,
To see the fields again.

"I've pined for air, the live-long week,
For the smell of the new mown hay;
Let's have a pleasant country walk,
On this sunny, Sabbath day.

"Put on your shawl, and let us go,
I need the air and sun;
We'll sit together on the grass,
To see the children run.

"We'll watch them gathering buttercups,
Or cowslips in the dell;
Or listen to the cheerful sound
Of the far-off village bell.

"For one day let our children sport,
And feel their limbs their own;
For one day let us quite forget
The grief that we have known."

CHAPTER XXX.

LADY NORRIS.

In the northern part of Lincolnshire, not two miles from the sea, I had once to cross a trackless moor late on a winter's evening—not a house or tree was in view, nor did I meet with any living creature till I came up to some half-starved cattle, when it oc-

curred to me that, on entering the common, I had left the gate open. The cattle might stray, I thought, and cause much trouble to the owners. I determined to return (though I had come nearly a mile) and shut the gate. It was well I did so, for I found a man had been hallooing me back, as I had taken the wrong turn, which would have led me far away, and, probably, I should have been benighted. When put into the right road, I considered this incident as a pointed reward for my good intentions, and, I may say, it ruled my conduct in after-life. A storm coming on I looked round for any habitable place into which I could creep, rather than hazard any more mistakes in such a desolate country. I found shelter in a lone public house, kept by widow Brown, the resort of a savage set of boors, employed in the fens, called "dyke cutters." I felt rather uncomfortable amongst such a rough set, as it was possible they might be disposed to cut my throat. Two of the most impertinent marched into my room and volunteered their company, as I was a stranger. Fortunately, an old traveller was shortly after driven in by the storm, and claimed quarters for the night. This put me greatly at my ease, and my visitors took themselves away. Our first object was supper, which the hostess cooked in the room where we sat. With some famous Hollands gin, smuggled on the coast, we were made happy, while the storm was furiously raging without. When these unpleasant gentry had

retired, I much enjoyed the company of my travelling friend, who entertained me with his adventures, and some interesting tales. One, in particular, he related of Lady Norris, whose name he never repeated but with a musical crescendo, that not a little alarmed me, my imagination having been much excited by the "dyke cutters."—It was as follows:—

"In the wilds of Scotland there stood a lonely castle belonging to Lady Norris, who lived in the eastern wing, the only part that was habitable. Its situation was out of the world—buried in dark pine forests. The Lady was rich, and attended by a few old servants. In these baronial halls you often pass through a suite of rooms to the most remote one in the edifice. It was here that Lady Norris slept.—On kneeling down to prayers, she espied the hob-nailed shoes of a man under the bed. Undismayed, she went on with her prayer, rose, and took off her jewels and laid them on her toilette, got into bed and feigned sleep. For a while, nothing stirred. After a time the robber stepped out and secured the booty; but not finding her purse he went to the bed-side and whispered in her ear, 'Lady Norris! Lady Norris!' Not stirring, he spoke in a louder tone, 'Lady Norris!' Still appearing too dead asleep to be awakened, he shouted, 'Lady Norris!' so as to make the castle ring with the loudness of his voice. The echoes alarmed the villain, and he made off with the jewels. As he retreated through the rooms, she

nimbly got out of bed, and, stepping with the lightness of a doe, locked the furthermost door after him, and all the others as she fled back to her chamber, and violently rang the bell, to awake the servants. She heard the imprecations of the miscreant, as he was bursting through the doors she had locked,—returning to murder her; and just as he was crawling through the panel of the last, the villain was secured, and the lady was saved from death."

CHAPTER XXXI.

LIONEL AND LOUISA.

I met at dancing school the all-engaging and beautiful Louisa—her native grace shone through that grave demeanour in which her religious education had clothed her. Her highly accomplished mamma had given a refinement to her manners, usually attained only by mixing with the polite world. She showed genius in drawing and poetry, but, from the secluded habits of the family, had never been brought into contact with fashionable life. Some subscription concerts were set on foot in Leicester, and, being a novelty, were warmly countenanced, the avowed object being music.*

* Card and dancing assemblies were advertised every fortnight throughout half the year, to which the Dissenters did not subscribe.

The serious Dissenting families, for the first time, joined in the amusement, though the entertainment was to end with a ball. My father prevailed upon the parents of Miss Louisa to allow her to make her entrè in public on this occasion, with her friend Miss R——. Our recluse, like a nun released from the cloister, was elated with the novelty of the scene, in which she found herself. A hundred whispers ran round the room, "Who is she? How very beautiful!" The concert being over, all the seats had to be removed, to provide a space for dancing. Our steward, *Lionel*—a high-born gentleman of engaging manners—was denominated the Apollo of our town. Young men of fashion then vied with each other in their taste for dress. Fine figured men, handsomely dressed, gave a gaiety to an assembly that we have no notion of at this day: except by the clergy, a black coat was never worn I remember well the coat of the gay Lionel was a light grey mixture, approaching to white, with a black silk collar and silver cord buttons; black satin small clothes, with sky-blue ribbed silk stockings, that showed a handsome leg. At the knee-band was a small diamond buckle, and a more large and costly one ornamented the toe of the shoe. Rich lace ruffles set off the hand, and a cocked hat surmounted a head of hair dressed in the height of the French fashion. Our Apollo claimed the hand of the lady to dance. We had not then, either waltzes, quadrilles, or galopades. The only

variety from the country dance was the court minuet, an elegant movement now lost and forgotten. As our debutante was led to the top of the dance, covered with blushes, her joyous spirit forsook her; but recovering from her timidity, her dark eyelashes no longer concealed those beams that flashed on the admiring throng.

The next morning our cavalier paid his devoirs to the family. His fine person and courteous grace instantly won for him the mistress of his heart, and he was received as a suitor. Though hitherto distant as Mars from Cassiopea, these stars were now drawn into the same orbit, and in a few weeks their union was completed. For a season, music, love, and every earthly delight, reigned uncontrolled in the temple of pleasure. Alas! the sunny beams of the morning began to fade, and the happiness that seemed more than mortal, gradually sank into gloom and despair. The charm soon wore away and dissolved into indifference and neglect, followed by distaste, and ending in mutual hate and separation.

I witnessed this scene of promised joy, and, with others, deplored the disastrous result of this sudden impassioned love.

SONG.—(PAGE 238).

"With humble vows men first begin,
Stealing, unseen, into the heart;
But by possession settled in,
They quickly act another part.

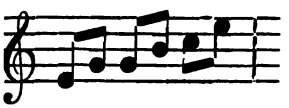
"For beads and bawbles we resign,
As Indians do their golden store;
Discover nature's richest mine,
And yet the tyrants will have more.

"Be wise, be wise, and do not try
How he can court, or you be won;
For love is but discovery,
When that is made—the pleasure's done."

CHAPTER XXXII.

GHOSTS.

When my father and mother were on a visit in the country, old Mary, our servant, and myself, were left to keep house. She entertained me in the evening with many tales, among which were some ghost-stories that excited my imagination; but, as I was then a bit of a philosopher (though no more than ten years old), I pretended not to believe in them. In the dead of the night, I heard, as I thought, some one playing on the harpsichord. I sat up in bed and heard the tinkling very plain. As there was no one in the house but our two selves, surely said I, if there are such things as ghosts, this must be one. I got out of bed

and crept softy to the head of the stairs and heard the following sounds :—

It then ceased. I waited some time before it began again. As I descended it stopped, and I stopped to collect myself. The night was stormy, and the wind made a dreadful howling. The moon was in the full, occasionally covered with dark clouds. When I arrived at the music-room door, it was partly open. I thought I would first put my head in, and have a peep. At that moment the moon shot a bright beam through the room, and I saw—nothing! I screwed up my courage, and determined to approach the harpsichord, when lo! on lifting up the lid, I beheld our neighbour's kitten who had crept in at the window, and ensconced herself on the keys, where she had been carelessly shut up. The succession of thirds which I heard was produced by the animal stepping regularly along the keys. In the morning I told my adventure, and the old ninny nearly dropped at my description; but when it turned out to be nothing more than little puss, she burst out into a courageous fit of laughter.

Cats.

The last story brings to my recollection an extraordinary sight of a hundred of these domestic tigers

being whistled to supper at Barclay and Perkins's brewery. Like their dray horses, the cats are of the elephantine breed. As soon as the workpeople are dismissed, these animals spread themselves over the vast territory, lying in wait for the shoals of rats and mice which are lured by their love of malt. Were it not for this tiger police the loss would be some thousand pounds a-year to the proprietors. The most dainty food will not entice them away from their sport and prey. They prefer a rat caught by their own prowess to the greatest delicacy set before them. Furious and cruel as cats naturally are, with kind usage they are easily domesticated. When kittens, they are elegant and amusing in all their graceful motions. Rich, the proprietor of Drury-lane Theatre, was more fond of his cats than of all the fascinating actresses he had on the stage. Mrs. Woffington says, "On being admitted to this master of the stage, I found him lolling on a sofa, with a play-book in his left hand and a china cup in the other, sipping tea. Around and about him were seven-and-twenty cats, of different sizes, at play; some staring him in the face, some eating toast out of his mouth, some licking milk out of a cup, some frisking, others demurely seated on the floor, others perched on his shoulders, arms, and knees, and even on his head. So was this magician of pantomimes crowned with a grimalkin, instead of being graced with a circlet of laurel."

Transmigration of Souls.

My father once visited Mr. Hall, a friend who resided in our county, of very singular opinions. He was a great reader, and had imbibed the doctrine of the *Metempsychosis* from the Greeks. He was a miller, upon an extensive scale, and kept many cats to protect his corn, from the ravages of rats and mice. So strong was his belief in this ancient notion, that he could not be prevailed upon to taste animal food, lest he should be devouring some one of his ancestors.—This opinion was much strengthened by the discovery that one of his cats was very fond of music; he conceived it to possess the soul of a musician. Several of these animals were lying on the hearth, and he assured my father that if he would sing a short strain, the cat would awaken and show signs of pleasure; and if the music were Handel's the experiment would be sure to succeed. To be certain of no collusion, he hummed an air not generally known, *Hide me from day's garish eye*, when Grimalkin instantly leaped upon his knee, placing her mouth near to his, and purring with evident delight. "There," says Mr. Hall, "to my mind the experiment is conclusive." The learned Mr. Coltman, who was present, observed that Plato maintained the same doctrine, which is so well expressed by Dryden in the speech of Pythagoras, when he would dissuade his hearers from eating animal food:—

"Thus all things are altered, nothing dies:
And here and there, th' unbodied spirit flies,

By time, or force, or sickness dispossess'd,
And lodges where it lights, in bird or beast:
From tenement to tenement is tossed,
The soul is still the same, the figure only lost!"

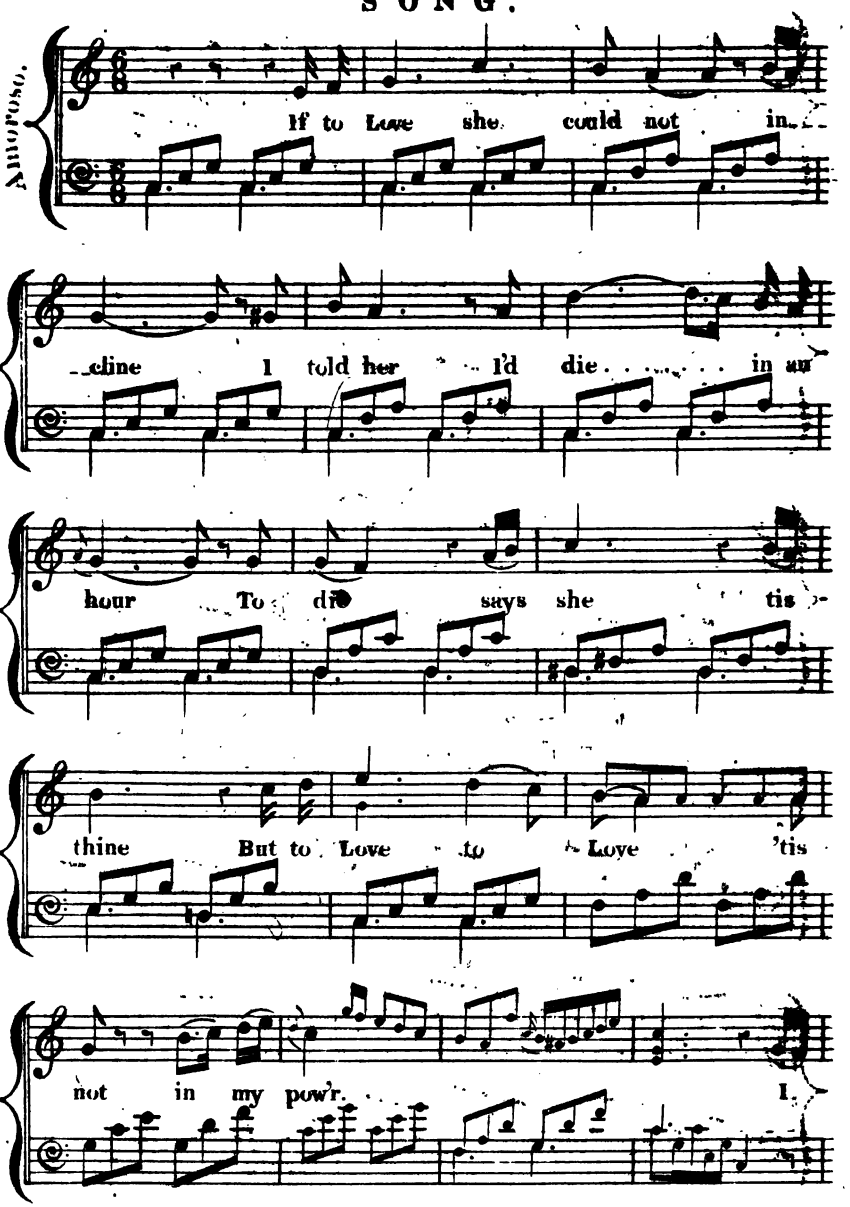
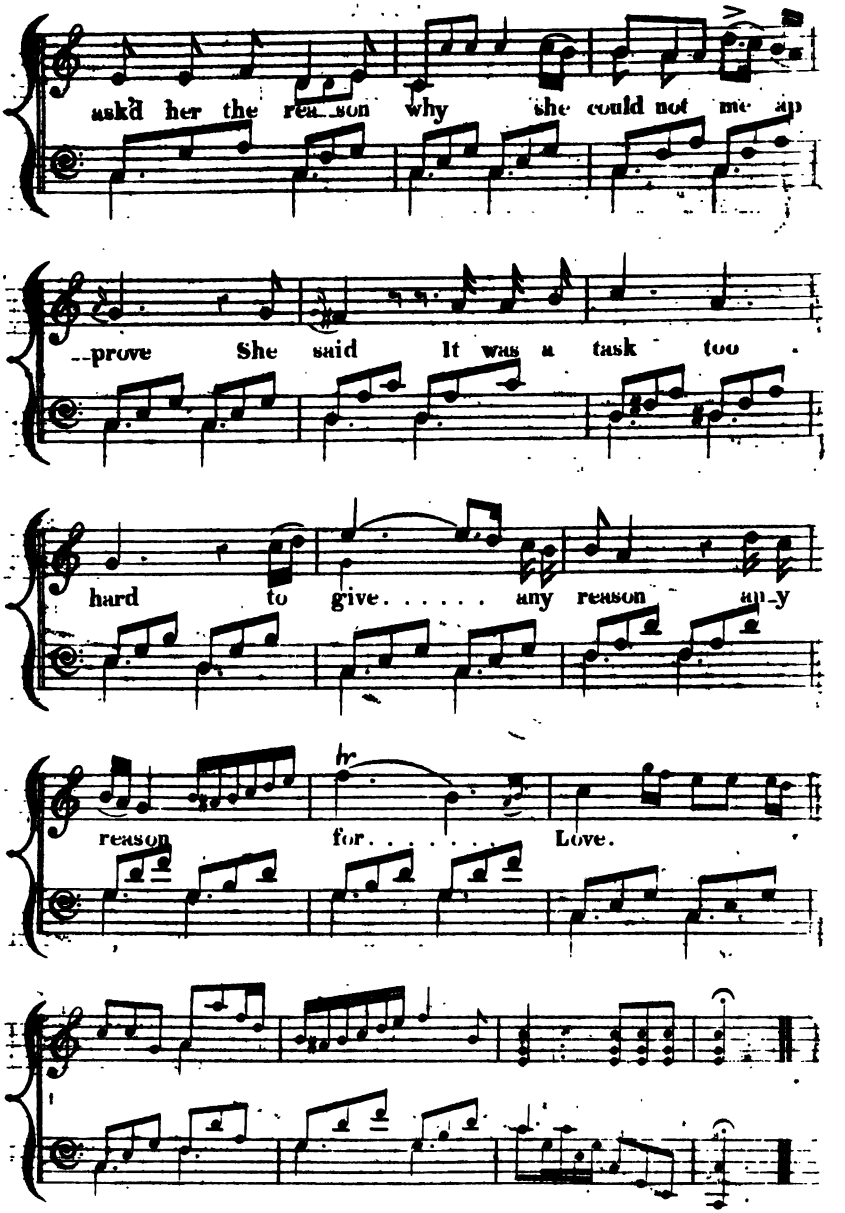
CHAPTER XXXIII.

CARLTON.

My heroic friend was a man of noble demeanour, with a dark, intelligent countenance. His mind, like Don Quixote's, was fraught with lofty emotions. He was never easy unless engaged to his heart's content, in some hazardous enterprise. A duel was the height of his ambition. If entangled in a quarrel, where fair woman was involved, it gave him an opportunity to try his hair-trigger pistols, and he was supremely happy. He had been engaged three times in this way, had shot his man, and come off with a scratch. In conversation, he aped the knights of old, and his proverbial prowess won the hearts of his female admirers. Surrounded as he was, with beauty, in an evil hour he allied himself to a butcher's daughter, and became a married man. She was made up of a goodly store of honest fat, as rotund as a barrel. How strange! some maintain that we marry our opposites: in this instance, the truth was completely shown, for our hero was as lean as the knight with the rueful

countenance. He brought his wife to an old baronial hall in Leicestershire, where I visited him. His untoward marriage had not disturbed his Quixotic character; he was still the same imaginative being. His wife was never in his eye or his thoughts; but served as a Cynosure to draw around him, the sylphs and syrens of his fancy. Among these, were Julia—a fair-haired nymph, with blue eyes and a throat as white as the water lily; and Barbara, a pensive brunette, who, with a magic touch, pressed out of the pianoforte sounds of the heart. These were the dulcineas, who governed all his actions.

Our hero contrived every day some new amusement. There was no want of horses and light vehicles to visit the country round. The shining steeds were brought out, to be harnessed to the low drosky or char-a-banc for a drive to the ruined Abbey, situated in the neighbouring vale. While enjoying our lunch under the walnut-trees, a gipsy and his wife made their appearance, begging permission to try their magic art in telling the fortunes of the company. Our chevalier consented saying, "If you rightly tell the destinies of the two fair ladies, by my faith, you shall take your turn at the table and eat what is left."—This was performed without delay, and the young ladies were much amazed at the secrets divulged. After lunch, dancing on the lawn began, where, to my surprise, the gipsies broke into the dance and ran off with the two fair ones, rudely dragging them away

SONG.

Amoroso.
If to Love she could not in-
cline I told her I'd die in an
hour To die says she tis
thine But to Love to Love 'tis
not in my powr. I.

askd her the rea_son why she could not me ap
--prove She said It was a task too
hard to give..... any reason an_y
reason for..... Love.

in the utmost fright, when lo! their ragged attire flew off, and revealed the two Lotharios who had dined with them the previous night. The champaigne bottles being emptied, we drove home to a substantial dinner. Our evening amusements commenced with music, and finished with merry games. Miss Barbara touched a sonata of Beethoven's with deep expression, in which that great composer deplores the loss of *one* most dear to him.* It threw us into a pensive mood, when Carlton, to give a turn to such sensations, called upon me to sing the lines of his favourite poet, Sir Walter Raleigh, which harmonized with the incident of the day:—

SONG.—(PAGE 258.)

"O shepherd, what is love, I pray?
It is a yea—it is a nay;
A pretty kind of sportive play;
It is a thing will soon away.
Take vantage, nymphs, while yet you may,
And this is love! as I hear say."

* Dedicated to Haydn, in F minor.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

OLD DALBY HALL.

1793.—The honourable Mrs. Bowater, daughter of the Earl of Feversham, was on a visit to the Elector Palatine, when Pichegru invaded the Low Countries. The progress of the French armies was so rapid, that she was obliged to leave Bonn with the utmost speed. the Elector sent his chaplain, the Abbè Dobler, to see her safe to Hamburgh. While there, he was declared an emigrant, and his property seized. Luckily, he had placed some money in our government funds, and his only alternative was to proceed to England. Mrs. Bowater and her sister, the Countess of Radnor, had been kept out of their revenues by a disputed title for many years; but eventually, they were awarded by a suit in Chancery, an estate of the value of three hundred thousand pounds. In 1793, the lady came to Leicester in search of the estate of Old Dalby, in this county, where she intended to reside; but the mansion was so much out of repair that it would require a year or more to make it fit for her reception, During this interval she took lodgings in Leicester. Mrs. Bowater, having lived much in Germany, had acquired a fine taste in music; and as the Abbè was a very fine performer on the violin, music was essential to fill up this irksome period. My company was sought, with that of two of my friends, to make up, occasion-

ally an instrumental quartet. The Abbè was a refined and accomplished gentleman, who wrote and spoke our language correctly; and, as a specimen of his style and the nature of our parties, I copy one of his notes, received on a disagreeable, rainy morning:—"As the day is good for nothing but a dinner and music, Mrs. Bowater hopes for your company at four, and a quartet in the evening." These visits were regularly continued till the lady removed to Old Dalby Hall. Our music consisted of the quartettos of Haydn, Bocherini, and Wranisky. The Abbè, who never travelled without his violin, had luckily put into his fiddle-case a trio composed by Beethoven, just before he set off, which thus, in the year 1793, found its way to Leicester. This composition, so different from anything I had ever heard, awakened in me a new sense, a new delight, in the science of sounds. Beethoven was the son of a tenor singer in the cathedral of Bonn, and, as a lad, was patronized by my friend, and afterwards placed by the Elector under Haydn, at Vienna. This composition opened to me a new view of the art. It was a language that so powerfully excited my imagination, that all other music appeared tame and spiritless. When I went to town, I enquired for the works of this author, but could learn nothing more than that he was considered a madman, and that his music was like himself. However, I had a friend at Hamburgh, through whom, although the war was raging at the time, I occasionally obtained some of

these inestimable treasures. In the summer of 1795, Mrs. Bowater removed to Dalby Hall. The mansion stands on the brow of the Woulds, overlooking the vale of Belvoir, as far as Lincoln, where the Minster proudly stands upon the distant horizon. The Hall is on the site of the ancient preceptory of the Knights Templar, some part of which may be discovered in the present structure. These cloisters, no longer inhabited by lazy monks, were now the seat of refinement and munificent hospitality. In the twelfth century, nearly the whole of this district belonged to the Knights Hospitallers, a religious order of friars, who came from Italy. Roger de Mowbray, of Melton, was at the head of this fraternity, and gave most of the adjacent lands to this religious body.

The Hospitallers, not contented with the unbounded sway they held over the people, contrived to instigate the younger part of our nobility to take up arms in a crusade to the Holy Land, to rescue the sepulchre from the Saracens. As an encouragement, the Pope promised to deliver from the pains of purgatory those who should fall in the conflict; but to Richard Cœur de Lion he promised an instant entry into Paradise. Thousands who called themselves soldiers of Jesus Christ rushed to the royal standard to be sworn for the enterprise, Their dress and appearance was terrific. They wore shirts and stockings of twisted mail, over which was cast a white cloak that reached to the ground. On the left shoulder, as

well as on the banner, was a large red cross; and thus, armed with dreadful implements of slaughter, they assumed the appellation of Red Cross Knights. The whole country was infected with this unaccountable madness, and no part of England exhibited fiercer champions in the cause than Leicestershire. Mowbray, with the lion-hearted king, fought with unabated fury: not less so, did Mountfort, Earl of Leicester, also Fitzpatrick, and Bossu, of Belvoir. Mowbray lived to retire to the Isle of Cyprus, and engaged in the second crusade. On the defeat of the third crusade, this fiery spirit began to languish, and the remnant of the champions took shelter in the Isle of Rhodes. Soon afterwards they were driven out by the Turks, when Charles the Fifth and Clement the Seventh, gave them the Isle of Malta, as their last resting place. The priests, who had excited these unheard-of acts of heroism, with the most unblushing infamy, accused the Templars of heinous crimes, as a plea to seize upon their wealth and possessions. They were brought to trial in London, York, and many other cities, without a single charge being established against them. Many died under the torture of the rack, and the last of them was executed in the reign of Edward the Second.

Let us turn from such dreadful times to view these quiet vales, no longer under the dominion of such a wretched superstition. As we descend from the barren Woulds, how luxuriant are the villas which border the meandering Wreak! Hoby, conspicuous

on her pleasant knoll, is a picture of rural beauty. Below, lies Brooksby, buried in trees, with its tapering spire peeping just above them. Thence to Gaddesby —a paradise of ilex and spreading cedars. Here, in the park of the bold Cheneys,* stands the chapel of the Templars, adorned with the richest tracery. At Ashby Folville, Croxton, and Belvoir, we find the recumbent statues of these fearless warriors, sleeping undisturbed. Could we but disentomb them, mounted as Red Cross Knights, what an array we should have of the most extraordinary madmen that ever set the world on fire.

Our visits to Mrs. Bowater, in summer time, were delightful. Sometimes we had our music in the neighbouring woods, enjoying the cool air under the trees. Music, when heard among hills and dales, surrounded by the scenery of nature, produces a dramatic effect beyond that of the theatre. When the morning foreboded a sultry day, immediately after breakfast, the servants removed the instruments and books to a cleared spot in the hanging wood, on the other side the valley. Here, on a bank of wild-thyme, we fixed our sylvan orchestra. On the first crash of the instruments, away scampered innumerable rabbits and the winged tenants of the trees above, alarmed at sounds never before heard on the silent Woulds. We began with the Thirty-fourth Quartetto of Haydn,

* Colonel Cheney's ancestor was standard-bearer to Henry VII., at Bosworth Field.

which opens with a strain of clear harmony, expressing the freshness of the morning:—

At the end of each movement, we were charmed with the voice of an echo. We stopped and amused ourselves with many replies, and were delighted by the unseen spirit repeating the two last bars of the minuetto. In the following movement there is a touching and pathetic strain, to which I added words describing the anguish of a village maiden forsaken by her lover. The most striking effects, in instrumental music, are produced by the contrast of a pensive strain, followed by one that is brisk and joyous. How beautiful is the allegretto, with its false accents, tossing the melody about with infinite humour. Beethoven was the first to introduce the *Scherzo*. What a contrast it forms to his divine adagios! It is in the slow movements of this author that we trace his Miltonic feeling; where the harmony winds its way through dark, mysterious keys.

CHAPTER XXXV.

SINGING.

Many persons suppose that we sing by nature—spontaneously—as birds do. This is a mistake. We have only a few instinctive tones in the voice, out of which our speech is formed, and it is an easy step for the vocal organs to produce the tones of song. Singing masters begin with tiresome *sol fas*, in which there is little pleasure or profit. The scholar should be enticed on, with easy and agreeable songs, within the compass of the voice. Young persons seldom have more than six or eight notes at command. Rousseau, wrote a pretty ballad upon *three* notes, which a child could sing with ease. What a folly it is to call upon limited voices to attempt the fashionable pieces which professional singers exhibit in public, requiring a great extent of voice. This subject I have treated philosophically in the work entitled *Music of Nature*, yet in a way so simple that any one can readily understand it. In the previous volumes of this work there are more than a hundred pleasing songs, which in compass do not exceed eight or nine notes—some still less. On referring to those which are most pleasing, it will be found that the melody lies within very narrow limits. I recollect Madame Grassini, sixty years ago, enrapturing the audience in the Opera-house with the only nine notes she had in her voice, which

drew down the plaudits of thousands. The following simple ballad is within the attainment of the merest tyro:—

SONG. (PAGE 274.)

"Scarce sixteen summers had I seen
Among my native bowers;
Nor strayed my thoughts beyond the green,
The garden, and the flowers:

"Till once a stranger youth appeared;
I neither wished nor sought him:
From whence he came, I never heard:
He spoke what love had taught him.

VOCAL PERFORMERS.

The beauty of the female voice is felt by every one who has a heart open to the charms of music. Till the year 1700, women were never seen or heard upon the English stage; their part being performed by boys in women's attire. In the *London Gazette* of that year it is announced that "The Italian lady, just come over sea, so famous for her singing—Signora Margarita Del Epine—will sing at the York Buildings." This novel performance continued through the winter. Soon afterwards, our country-woman, Mrs. Tofts, presented herself as a rival, and excited great public attention as the first English woman that ever appeared on the stage. Colly Cibber thus speaks of her. "The beauty of her fine-proportioned figure,

and exquisite and sweet silver tones of her voice—with that peculiar rapid swiftness of her throat, were perfections not to be imitated by art or labour." Pope has alluded to some detractions in the following epigram:—

> "So bright is thy beauty, so charming thy song,
> As had drawn both the beasts, and their orpheus along:
> But such is thy avarice, and such is thy pride,
> The beast must have starved, and the poet had died."

If we refer to the music warbled forth by these ladies, it is surprising that such mawkish strains could produce so indescribable a delight. The opera, at its commencement, was made up of the best Italian and English singers that could be found, each singing in his native tongue. Ridiculous as the performance was, it so continued till the arrival of Handel, who brought with him Cuzzoni, and her rival Faustina, and thus produced something like sense and consistency. The warfare between these ladies increased to a more violent degree of enmity than any contentions in Church or State. When the admirers of one party began to applaud, those of the other were sure to hiss, on which account the opera was closed for some time; nor did the rancour abate till one of them left the country. Horace Walpole says, "Cuzzoni was a short squat figure, with a doughy face: not a good actress, and dressed ill. Faustina had a symmetrical figure, and a beautiful face." No doubt, Cuzzoni was the

better singer, inasmuch as she could maintain her ground against the personal charms of Faustina. Pisaroni was the most superb singer I ever heard, but so unfortunately plain that she was hissed off the stage by the Bond-street loungers. The voices of women are classed under three heads; soprano, mezzo, and contralto, i.e., highest, middle, and lowest. Cuzzoni, Billington, Salmon, and Catalani were of the brilliant class. Cuzzoni, Pisaroni, and Malibran, were contraltos, surpassing all others in depth of tone and sentiment.

When Rosseau visited this country, he mentioned Mr. Beard as the only English singer that pleased him. At that time, the wonder of the world was Farinelli, whose name resounded throughout Europe. The king of Spain, in a transport of delight, made him his prime minister, which exalted post he held for twenty years. As oratorio singers, Norris, Bartleman, and Braham the (pride of our country), have never been supassed. Viganoni, Mario, and Reeves, have transcended all others on the operatic stage. I recollect Tremazzani, Naldi, and Ambrogetti. They were fine actors, but not so pre-eminent in song. The greatest now on the stage is Lablache. Considered merely as a singer, however, he could not be placed in the front rank; but the peculiar force of his voice, and his gigantic figure, combined with a remarkable neatness of enunciation and lightness of step, render his performance unique and grand. The

volume of sound which he pours out upon the notes C, D, and E above the lines, makes him the Stentor of the stage.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

JAMES BOLT.

Like magnetism, the passion of love affects some persons more deeply than others. James Bolt, an industrious young man, who had opened a grocer's shop in my neighbourhood, begged to consult me upon a matter that troubled him. He was a careful bachelor, and well to do in the world. It was reported that, under a false name, he had been advertising for a wife, and that the girls who visited his shop set their caps at him. "Well James," I said, "what is the matter?" "Why, sir, I wish to say that, in these long nights, after I have shut up my shop, I am very lonely, and should like a companion." "What, a wife, James!" I said. "Yes sir, if I dare to speak the word." "Well," I replied, "as I passed your window t'other morning, I could not but notice some smiling damsels talking to you very pleasantly." "O dear, sir, that's the thing that troubles me. These girls, now and then, come in, in such shoals, they are quite too much for me. Somehow I can't put on a face to look at them, I'm so confused. It was only the other day, Kitty

Sims came for a pound of cheese, and I cut her off a pound of soap. It was very comical, I own, upon which they all set up such a laugh that I was obliged to turn my back upon them." "Pooh! pooh! James," said I, "you must not let them get the better of you in this way. Be bold, man. It seems that you have plenty of choice; strike up to the one you like best; don't be afraid, and depend on't she will comply." "I was sorely vexed, sir, at my mistake, because Phillida Smith was present." "Then, I guess, Phillida Smith is the girl of your heart." "Yes, sir, but she's not to be persuaded—though she knows how I like her." "I have a song, James, that exactly suits your case. You sing well; and, as music is the voice of love, ten to one, with your other good qualities, Miss Phillida will relent." I afterwards learnt that she took pity on him, and made him a happy man for life.

SONG.—(PAGE 262.)

"Oh! what a pain is love!
How shall I bear it!
She will inconstant prove,
I greatly fear it!

"She so torments my mind,
That my strength it faileth;
And wavers in the wind,
Like a ship that saileth.

"Please her the best I may,
She looks another way;
Alas, a-well-a-day!
Phillida, she scorns me.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

BEAUMARIS.

At this place I met with Captain M'Neilly, of the clan of M'Neils, who own the isle of Barra. This gentleman, possessing a singular love of enterprise, commenced a curious speculation, in the purchase of ships that have foundered in different seas. From the bill of lading he learned the nature of the cargo, and made a bargain for the whole contents. In his service he had the most talented divers, and about twenty sailors. He was engaged in raising the ship *Scotia*, a merchant vessel that went down in a gale of wind in the straits which separate Puffin Island from the main of Anglesea.

The old mode of descending into the depths of the sea, by means of a diving bell is now discontinued. When wind and weather permit, the diving ship (a small vessel fitted up for the purpose) is moored over the sunken ship, at low water. The diver is accoutred in the following manner:—A coarse Macintosh garment covers the entire body, arms, and legs, like a loose jacket and trousers in one piece. Then a copper helmet, with glass eyes, to which is attached a Macintosh habit shirt, covers the head and neck to the shoulders. To the top of the helmet is fixed a flexible air tube, made of india-rubber, which is connected with a forcing-pump in the diving-ship, by

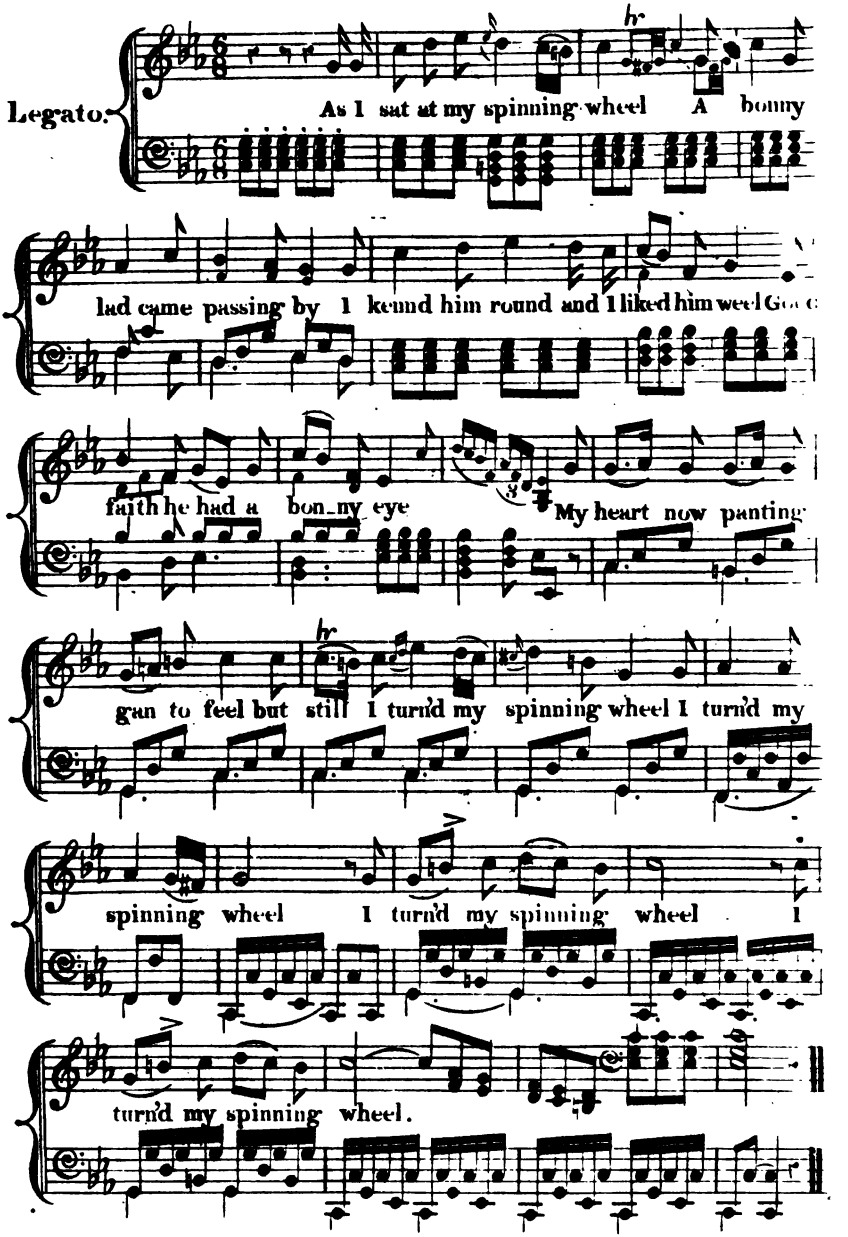
which the diver is supplied with a constant stream of fresh air. From the helmet descend three copper tubes below the skirts of the habit shirt, down which the heavy air of the breath makes its escape, and bubbles up to the surface of the sea, like the boiling of a pot. As long as the air is forced down by the pump, no water can ascend into the helmet, which in fact, becomes itself a diving bell. Plates of lead, not less than two hundred pounds weight, are fixed to the diver's breast and back, which is found necessary to keep him from rising, and to enable him to walk about at the bottom of the sea. One would suppose, thus shackled, he could not readily move; but that is not the case. These appendages are little or no incumbrance to him, when submerged in this element. As an instance, Captain M'Neilly assured me that two of his men, on finding a box of dollars, quarrelled over it, and actually fought at the bottom of the sea for the possession of the treasure—such is the fearless way in which this singular business is carried on. He also told me of a diver who had been drinking very freely, on falling asleep in the depths below, had his pocket picked by his companion during his submarine nap.

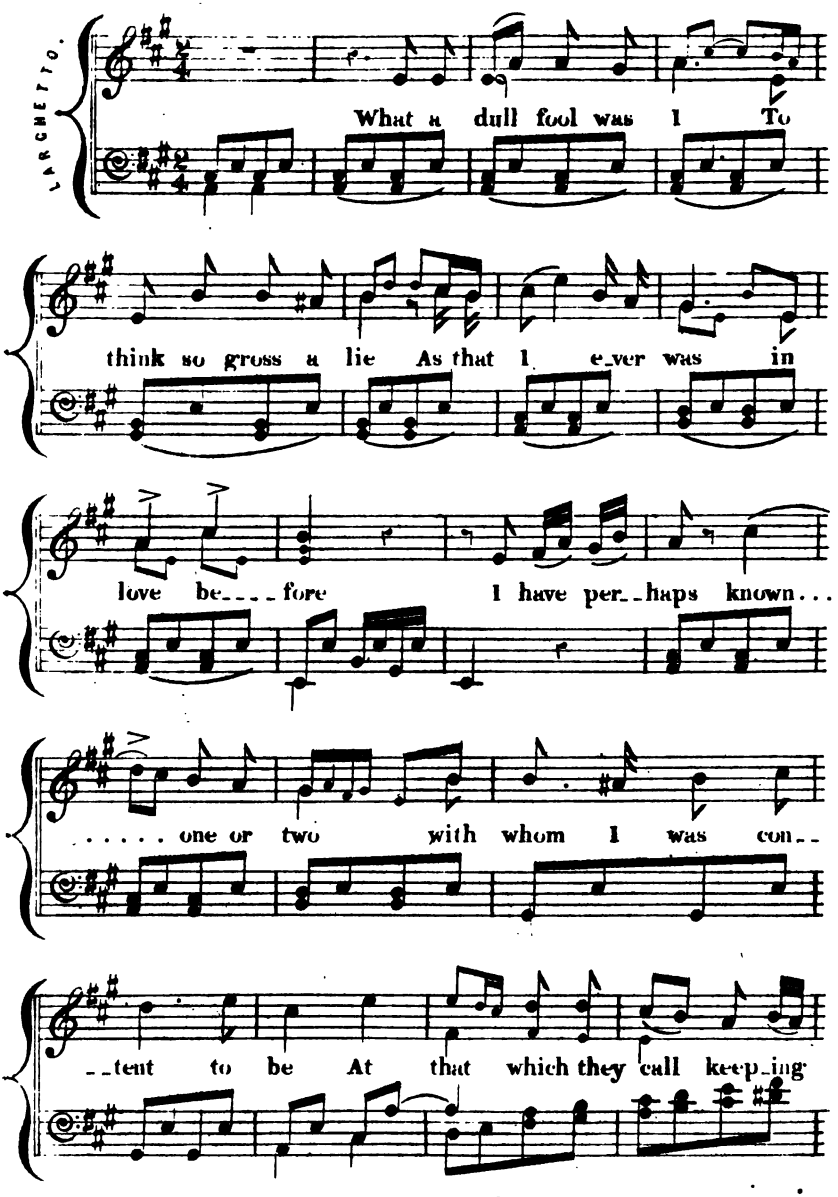
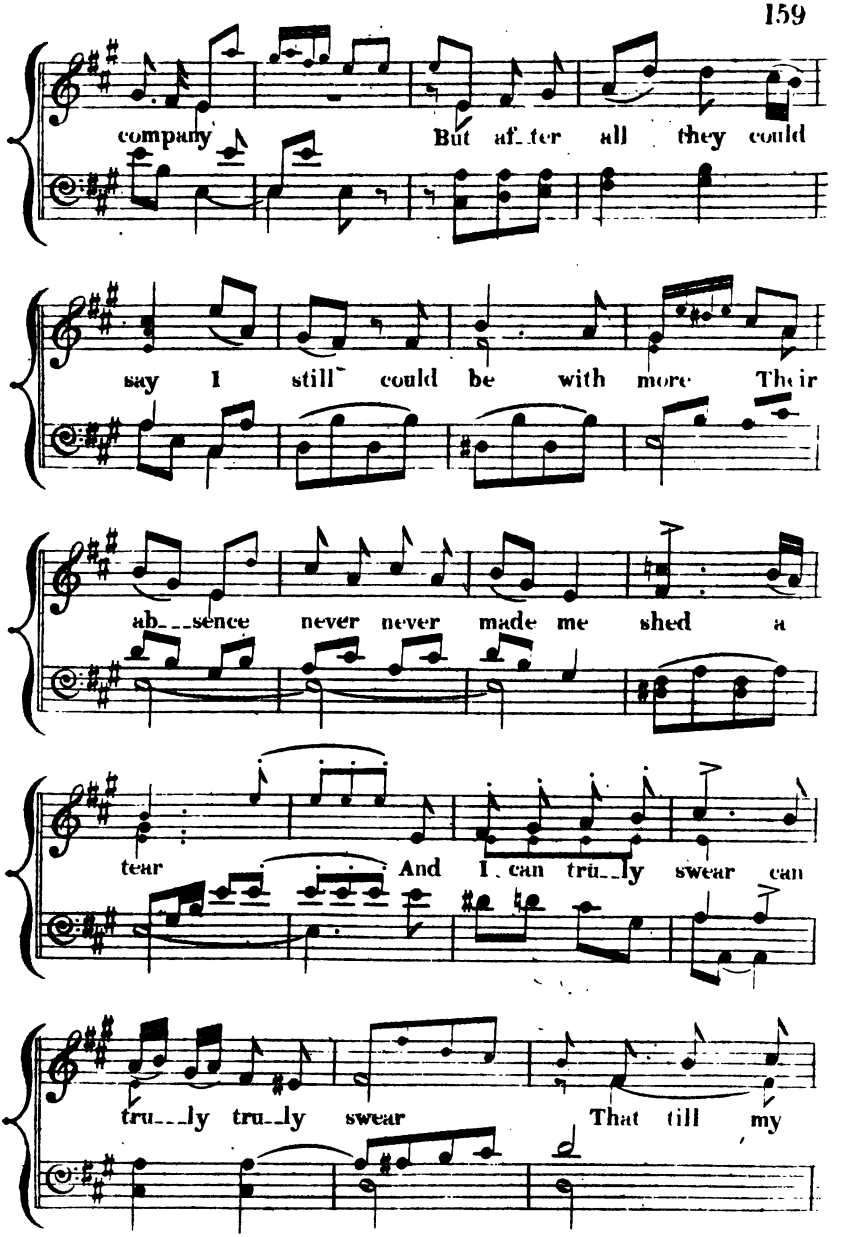
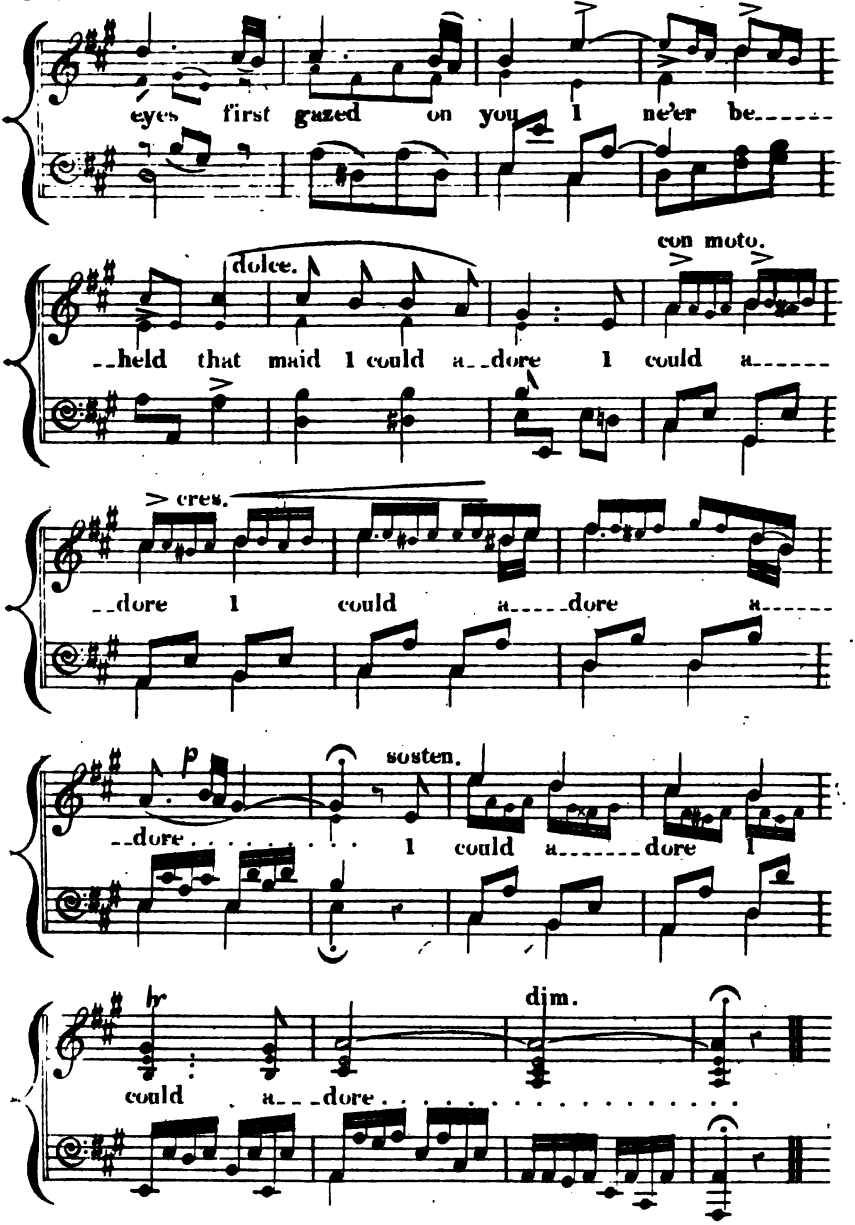
Bangor.

On Sunday, I walked from Beaumaris to the ferry that crosses the Menai Straits to Bangor—a shorter

route by four miles than over the suspension bridge. We arrived just as the congregation were leaving the western end of the cathedral, in which the service is conducted in Welsh, but in form precisely as in our parish churches. I called upon the organist, Dr. Pring,* who took me to the organ loft, where his son did the duty. Fortunately, it was the anniversary of the national school, and I had the pleasure of seeing the Bishop, the dean, and the precentor officiate in the service. We had extraordinary music upon this occasion, and I was gratified by hearing the duetto from the Leicester ode, *Here shall soft Charity repair*. It was admirably sung—superior to anything I had heard in the country.

Doctor Pring introduced me to the precentor, Dr. Cotton, brother to Lord Combermere, who invited me to a sacred concert in the Minster the following evening. A moveable orchestra was placed in the aisle opposite to the reading desk, where the precenter directed the performance, and a most unexpected treat it was, to hear such excellent music among the mountains. On expressing my surprise at the perfection of the choir, Dr. Pring put into my hands an octavo volume, giving a history of his proceedings in Chancery against the dean and chapter, by which he succeeded in regaining the tythe upon thirty thousand acres of land, originally left for the maintenance of the

* Doctor in music.

Legato.
As I sat at my spinning wheel A bonny
lad came passing by I kennd him round and I liked him weel
faith he had a bon_ny eye My heart now panting
gan to feel but still I turnd my spinning wheel I turnd my
spinning wheel I turnd my spinning wheel I
turnd my spinning wheel.

SONG.

LARGHETTO.
What a dull fool was I To
think so gross a lie As that I ever was in
love be____fore I have per_haps known...
.....one or two with whom I was con_
_tent to be At that which they call keep_ing

company
But af_ter all they could
say I still could be with more Their
ab_ _sence never never made me shed a
tear And I can tru_ly swear can
tru_ _ly tru_ly swear That till my

eyes first gazed on you I ne'er be
dolce.
held that maid I could a dore I could a
con moto.
cres.
dore I could a dore a
sosten.
dore I could a dore I
dim.
could a dore

choir, but which the clergy had appropriated to themselves. This vast increase of revenue had so augmented the salaries of the vicar's choral, that persons of taste and talent were applicants for the first vacancy that occurred; and, excepting Durham, it is, probably, the first choir out of London

From Bangor I passed to Aberystwith, in the centre of Cardigan Bay, which is seventy miles in width. The mountain of Snowdon may be seen on the north, and Cardigan Castle on the south. From hence, I visited that natural curiosity called the "Devil's Bridge," once the property of the Rev. Mr. Owen (whom I met in Rome in 1847). This gentleman is an amateur artist of great talent. He showed me his sketches, taken in many parts of Europe, but none possessed a greater interest than the frightful ravine, over which stretched the "Devil's Bridge," near this gentleman's mansion. More than one hundred feet below the bridge, there rages a cataract, falling from a great height, passing through a narrow channel, between precipitous rocks, into a black pool, foaming with spray. From thence it is projected over a rock, sixty feet lower, into a similar basin, and from thence it takes its final leap into the chasm, with such noise and fury that it is frightful to witness. I lately met with a poem by the American bard, Longfellow, which so well describes this scene, that I was induced to set the lines to music in the key, and with the dark harmonies suitable to this phenomenon. As its

sublimity can only be expressed by many parts and voices, I am sorry I cannot give it in this volume.

SCENE.

"This bridge is called the 'Devil's Bridge',
With a single arch, from ridge to ridge;
It leaps across the horrid chasm;
Yawning beneath us, black and deep,
As if in some convulsive spasm,
The summit of the hills had crack'd,
And made a road for the cataract
That raves and rages down the steep."

Lucifer is supposed to be under the arch, and cries, "Ha, ha, ha!"

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

BURTON.

Among our fashionables, my friend Burton was a good natured fellow—one of our exquisites—kindly devoted to the service of the ladies. Two dashing sisters, who often fell in his way, were the plague of his heart. Ever dangling in their train, he was constantly in love with one or the other. The gaiety of Miss Ann, made the deepest impression on him; but at times so cruelly did she slight his regard, that he would turn to the gentler Jane, for kinder usage.

Love was a spell from which, when once involved, he had no power to escape. Thus entangled, he proved a useful attendant on both these ladies.

At that time the Sixty Eighth Regiment of Foot was quartered with us, and it was a pleasant lounge to witness their exercise in the field. Miss Ann would say, "Come, Burton, give us your arm, and walk with us to see the soldiers," upon which his face was lighted up with smiles. He was, indeed, too happy; but, alas! he soon had the mortification to perceive that the gay officers attracted all the attention of the ladies, while he, poor man, standing alone was quite overlooked. He was not, however, so dull but that he noticed with raised eyebrows, that these valiants, now and then, cast a quizzical look upon his elegant person, which somewhat nettled his self-love. This, however, was soon smoothened down by an enchanting smile from his adored Ann.

Walking one day with these fair dames, I espied Burton in the distance, when, to my surprise, Miss Ann exclaimed, "Heavens! Burton is coming; let us turn another way: I can't bear the sight of the fribble." My mild and obsequious friend was not without some decision of character, and was not easily put aside from his purpose. Reflecting on their flirtations with the officers, Burton came to the conclusion that there was something fascinating to ladies in the colour of a coat. He left Leicester, and entered a marching corps, and did not return till after an

absence of two years. With a firm step and careless air, he waited upon his adored, who exclaimed on seeing him, "Bless me! Can it be Burton! Can I believe my eyes. Why, where have you been? How charming you look! I should not have known you! Why, where are you stationed?" "Nowhere," was the reply. "We are always marching about—ever on the wing." How delightful," cried the lady to her sister. "How romantic, Jane!—the life of all others I should like to lead!" How altered now, the ladies' tone! Burton complacently surveyed himself, and ascribed the sweetness of her words to the glitter of his uniform. In less than three weeks he led her to the altar. On the whole, they lived together a happy couple. Sometimes, when not in the kindest mood, Burton would whisper in her ear the following song, which never failed to bring her into good humour:—

SONG.—(PAGE 346.)

"A woman's nay is no denial,
Silly youths of love are served so;
Put her to a further trial,
Haply she will take it, and say no:
For 'tis a trick that women use,
What they love they will refuse.

"Silly youth, why dost thou dally,
Having time and season fit;
Then, never stand, shilly-shally,
Nor much commend an after wit:
For he that will not when he may,
When he will, he shall have nay."

CHAPTER XXXIX.

LOADSTONE OF LOVE.

Those who have a great fondness for music are, I conjecture, more prone to fall in love than others. Shakspere says, "Music is the food of love." When, as a lad, I was first affected with the soft passion, it was for a lady twice my own age. Adolescence is not averse to maturity, nor old age to the charms of youth. Miss R. was elegant and beautiful, but I did not feel the entire force of her charms till she sat down to the harpischord and played with a neat touch, Garth's Sonata in G, in which that subduing chord of the *seventh* immediately occurs, having, harmoniously speaking, the same effect upon the ear, as beauty upon the eye. Newton observes that similar impulses upon the nerves superinduce similar affections in the mind. If so, sounds are intimately interwoven with the passion of love. Nor is it too much to believe that musical souls regard one another with more than common affection. In the whole range of affections, that of love most readily allies itself with music. In return, the tenderest expressions of melody find instant way to the heart. The music of Mozart is of this description. Old Handel, rough as he was, displayed the most kindly feeling of his nature in his love songs. It is lucky for the poet, who is ambitious to shine in song,

when the first line is a happy one—the musician being lured by the delight of marrying his sounds to the sweetness of the opening words. On entering upon the second verse how frequently do we find the euphonious connexion gone, and the charm dissolved. Numerous instances may be seen in the songs of Handel, where he uses the crabbed words as a foil to the return of the mellifluous :—

"Love in her eyes sits playing,
And sheds delicious death.

"Where shall I seek the charming fair!

"Love sounds the alarm,
And fear is a flying :
When beauty's the prize,
What mortal fears dying.

"Heart, thou seat of soft delight."

This author, is the Michael Angelo of musicians. His talent lay in a Herculean power of bringing masses of sound together to express the sublime—never attempted before by any composer. In modern art, the very same effect is produced by opposite means. As a specimen of the true *Amoroso*, what song can be put in competition with the *Adelaida* of Beethoven? It is replete with the impassioned tones of the heart.

CHAPTER XL.

REV. MR. JOHNSON.

Among my musical visits none were more delightful than those I frequently paid to Mr. Johnson, at Aston Rectory, in Derbyshire. He was the son of Mr. Johnson, of Burleigh-field, near Loughborough, a gentleman of ancient family. His dress was the fashion of a preceding age—the entire suit made of cloth of a light colour, edged with silver or gold lace, and his hair in a bag. Such was this gentleman's love of music that, it is said, on his journey to Bath, with a friend, a desk was contrived in their roomy carriage, so that they could get rid of the tedium of bad roads by playing Corelli's Sonatas, for a violin and bass. His son, the rector of Aston, inheriting an enthusiasm nearly as great, convened a musical party at his house once a month, through fifty years. To these concerts I was invited, and had much pleasure. Our music consisted of the instrumental works of Corelli, Bocherini, and Handel. Soon after, we had Haydn and Mozart; but it was not till Beethoven's Sinfonies were published, as chamber music, that we became acquainted with the wonderful thoughts of that great composer. Mr. Johnson was of the old school; but quickly entered into all the novel expressions of modern art. I had written a

fanciful description of the *Sinfonia Eroica*,* in which I attempted to give the author's meaning. This was always read before we began, and I was called upon to direct the musical expression.

We frequently had the neighbouring clergy as auditors. I remember the Rev. Mr. Flamsteed, who possessed the papers of his ancestor, the astronomer, among which was the famous catalogue he made of the stars. It was for the Derbyshire astronomer, that the Observatory was built in Greenwich-park, still known by the name of Flamsteed House. Mr. Johnson held the rectory of Aston for more than fifty years. I speak of his elegant and amiable sisters in the first volume of this work, as the most accomplished ladies in Leicestershire.

CHAPTER XLI.

CLASSICAL MUSIC.

I have been asked, on more than one occasion, to define what is meant by classical music. Johnson says, classical works are those that rank the highest in any science or art. This is not the sense in which the term is used in music. It simply means the composi-

* *Vide* vol. 2, 684.

tions of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, which have come down to us by their acknowledged merit.

The chief characteristic of these compositions is that of being constructed upon the principles of *Canon* and *Fugue*. The movement signifies *flight*, as the voices or parts fly after each other. The motion may be compared to that of a dance, where a person sets off through various turns and windings, and is followed by a second, who pursues the same track.

The singularity consists in this:—though all the voices sing precisely the same notes, yet, by starting at given intervals, a new musical effect is the result, varied from the blending of the voices, and forming an agreeable harmony. This requires great skill in the composer to perfect, and is often more curious than beautiful. In these ancient compositions, other devices to attain variety are used, such as inversion; that is, turning the music upside down, placing the upper part of the harmony at the bottom, and *vice versa*. Another style of writing, is a sort of logical music, made up of propositions, in musical phraseology, with their answers or replies. The notes of the Diatonic Scale, when rising or falling in rhythmical order, gratify the ear, like the motion of visual objects upon the eye: from this source is derived what is termed *Imitation*—an important feature in ancient music. *Fugues* are properly the offspring of instrumental music, and probably were first composed upon the organ.

In vocal music, it is the object of the composer, by the aid of sounds, to raise and heighten in the mind the sentiments which the words convey. As a beautiful example we may mention the song in the *Messiah* —*A man of sorrows and acquainted with grief.* Here, the words and notes assist each other in giving a just expression to this divine song. On the contrary, the chorus that follows, *He trusted in God that he would deliver him,* being a *fugue,* is utterly spoilt by the addition of the words. As an instrumental piece, the ear takes delight in perceiving the ingenious motion of the parts; but, as a vocal composition, there is an absurdity which cannot be got over. The words, by their friction, spoil the music, and the musical phraseology destroys the pronunciation of the words: as a consequence, we have the stammering sentence, *He woo-oo-ood deliver him.* Music of this mechanical structure, in which neither passion nor violent sensations ever occur, is now superséded by a language of sounds, more in alliance with our nature. We no longer reason upon the art, but are satisfied to acknowledge its powerful influence upon our feelings.

Haydn was the first who caught those instinctive tones of our nature, that speak so forcibly to the heart, and in this he was followed by Mozart. But it was reserved for Beethoven to grasp the whole arcana of sounds, to originate an art *sui generis,* in which sounds by themselves operate upon the imagination, without

the aid of words—a poetry in music which has not been approached by any other author, and whose later compositions are not even yet understood. In his posthumous works, written when he was impenetrably deaf, so inefficient is our present notation to express the thoughts of this genius, that we must wait for another age to decipher them

So vast are the materials at the composer's command, in the whole range of nature's sounds, that there can be no limit to the effects that may be wrought in the instrumental orchestra a hundred years hence.

CHAPTER XLII.

BEETHOVEN.

If I am asked, what in the whole range of the fine arts—whether in poetry, painting, or music, delights me most—affords the widest field for the imagination to revel in—I reply a pianoforte sonata of Beethoven. Those for the pianoforte alone charm me beyond all other; for in these, the author indulges in all the mysteries of his art; it is a language, a sense, above every other, that transports the fancy. Out of eighty pieces let me speak of one—that on the death of a hero.

Though the opening strain is divided into five so-

called variations, they are improperly so termed. They are one continuous theme, forming an unbroken display of the author's powers in leading you through scenery of indescribable interest and beauty, which no other art can present to the mind. When performed by an inspired hand, its fanciful flights and exquisite touches, enwrap the soul in a delirium of delight. In the first variation, when the melody begins to take wing, how elegant! how gentle the motion! In the second, when the bass catches the enthusiasm, and is imbued with the air, how divinely does it put forth its manly voice; applauded by an unceasing cry from the animated spirits in the upper air! What a sensation is excited in the gloomy key of seven flats! The single notes in the bass, alarm us, from fathomless depths below. As the movement draws to a close, we find ourselves enveloped in a shower of particles of sound as it were—in a musical mist. Such are the wonderful effects wrought upon our feelings, that we desire nothing more. Affected as we have been by this andante, we can scarcely be reconciled to the mirth of the *Scherzo* that follows.

In the *Marche Funebre*, how we grope through subterraneous harmonies to the dark resting place of the hero, when, as by magic, there springs up a musical vapour, so thin, so light, as scarcely to be perceptible to the ear, depicting the spirit of the departed ascending to the regions above. The climax of the scene is a rhapsody, where the highest

powers of music are blended—the tender with the grand, in which the emotions of the soul are lost in delight!

CHAPTER XLIII.

EXERCISE.*

Old sayings are generally true. The familiar one, that "Use is second Nature" few will doubt. Some philosophers maintain that nature herself improves. The geologists affirm the deeper you penetrate into the strata of the earth, the simpler you find the structure of all organised beings, as they lie embedded in a fossil state. Reasoning upwards they further maintain that it was not till the last convulsion of our globe that it was made fit for the reception of man, the most perfect of God's works.

Like the plants and animals that have gone before him, he is in a gradual process of improvement; so much so, that in time he may approximate to the power of angels. If we refer to his savage state, and compare him with civilized man, he can scarcely be considered of the same species. This allowed, it cannot be denied, such is the advance of science, that the human intellect has progressed in a still higher degree.

* This appeared in the *Leicester Journal*, Nov. 7, 1851.

In a state of nature the instincts and bodily powers are incredibly strong. The savage can endure labour, heat and cold, hunger and thirst, better than we can. The ploughman and the philosopher, though of the same mould, are made of different materials. The one being brought up in the fields, and exposed to the elements, his skin becomes thick and hard, as a defence. The other, nursed in the lap of luxury, would without clothing, perish with cold. The one abounds in sinewy muscle; the other is spread over with sensitive nerves.

Both these states deviate too much from the line which nature intends. The bodily and mental powers to live and last, should go hand in hand. The lower orders suffer from the want of mental culture. They are all body and no mind. Their thoughts and appetites are little better than those of the animals just below them. On the contrary, the refined of our species run into the other extreme; generating a feebleness of body in which numberless diseases take root, and prove a dire infliction upon mankind.

After this speculation upon our origin and well-being in the world, I will go to my subject, "The Use of Exercise."

My father was remarkable for his lightness of step at the age of ninety-four. He was regular in taking his walking exercise every day—sometimes twice a day. In approaching a similar age I look back upon many of his actions as a guide, and have scrupulously

adopted his habits. In summer time I walk before breakfast, as I dine in the middle of the day, and again I enjoy a ramble in the evening, after tea.

In the winter, I avail myself of the prime of the day. A little rain never stops me; if I am caught, I accelerate my pace, and return with a slight perspiration, instantly changing my dress for dinner; hence, I never take cold.

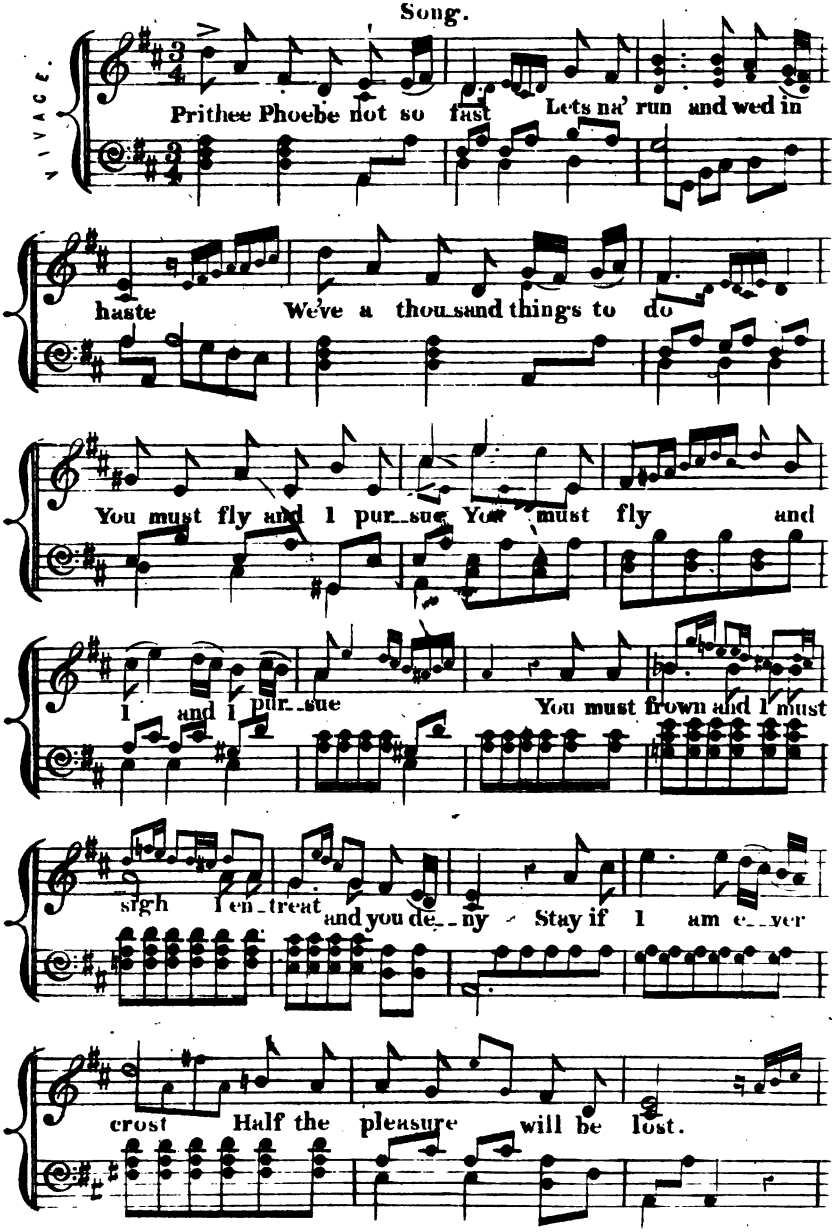
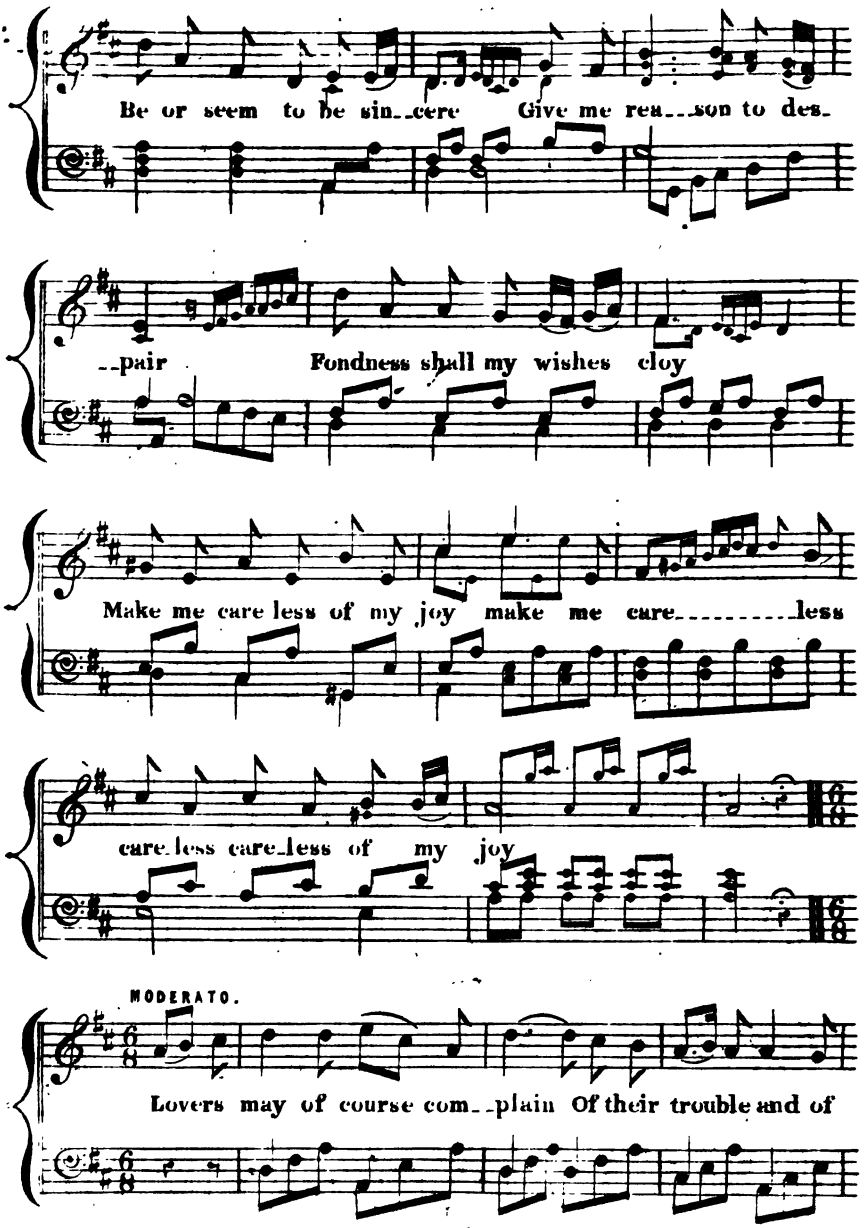
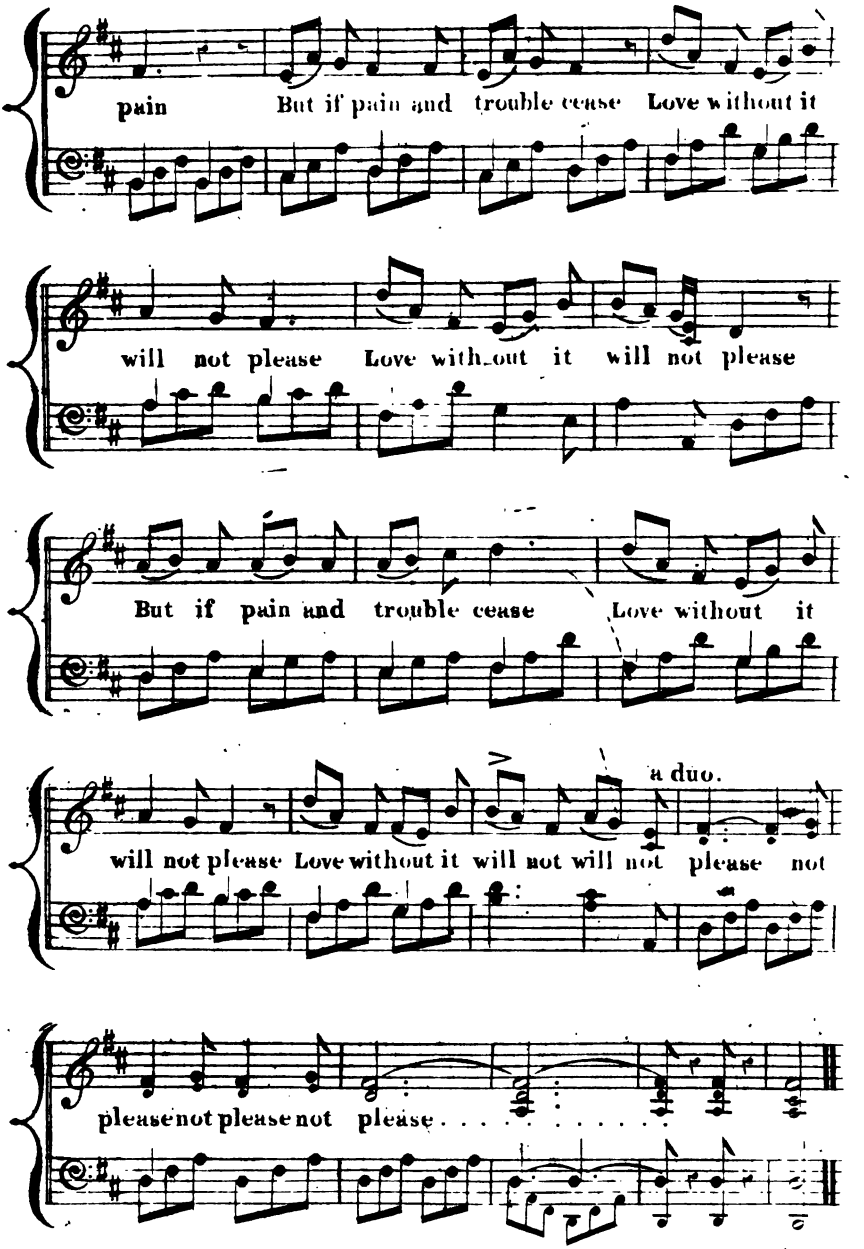
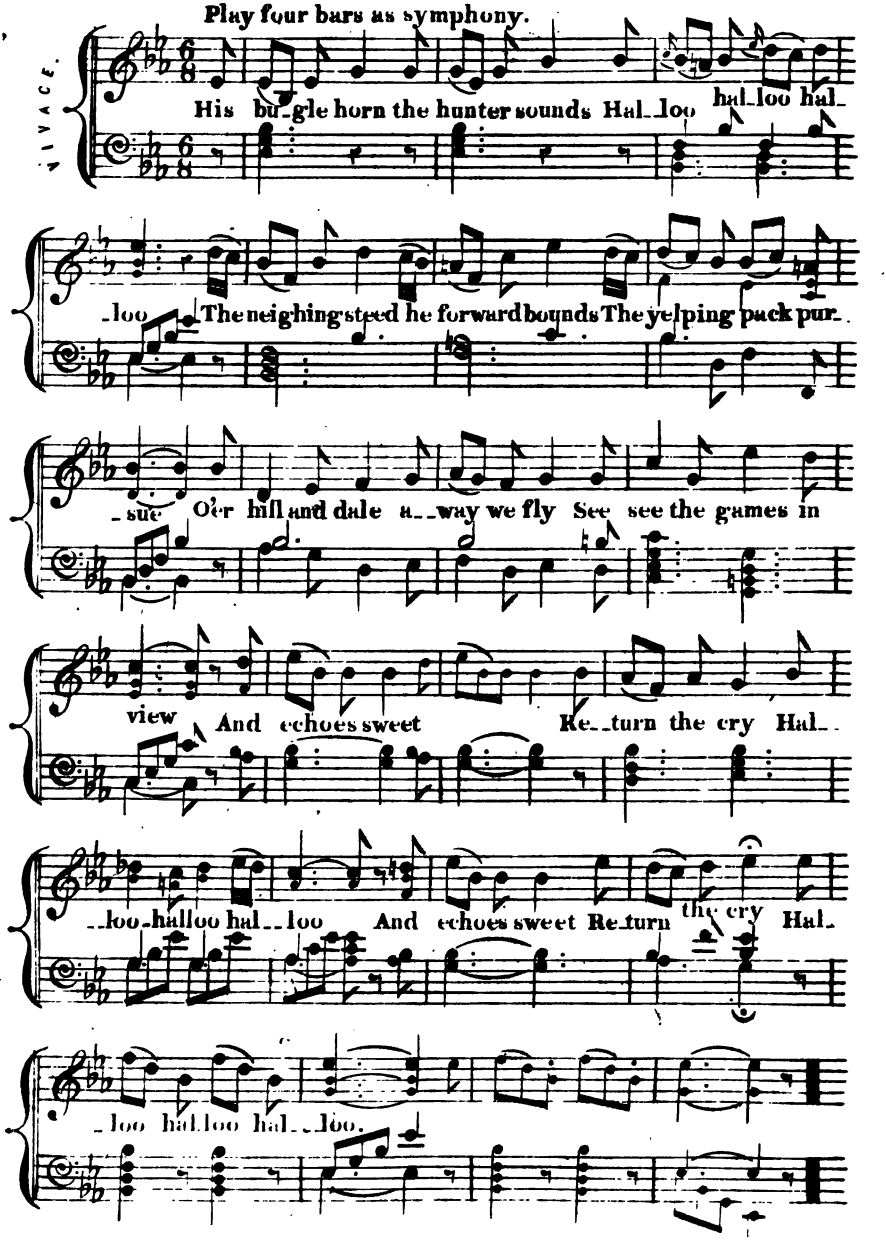
The best pace is that which accords with the motion of the pulse—if you hurry beyond that, you are sooner fatigued. My pulse seldom varies from sixty to sixty-four—what Handel terms *Tempo Ordinario*, or Common Time—that is my natural pace. If you walk slow you may walk all day.

I never walk with a stick. Anything carried in the hand destroys the erect position of the body, and interrupts the swing of the arms. The arms are pendulums, which act like the fly-wheel in machinery, to steady the motion. In my walks I prefer undulating fields to a plain road. If windy I meet it, and return home with the wind at my back.

Walk once a day, and you will never have occasion for a doctor and his calomel.

I may with propriety conclude with the striking remarks of Dr. Uwins upon Exercise, which occur in a work he wrote upon Mental Diseases. He says:—"I urge upon all, and especially those whose habits or callings are sedentary, to contrive some motive for daily walking. Even if at present inconvenienced by their

confinement, the cloud will be insensibly collecting, that shall sooner or later darken their spirits, or break upon them in the fulness of apoplectic stupor. A physician, with whom I was well acquainted, and who was scarcely ever upon his legs, said he found no inconvenience in sitting day after day in his carriage and his study, but he died suddenly by an apoplectic stroke, which I verily believe might have been averted, had he made less use of his carriage and more of his limbs. In contrast with this case, a friend of mine has preserved the health of his body and soundness of mind through a long course of multifarious and distressing circumstances by steadily walking every day. He has survived all his literary friends at a period when his own writings excited so much public attention. The preservation of this equanimity of mind I attribute to his daily exercise. Mr. Abernethey said to me—'Dr. Uwins,—Were I a gentleman, I would never get into my carriage; for certain it is, that many diseases of the most troublesome kind, besides unsoundness of mind, may be traced to this idle and injurious habit.'"

Song.

VIVACE.
Prithee Phoebe not so fast Lets na' run and wed in
haste We've a thou_sand things to do
You must fly and I pur_sue You must fly and
I and I pur_sue You must frown and I must
sigh I en_treat and you de_ny Stay if I am e_ver
crost Half the pleasure will be lost.

Be or seem to be sin..cere Give me rea..son to des-
..pair Fondness shall my wishes cloy
Make me care less of my joy make me care.....less
care less care less of my joy
MODERATO.
Lovers may of course com..plain Of their trouble and of

pain But if pain and trouble cease Love without it
will not please Love without it will not please
But if pain and trouble cease Love without it
a duo.
will not please Love without it will not will not please not
pleasenot pleasenot please

Play four bars as symphony.
VIVACE.
His bu_gle horn the hunter sounds Hal_loo hal_loo hal_
loo The neighing steed he forward bounds The yelping pack pur
_sue O'er hill and dale a_way we fly See see the games in
view And echoes sweet Re_turn the cry Hal_
_loo_halloo hal_loo And echoes sweet Re_turn the cry Hal_
_loo halloo hal_loo.

CHAPTER XLIV.

DIET.

In reading the second volume of *Marmontel*, I met with the following passage, which exactly agrees with my own ideas of diet. He says :—

"I once indulged the whim of living for six weeks on milk, at Compeigne. Never was my soul more calm, more powerful, than during this regimen. My days flowed along in study, with unalterable equality; my nights were but one gentle sleep, and after waking in the morning, what pleasure to drink a bowl of milk from my little black cow. I again closed my eyes to slumber another hour. Discord might have overturned the world; it would not have shaken me."

Diet, with literary people, is of the greatest importance, in keeping a nice balance between mind and body. The dictates of nature are a safe guide to follow in the choice of food. Milk more speedily restores and nourishes the body than any other kind of food. We increase in size and weight more rapidly in infancy, than in any after stage of life. I have taken it for my supper, thickened with oatmeal, through a long life, and can say with Marmontel, that I have risen in the morning with life and spirit. I never take it for breakfast, as two meals precisely alike should not follow each other. The stomach likes

a change. Tea is the greatest blessing ever bestowed on literary and sedentary men. Whenever the bodily exertions are light, the food should be light also. Tea is peculiarly adapted for those females who have no laborious occupation. During fifty years, many poor nervous creatures have applied to me for an admission into the Leicester Infirmary, whose complaints I could trace to the bad habit of drinking their tea too hot. I have asked them, "Did you ever put the back of your little finger into your cup of tea just before you drank it?" "No" has always been the answer. "Then go home," I have replied, "and make this experiment. If your finger is scalded, see how you have been treating the delicate coats of your stomach." I have then given them some pure oatmeal to make into milk porridge for their supper, and told them to call upon me in a week, and, if no better, I would give them a recommendation. Many have come to thank me, saying they had lost their complaint. Coffee, in my opinion, is not so wholesome as tea, unless drunk in the way of the French—nearly half milk.

CHAPTER XLV.

CARDS.

I agree with Marmontel's opinion as to playing at cards. He says:—"When at the Palace of Fontainebleau, I had but one amusement—to be a by-stander at the royal card table in the drawing-room. There I had used to look round the lansquenet table, and observe the torments of passion, the greedy thirst for gold, hope, fear, the pain of losing, the ardour of winning, the joy that followed a full hand, the despair that accompanied baffled expectation, under the stern mask of cold tranquillity." I, too, have witnessed similar agitation in the more humble circles in my native town. A lover of fine arts can have no real pleasure in such conflicts. In a musical party at the house of Major Roberts, I was pressed by three ladies to make one at a loo table. I said I knew nothing of the game Oh! that was not at all necessary; I should soon learn it. These ladies had once been handsome, but their soft looks had become hardened by eagerness for play. It was to be unlimited loo. "Very well," I said, "The less restrained, the more noble the game," and my spirit was applauded. Alas! in ten minutes I lost all the gold in my pocket. I left the table, and consoled myself at the pianoforte. From that day to this I have never been seduced to play again at loo. It is a wise maxim, never to meddle with anything you don't well understand.

CHAPTER XLVI.

JOHN BROWN.

My musical friend Brown, a shy melancholy bachelor, was drawn into marriage by a pretty face and beguiling tongue. He was a man of few words, and his part in the courtship consisted more of nods and winks, than the usual tokens of love. The insinuating looks of the lady sank deep into John's good natured heart, and he fell a prey to Miss Bridget's winning ways.

The honey-moon was scarcely over, when Mrs. Brown, to carry a favourite point, opened her loquacious battery upon her husband—a sort of music for which he had no relish. All she could do only provoked a shake of the head, which never failed to add to the fury of the cannonade. When her crescendo was at the highest, Brown would take to his bass viol, and strum over a noisy tune, to drive her song out of his ears. I felt for my friend, and furnished him with the following, which he played and sang with all his might, whenever she let fly a volley upon him :—

SONG.—(PAGE 370.)

"A woman's face is full of wiles,
Her tears are either hot or cool:

With outward cheer on thee she smiles,
When in her heart, she calls thee fool.

"Her tongue still chats of this and that,
Nor aspen leaf it wags more fast:
And as she talks, she knows not what,
'Tis nonsense all while e'er it last.

"Her wayward mind is all caprice,
And faith in that you think to find;
The weather vane more constant is,
Which turns about with every wind."

CHAPTER XLVII.

THE ORIGIN OF THE MUSICAL SCALE.

Every art has its principles; those of music are more complex than those of painting. Besides, music is both a science and an art; is one of our principal recreations through life, and one of which every one thinks himself a competent judge. Not but that we should like to have correct notions upon the scientific part of the subject, could we acquire them with the same ease with which we gain a great portion of our knowledge; but this is not to be readily attained—the complexity renders the study of it long and difficult.

Music is the art of producing emotions in the human mind, by certain combinations of sound. The sense of hearing on which it acts, is its only agent, and its power is developed, more or less, on the nerves of most animals. Some it moves with an agitation so violent as to border upon pain; to others it imparts the greatest pleasure.

The formation of a musical ear depends on early impressions. Children brought up in musical families, who are often entertained by musical instruments or nurses songs, soon acquire a musical sense, and, in some instances, to such a degree, as to be regarded as prodigies; I might instance the case of Crotch, and many others.

Harmony is inherent in a *single sound*, like that of St. Paul's bell, which a practised ear will perceive to be really made up of three sounds, yet so nicely blended as to appear, to ordinary listeners, but one. This combination produces a rich and sweet sensation upon the ear, called *concord*. It is from noticing the *harmonics* which attend the primary sound, that we have been led to discover all the sounds, which go to the formation of the musical scale.

A pipe twenty-four inches long, whatever may be the bore, sounds C below the line. A pipe half the length, gives the octave above. A pipe two thirds the length, *i.e.* sixteen inches, sounds G, the fifth above. It will be obvious that from these data, we can accurately deduce every sound that goes to the formation

of the musical scale. So true are these facts, that a deaf man has been known to construct an organ, by mere admeasurement, leaving every pipe in tune. From this standard of measure we can obtain a certain pitch, or tone, for the key-fork. But through neglect of this standard of measure, the pitch has for the last 300 years, been constantly rising, as our old organs will testify, the pipes of which have necessarily been shortened and raised from time to time, to keep pace with this tendency to sharpen the pitch.

Let us, then, see how the notes of the scale are derived. They are founded on a law of nature, and there can be no other order of sounds on which rational and pleasing music can be constructed. The first specimens of notation were little square spots placed upon parallel lines, which marked the intervals between one sound and another. The characters were but few, as the strains were short and simple. These ancient bits of melody are handed down to us by the musical Fathers, St. Ambrose and St. Gregory, and are retained in our cathedrals to the present day, under the name of chaunts or ecclesiastical tones, and are, without doubt, fragments of song used in religious ceremonies ever since the time of the ancient Greeks.

Harmony is a combination of sounds—concords and discords; the effects of which, in modulating, from one key to another, may be compared to the transmutation of colours in a moving prism; for no sooner do

we contemplate that which delights us, than it shifts into a different hue, as pleasing as the last.

The laws of counterpoint are curious and difficult of explanation. *Thorough bass* is the art of playing the unadorned harmony to a piece of music by figures placed under the bass notes. Out of harmony we derive a pleasing effect called melody—a progression of harmonic sounds, following each other in a certain rhythm. The notes of the Swiss horn, which are nothing more than the harmonies of that instrument, spontaneously produce fragments of sweet melody, as in the *Rans de Vaches*. These little strains, returned by the echoes which appear to leap among the mountains, give delight and amusement to that simple people.

The organ of the human voice produces naturally the same succession of notes. We hear in some voices a melodious speech; especially in the Italians, owing to the vocality of their language—so much so, that the voice often starts into recitative and song, without the speaker being aware of it; an effect truly delightful. *Melody*, then, first attracts the attention of those who are unacquainted with the science of music. Harmony is not so conspicuous; it does not lay hold of the ear in the same way; it is an intellectual enjoyment, whereas melody touches the feelings. It has long been disputed whether the ancients were acquainted with harmony, or were contented simply with melody. That they were informed of the laws of

composition and counterpoint may well be doubted; these are the discoveries of a subsequent age; but that they made harmony by striking two or three strings of the lyre together is natural to suppose. Nay, by the old song, copied from the ancient Greeks, we see their chief musicians knew something of the art:—

"When Orpheus went down to the regions below,
Which men are forbidden to see;
He tuned up his lyre, as old histories show,
To set his Eurydice free.

"All Hell was astonished, a person so wise
Should rashly endanger his life,
And venture so far; but how vast their surprise
When they heard, that he came for his wife!"

Mr. Burke, who, like Dr. Johnson and Pope, had no ear for music, ventures to suppose that the sublime in music is produced by abrupt clashes of discordant sounds; and that the beauty of melody depends upon its moving in small undulations, like the gentle rise and fall of a beautiful country. Nothing is more true.

With music of this simple kind the singer seldom fails to please. He trusts to the charm of the melody rather than the force of the words; recollecting that we must please the ear before we can touch the heart. Poetry, to be set to music, should have but one subject, and that sweetly expressed in as few words as possible. Melody can tell its own tale, and words are of no further use, than to hint at

the passion the music would excite. Madame de Stael says, "When the whole soul is affected, every thing but the music itself is unseasonable, and distracts the attention. We give ourselves up to that delightful reverie into which it throws us, and it annihilates all thoughts which may be expressed by words."

Modulation.

There is no branch of musical science more necessary to a composer than Modulation. As melody signifies a progression of single sounds, so does modulation signify a progression of chords, or combined sounds. To conduct the harmony with ease and grace, is a distinguishing quality in a first-rate composer. To skip from one chord to another, merely for the sake of change and without obvious purpose, is a frequent fault in young and unskilful composers, betraying an ignorance of the art of modulation, and a poverty of invention. As there are twelve semitones within the octave, and any one of these may be taken as the basis of a key, and as every key may be formed to be either major or minor, there are consequently, not less than twenty-four keys into which, in *modulating*, we may occasionally move.

Musical ideas connected together, form a musical composition. This, in other terms, is a discourse expressed in sounds instead of words; and from what has been said, we may infer that it consists of Harmony and Melody in rhythmical phrases.

Composition in poetry, and in some arts of design, presents itself to the imagination of the poet, or the artist, under the form of a *simple idea*, to be expressed just as it is conceived. It is not so in music: in this art, everything is complicated. It is not *merely* to imagine agreeable melodies, or to make beautiful combinations of harmony, or to invent fine effects of instrumentation, but it is to do all this at once; for each voice or instrument advances in its own particular way, and the combination of all these movements constitutes the music. Ordinary listeners are not aware how the beauty of a melody is enhanced by the accompaniment, i.e., by the evolutions of harmony which play underneath it. The whole of their pleasure is ascribed to the singer, for they are insensible to the sounds of the orchestra, which they imagine to be doing nothing more than playing the same part with the voice.

Vocal Composition.

In vocal composition it is an error to attempt to adapt to each separate idea its appropriate musical expression. There is often a new thought in each new line of a song, which it is impossible for the composer to express, without changing the course of the melody, and thus greatly deforming his music. If he aims at expressing the meaning of particular words, his melody will partake of the style of recitative, in which the words predominate over the music; whereas, if the poetry is made subservient to the music, express-

ing, in as few words as possible, a simple but deep feeling, then the music is restored to its supremacy. In comic pieces, as every word has a distinct note, we are often pleased with a hurried articulation, which produces a lively and stirring effect. If we examine these pieces, we find the music but commonplace. When the rhythm accords with the accent of the words, it greatly contributes to the drollery. We might give many instances from our lyric bards, Burns and Moore, of the happy connection between the words and music. Poets, I presume, are strongly moved by the tune and the rhythm, to which they write their verses. Who can doubt that the following words were superinduced by the pensive tone of the music? The gentle simplicity of the one is matched by the tenderness of the other:—

"Behind yon hills, where Lugar flows—
'Mang muirs and mosses many, O;
The wintry sun the day has closed,
And I'll awa' to Nannie, O.

"Tho' westlin' winds blaw loud and shrill,
And it's baith mirk and rainy, O;
I'll get my plaid, and out I'll steal,
And o'er the hills to Nannie, O."

One of the most peculiar properties of the human voice—a quality in which it surpasses all other instruments, is that of passionate expression drawn from the instinctive tones of our nature; such as we utter in grief,

anger, fear, and surprise. Children have no difficulty in expressing their wants, pleasures, or pains, long before they can speak or understand the meaning of a word, by these primitive tones, which more quickly move us than language itself. How strikingly Braham infused these passionate expressions into *Jeptha's Vow*. It was a musical elocution, which touched the feelings of the most obdurate listeners. It was the plaintive—I might say, the weeping—tone of Miss Stephens' voice that so delighted us in *Auld Robin Gray*. Her woe-begone manner gave a thrilling interest to that simple ballad.

The rhythm of a strain has much to do with expressing a certain movement. The walking-pace of a man is *common time*, and armies, in vast masses, always move to this measure. A horse trots in *common time*, but canters in *triple*. In Venice, where the people are constantly moving upon the water, the motion of the boat suggests the flowing ease of *triple time*, in which all their celebrated popular airs are written. I remember the late Archdeacon Burnaby, of Baggrave Hall, delighting me with several he had heard in Venice, and which he touched with great taste upon the pianoforte. The poet Moore, in his *Canadian Boat Song* has given us a specimen, both in words and music, of this graceful motion, regulated by the oars :—

"Row, brothers, row, the stream runs fast;
The rapids are near, and the daylight's past."

Music pleases or not as it is well or ill performed. The most insipid strains fascinate us when touched by the hand of taste. He who has not studied the art, on hearing music, receives from it nothing more than a simple sensation. A choir of many voices is to him but one powerful voice—an orchestra, one great instrument; chords, harmony, melody, and the variety of instruments, are lost upon him: he hears music and is gratified. The delicate varieties of form in which consists a great part of the merit of a composition, do not exist for persons of this class; so that if they are less offended than artists with the defects of an incorrect composition, they are also less touched with the beauties of a perfect one. The pleasure or indifference with which an air or duetto is received, does not always depend upon the qualities of the music. The dramatic situation has much influence on the effect which these pieces produce. To me, the performance of *Sul aria*, in private, is flat and uninteresting. There wants the action of the maid, who is assisting her mistress to write the love-letter, to give it life. On the contrary, certain pieces which afford us much pleasure in domestic music, with simply a pianoforte accompaniment, displease us at the theatre. As the ear can only become skilful by degrees, we should not be hasty in judging, but rather distrust our first impressions. How often have we recalled an unfavourable judgment passed upon music which has afterwards pleased us? How frivolous and unmeaning were the

operas of Rossini considered by the admirers of Mozart; yet his airs, by the beauty of their rhythm, have found their way into every country on the globe. As to Beethoven's music, the critics of the day, whom I personally knew, pronounced it the ravings of a madman, and, after hearing it for thirty years, now speak of it with wonder and admiration.

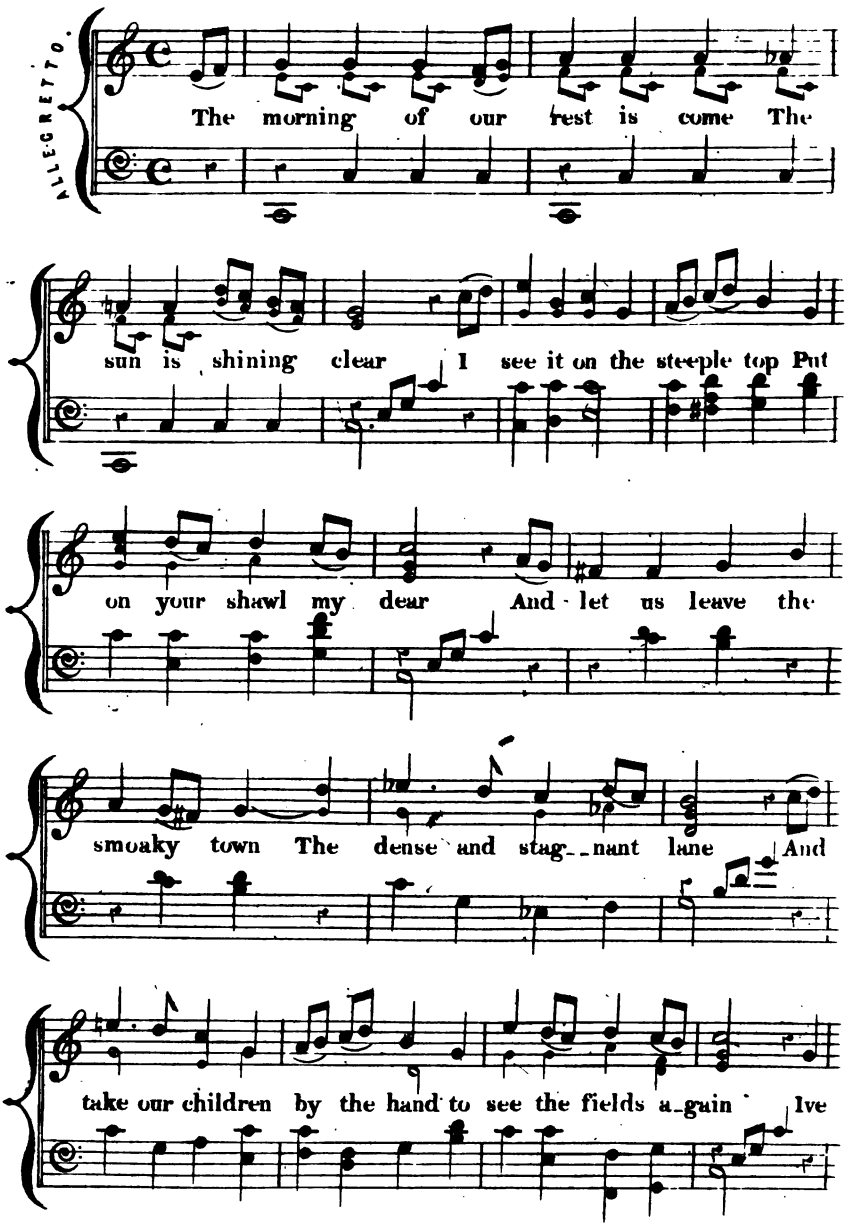
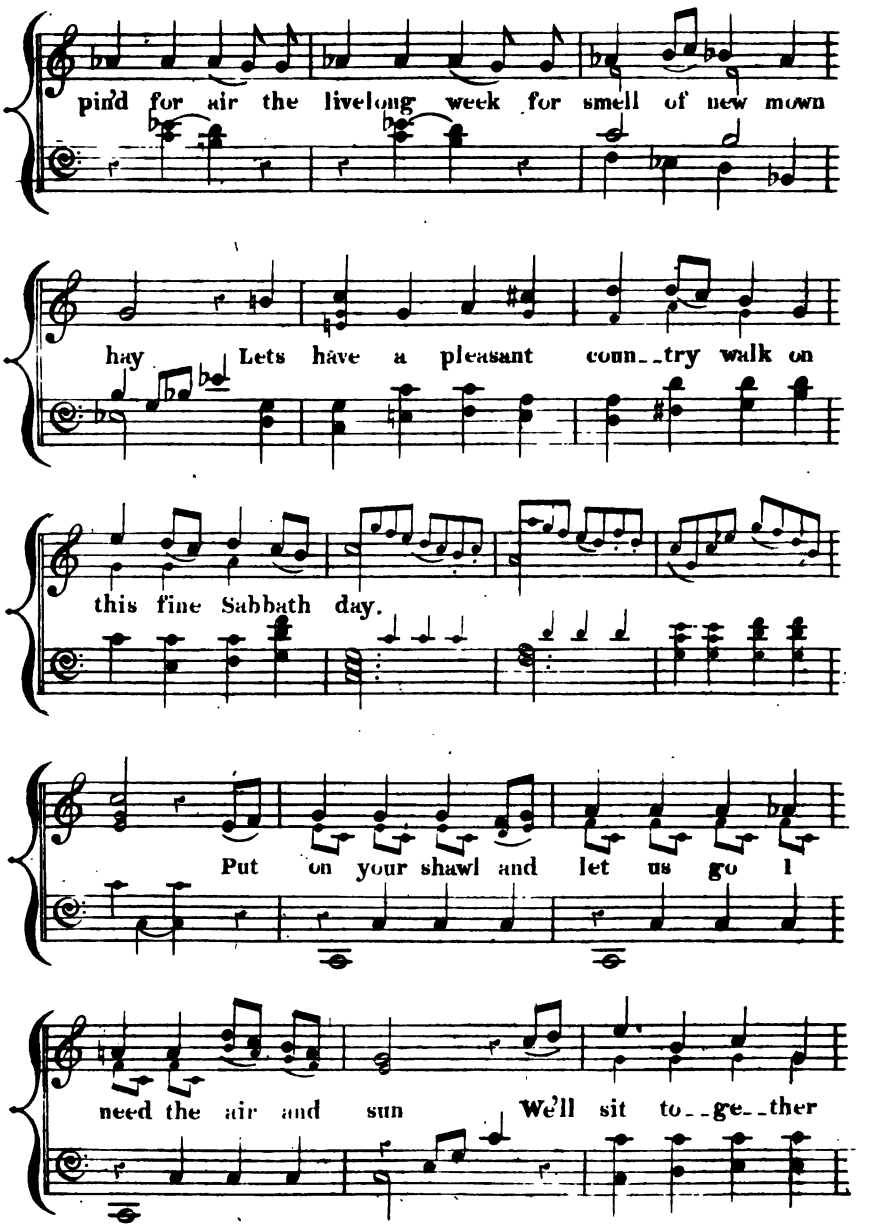
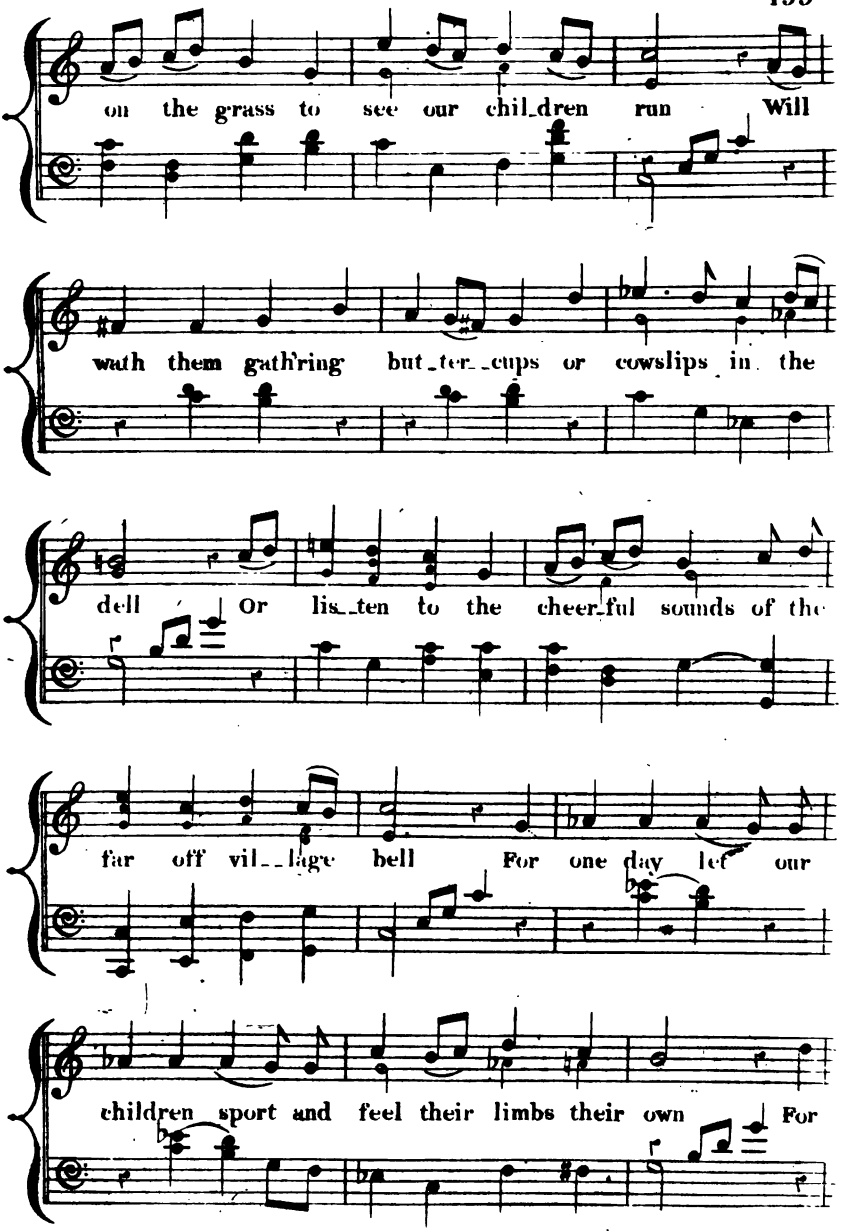
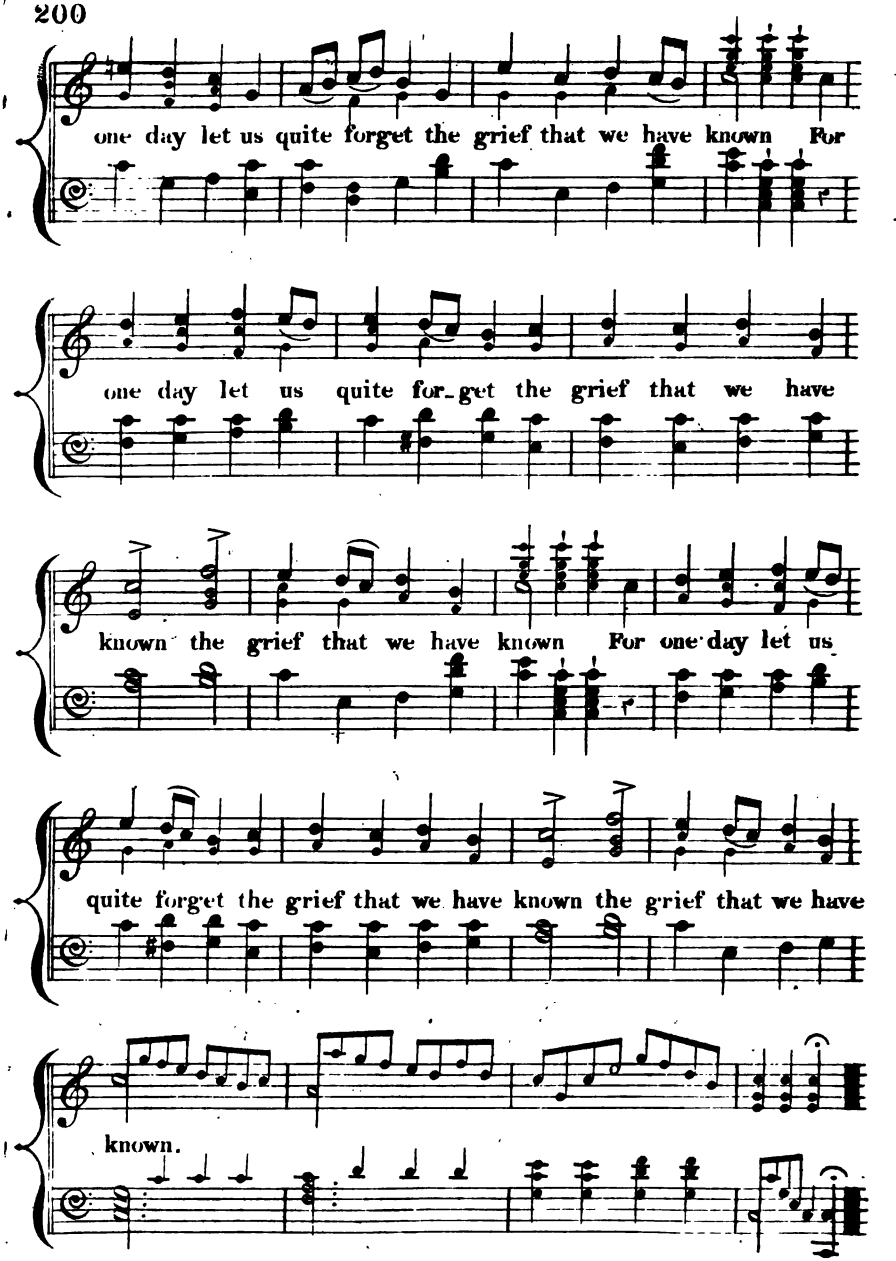
Music has been progressive ever since the time of the ancient Greeks, and has always given singular delight; but, of all the arts, it has been the *slowest* in advancing to perfection. At each revolution, it was imagined that the limits of the art had been reached, and that nothing remained beyond. Music exists on emotions, which are more lively as they are more varied. They are also quickly effaced, and therefore, in this art, the necessity of novelty is felt more than in any other. Hence, the interest that is taken in musical eras, and the enthusiasm they excite. Hence, too, the regrets of those who are wedded to music of olden date, and their exclamations that music is gone! —music is totally ruined! which signifies nothing more than that—the style of music has been changed.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

OLD AGE.

"When alone"—says Lady Ann Lindsay—"I am not above five and twenty, and forget that I am sixty-eight. I see myself in the glass and look very abominably disappointed, I own, but I feel young at heart." The force of this sensation I have felt, and am surprised that I am ranked among old men. Like Lady Ann, I find I am a little changed, when I look in the glass and find not the face of twenty-five. Puzzled at the strangeness of the change, I reflect upon past events, before I can reconcile myself to the fact that time really has made this alteration in me.

Still, looking upon this changeable world with undiminished pleasure, I say to myself how lucky it is that we do not often notice the ravages that time is constantly making, or how could we bear up against the reflections which would naturally arise. Painful, indeed, it is to behold in others!—to see those who once figured in youth and beauty's train, now bending like a withered flower! It is to the mind, then, we must turn for real satisfaction. Unimpaired by old age, it grows in beauty and power, and is neither injured nor defaced by time or sickness.

Physiologists tell us that the body is constantly undergoing a change; that no person at the age of

ALLEGRETTO.
The morning of our rest is come The
sun is shining clear I see it on the steeple top Put
on your shawl my dear And let us leave the
smoaky town The dense and stag__nant lane And
take our children by the hand to see the fields a_gain Ive

pin'd for air the livelong week for smell of new mown
hay Lets have a pleasant coun_try walk on
this fine Sabbath day.
Put on your shawl and let us go !
need the air and sun We'll sit to_ge_ther

on the grass to see our chil_dren run Will
with them gath'ring but_ter_cups or cowslips in the
dell Or lis_ten to the cheer_ful sounds of the
far off vil_lage bell For one day let our
children sport and feel their limbs their own For

one day let us quite forget the grief that we have known For
one day let us quite for-get the grief that we have
known the grief that we have known For one day let us
quite forget the grief that we have known the grief that we have
known.

twenty has a single particle remaining in his body which he had ten years ago. All that he before had has now entered into new combinations, forming parts of other men, animals, or vegetables, exactly as the present body will afterwards be resolved into new combinations after death. The mind, however, remains the same. The human frame may be considered as a chemical machine, as much so as the steam engine, or the quick and wondrous telegraph; but though formed of the like materials and liable to injury, marvellous to relate, it possesses the power of repairing itself! In fact, man lives and dies every twenty-four hours. In the state of sleep, the vitality that has been wasted is replenished by his evening meal, and he wakes, resuscitated for the following day. In a state of nature, man is the most helpless of beings. He has neither clothes to defend him from the weather, nor weapons to protect him from the attacks of savage creatures. But in place of these the Creator has given him a greater portion of brain (the electric principle) than to any other animal. Hence, he is endowed with reason and induction, by which he discovers the laws of nature; and, like a demi-god, uses them to rule the world. It can scarcely be said that man has yet arrived at a state of maturity. He has not yet sufficiently informed himself how to manage his life and conduct so as to live out his full term of years.

Under a conspiracy of favourable circumstances in

our infancy, such as food, climate, and instruction, till we can think and act for ourselves, it is not too much to believe, that a hundred years would be required to develop the sum of our powers, and another hundred for declining years. Nay, I am rather of Mr. Godwin's opinion, that the body, under the government of a philosophic mind, possibly might last for a thousand years.

CHAPTER XLIX.

AULD ROBIN GRAY

In the *Lives of the Lindsays* there is an interesting letter, from Lady Ann Lindsay to Sir Walter Scott, calling upon him to convey to the author of *Waverley* (whom she is informed he knows), how grateful she feels for the distinguished notice passed upon the ballad of *Auld Robin Gray*, and that he is the first person to whom she has imparted the secret of herself being the author of that long-contested ballad. Her ladyship states that Robin Gray was the herdsman at their family seat, at Balcarres:—

"In a melancholy mood I wrote the words to an old Scotch melody, of which I was passionately fond. To give its plaintive tones some little history of virtuous distress in humble life, I bethought me of the incidents penned in the ballad. While I was writing

it, I called to my little sister, Lady Hardwick, and said: 'I have been writing a song, my dear. I am oppressing my heroine with many misfortunes. I have already sent Jamie to sea, and broken her father's arm; made her mother fall sick, and given her Auld Robin Gray for a lover; but I wish to load her with a fifth sorrow, poor thing. Help me to one.' 'Steal the cow, sister Ann,' said little Elizabeth. The cow was immediately introduced into the verse. At our fireside amongst our friends, Auld Robin Gray was often called for. I was pleased with the approbation it met with. My dread of being suspected the author made me very shy, but I carefully kept my secret."

Scotland has ever been a land of poets, but certainly never a land of musical composers. Like Switzerland, their mountains, rocks, and ravines return in echoes, the germs of melody we hear in the shepherd's song. Their broad Scotch is more favourable to melody, than the narrow English. They contrive to discard the consonants which often lock up the tones of the voice in our language, but more so in the German and in the French, in the nose; hence, the Scotch, for its openness of sound, approaches nearest to Italian. Having no instrument but the bagpipe, which was left them by the Romans, they never could acquire a knowledge of instrumental music.

While other nations boast of their composers, Scotland has not a single name upon record: nor could I find a dozen bars of printed or written music, in the

whole country. It has ever been a mystery how the Scotch should have acquired a celebrity in their national songs, where so little music exists. Perhaps we may refer the earliest national music having any claim to excellence, to the time of Queen Mary, whose elegant Court was in close alliance with that of France. The quiet enjoyed by Scotland, as compared with the incessant wars that England was engaged in, was peculiarly favourable to the sister arts; and what was very remarkable, this period was the Augustan age of poetry, nearly the whole of the Court ladies being excellent poets.

If we refer to Dr. Crotch's *Specimens of Scotch Melodies*, we find the early attempts at song are rude and inelegant; but as they passed from hand to hand in manuscript, they received constant improvement, both in words and sounds; and succeeding ages have rubbed off the asperities, which deform the originals. The Italian musicians, whom Mary had at her Court, caught the wild notes of the country, and gave them rhythm and melody; and we may date the best of their love-songs from the time of David Rizzio—her accomplished musician.

The charm of the ballad lies in the simplicity of the thoughts and words being expressed in the most artless notes. It is a composition that every one understands, and in which every passion of the human breast has been poured forth, from the remotest age. Perhaps, no ballad has been more admired than *Auld Robin*

Gray. The air to which it has been sung a thousand times by Miss Stephens—now the Countess of Essex —no doubt, is English, and is said to be the composition of an English clergyman. Many years afterwards, Lady Ann Lindsay wrote a second part, to oblige her mother, who teazed her to know the fate of Jamie, who had gone to sea. From this fragment I have selected the following verses, to which I have appended a few simple notes:—

SONG.—(PAGE 220.)

"The Spring had passed over;
'Twas summer nae mair;
And trembling were scattered
The leaves in the air;
O, Winter, says Jenny,
We kindly agree,
For the sun it looks wat'ry
When he shines upon me.

"Nae question he spaed her
Concerning her health;
He look'd at her often,
But aye 'twas by stealth;
When his heart it grew grit,
And sickness he feigned,
He gang'd to the door
To see if it rained.

"Nae longer she wept,
Her tears were a' spent;
Despair it was come,
And she thought it content;
She thought it content,
But her cheek it grew pale,
And she droop'd like a snow-drop
Broken down by the hail."

CHAPTER L.

MR. COMBE.

While on the subject of ballads, let me speak of some written many years ago, by my friend and fellow-townsman, Thomas Combe, Esq., a poet of no ordinary talent. Few have surpassed him as a lyric bard. As Lady Ann Lindsay, in her *Auld Robin Gray*, has admirably described the simple manners of the Scotch, so has my friend, in his *Hunting Physician*, hit off the spirit of our Leicestershire Foxhunters. He was equally happy in his bacchanalian and love songs. The taste, however, of Mr. Combe, was refined, and of the highest order. The following ballad, my first attempt at musical composition, was suggested by him, and published by Longman & Broderip, fifty years ago :—

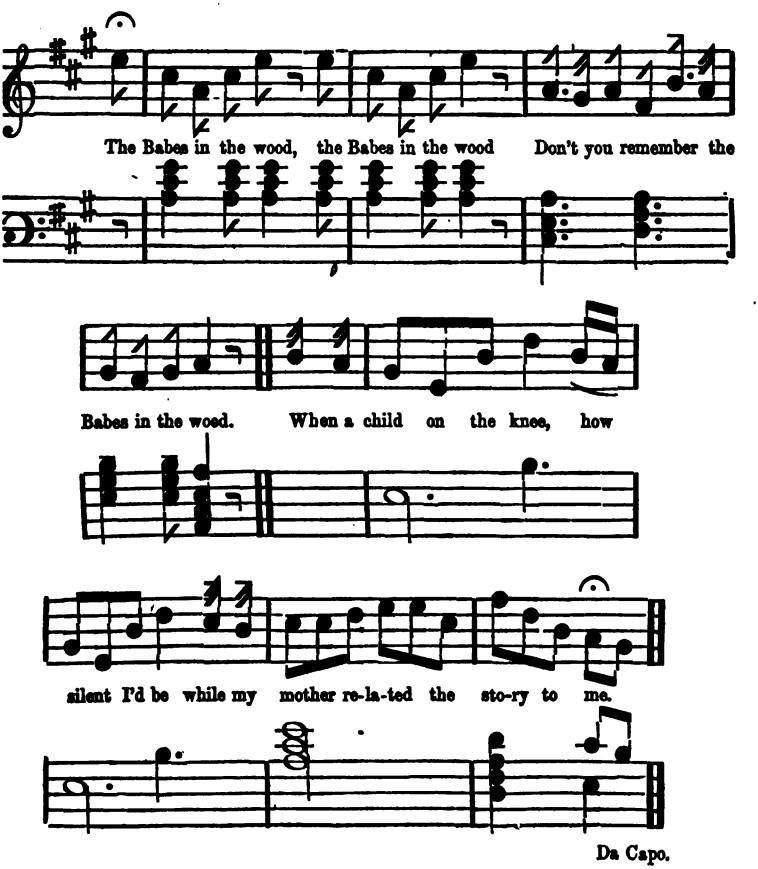
SONG.

"In life's delusive gilded morn,
When reason just began to dawn,
The first soft accents I could say,
In those blest hours were 'Well-a-day.'

"The fading flow'r, the drowning fly,
With pity's tear would fill my eye;
Throw gloom across my sportive way,
While soft I lisp'd 'Ah, well-a-day.'

"My little heart, not long at ease,
Soon felt Philander's pow'r to please;
And Love, amid the jocund lay,
Would often prompt, 'Ah, well-a-day,'

"But false and faithless prov'd the swain;
He left me for the love of gain;
Alone and helpless now I stray,
And sigh for life, with 'Well-a-day.'"

Another early production of mine was the following little song, from a street cry that much interested the children of Leicester. An itinerant vender of toys, with a musical and plaintive voice, paraded the streets with two little wax figures in a bower, representing the *Babes in the Wood.* To this morceau I persuaded Mr. Combe to write some lines, of which I made the song that was published:—

The Babes in the wood, the Babes in the wood Don't you remember the
Babes in the wood. When a child on the knee, how
silent I'd be while my mother re-la-ted the sto-ry to me.
Da Capo.

SONG.

"The Babes in the Wood!
The Babes in the Wood!
Don't you remember the Babes in the Wood?
When a Child on the knee
How silent I'd be,
While my Mother related the story to me,
Of the Babes in the Wood, &c.

"My Dear, you must know,
That a long time ago,
There were two little children, whose names I don't know,
Who were stolen away,
On a fine summer's day,
And left in a Wood, as I've heard the folks say.
Poor Babes, &c.

"And when it grew night,
O, sad was their plight;
The sun it had set, and the moon gave no light:
They sobb'd and they sigh'd,
And bitterly cry'd;
Then, poor little things, they lay down and died.
Poor Babes, &c.

"A Robin so red,
When he saw them lie dead,
Brought strawberry leaves, and over them spread;
Then all the day long,
The branches among,
He'd prettily whistle, and this was his song—
Poor Babes, &c."

The Hunting Physician well pourtrays the enthusiasm felt by many of my medical friends, and I have often heard it sung with great animation and zest:—

SONG.

"Come, all ye good people,
I pray you attend,
This is no common song,
As you'll find in the end.
I'm a hunting Physician,
And cure what ye will,
Be it ever so bad,
Without bolus or pill.
Tally-ho.

"Let the man who's disturb'd
By fortune or care,
Away to the woodlands
And vallies repair.
"Let him hear but the sound
Of the full-swelling horn;
The hounds in full cry,
And his troubles are gone.

"All ye lovers, who secretly
Simper and sigh,
And droop at the frown
Of a blue or black eye;
Brush up to them boldly,
And try them again,
For women love sportsmen,
And sportsmen love them.

"Ye, poor forlorn devils,
Who are plagued with the hip,
And thus the sweet moment
Of pleasure let slip,
As soon as the whimsies
Your fancy surrounds,
Jump into your saddle,
And follow the hounds.

"If you chance to be plagued
With a termagant wife,
Who, instead of a joy,
Is the plague of your life;
When madam her small shot
Begins to let go,
Why, pull on your boots
And away, *Tally-ho.*

"Now, all ye old codgers,
Whose nerves are unstrung,
Get after the hounds,
And hunt yourselves young;
'Twill cure the short cough,
The rheumatic pain,
Do but cry '*Tally-ho!*'
And you're all young again.

"If Death, that old poacher,
To smuggle you tries;
Get astride of your gelding,
And hunt for your lives;
Ne'er heed his grim looks,
While your hunter can go,
You'll never be nabbed,
While you cry '*Tally-ho.*' "

The following clever and spirited stanzas are extracted from the song, *The Tippling Deities*, which consists of fourteen verses, equally good:—

SONG.

"Attend, gentle Sirs, to a sonneteer terrestrial,
Who sings something new about matters celestial;
'Tis all by way of joke, and he therefore hopes no sin it is,
To meddle with the private tricks of tippling divinities.

"'Twould do you good to peep, when these folks are merry-making,
To see how very kindly each his bumper is taking;
Till Jove, the mighty chairman nods, and Phœbus falls a snoring,
And Momus, with his laughing crew, some merry catch are roaring.

"The Goddesses themselves, too, with all their mighty merits,
Love a little drop of cordial, now and then to raise the spirits,
Which makes their pretty faces glow, and look more red and rosier
Than if they tippled nothing else but simple Ambrosia.

"Among the rest there's heaven's Queen, will tipple late and early,
And when her husband Jove's from home, she's sober very rarely;
She has taught it all the household, too, and e'en the maids of honour
Are come to such a pass that they will take it in a corner.

"I think I've brought you proof enough, and precedent to show, Sir,
They drink as much above stairs, as we do below, Sir;
Well, let them drink; tho' I'm not there, I'll ne'er repine or murmur,
While I can meet such friends as you below on *terra firma*."

The last I shall quote is a song that describes a poor fellow I well knew, who fell over head and ears in love with a lady, who, with much hauteur, slighted his humble passion. What a strange thing is love! For the life of me, I could never perceive the charms in the lady that so captivated my friend. He was a man of sense, and had a taste for the beautiful. But the lady was not highly endowed either with wit or grace: she was fond of show, though a person of acknowledged good sense in our Leicester circles. How often do we admire in others, what we know to be deficient in ourselves. Studious men marry flirts—the very opposite character to their own. I was really con-

cerned for my companion, and tried to jeer him out of the delusion, but the impression was too deep to be removed. A settled melancholy came over him, the tone of which, expressed in the following verses, I have endeavoured to heighten by a few simple notes:

SONG.—(PAGE 286.)

"O, would oblivion's chilling hand,
My hapless passion smother;
And o'er me wave her magic wand,
For Lucy loves another.

"O, lead me to the festive bower,
Let wine and music charm me;
I'll scorn bewitching beauty's power,
She ne'er again shall charm me."

It is not desirable for a man to remain all his life confined to the same society; it often causes peculiar habits and a morbid state of mind, not readily got rid of in after-life. My love-sick friend, who was an accomplished scholar, had an offer to accompany a young gentleman of fortune, who was going abroad, which I pressed him to accept. The shifting scenes and novelties in the countries through which they passed, drove out of his mind all his peculiarities, and in a year he returned quite a new creature. The lady who had so much disturbed his peace, he now found to be nothing more than a sensible, agreeable person; for she had lost her hauteur, and he his *mauvaise honte*. They commenced a sober courtship, which ended in a happy marriage, fulfilling the predictions of the ballad:—

"Sly Cupid heard the youth complain,
And urged him not to mind her;
For Lucy soon would love again,
And treat his passion kinder.

"Love kept his word; the yielding lass
Look'd kind when Colin met her;
Who, raptured, threw away his glass,
And swore he'd ne'er forget her."

These songs are but a few specimens of our Leicester bard. I possess several more in MS., all of which are marked with the same ingenuity and taste.

CHAPTER LI.

THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

The most important event which has occurred in my life-time, and one in which the greatest interests of mankind were involved, was the French revolution. It was no part of my intention in this desultory performance to meddle with a subject so vast and intricate, but it has left upon my mind a series of pictures so strange and grand, that I cannot help touching upon this frightful story.

When the revolution broke out I was nineteen years old. I read, with deep interest, the accounts as they arrived from day to day. At that time, news travelled at so slow a pace, and was so costly, that few persons

were acquainted with the passing events. A letter from London cost ninepence, and, with an inclosure, one shilling and sixpence. There were two London daily papers—*The Star*, a Whig paper; *The Courier*, a Tory paper. These were read with the greatest interest by the Liberal politicians at the Billiard News Rooms, in the Market-place. The Tory party met at the *Sir Thomas White*, kept by the historian, Throsby. We Liberals were elated with the success of the revolution, while the Tories, who seemed to rely upon the revolt being put down by the sword, were utterly dismayed by the rapid succession of great events. The working classes, after the close of the American war, were busy in the revival of trade, and cared little about what was passing. France was then upon the verge of bankruptcy. Louis XVI., who hated England for her free institutions, unwittingly sent his able General, the Marquis de la Fayette, to assist the Americans against the mother country, where he learnt more Republicanism than the use of arms.

Peace was concluded with America in 1783; but not till the winter 1788 (which was a very severe one), did the distresses of the French rise to such a height that they could no longer be borne. The privileged orders, the nobility and clergy, who paid no taxes, levied them upon the people without mercy. The *Lettres de cachet*, by which persons of character were torn from their families without accusation or crime,

and the game laws that gave the *noblesse* power to hang poachers on their estates, without judge or jury, exasperated the people, and they called upon the king to assemble the *States General*, i.e. the nobles, the clergy, and the house of representatives, to redress their grievances. This was not listened to, and the people met of themselves. The king became alarmed, went to the hall, and promised to consider their complaints the next day. My friend C—— was in Paris at the time, and informed me that the King, apprehending a disturbance, had assembled one hundred and sixty thousand troops round Versailles, where the deputies sat. It was too plain that the soldiers sympathised with the people, and they could not be depended upon.

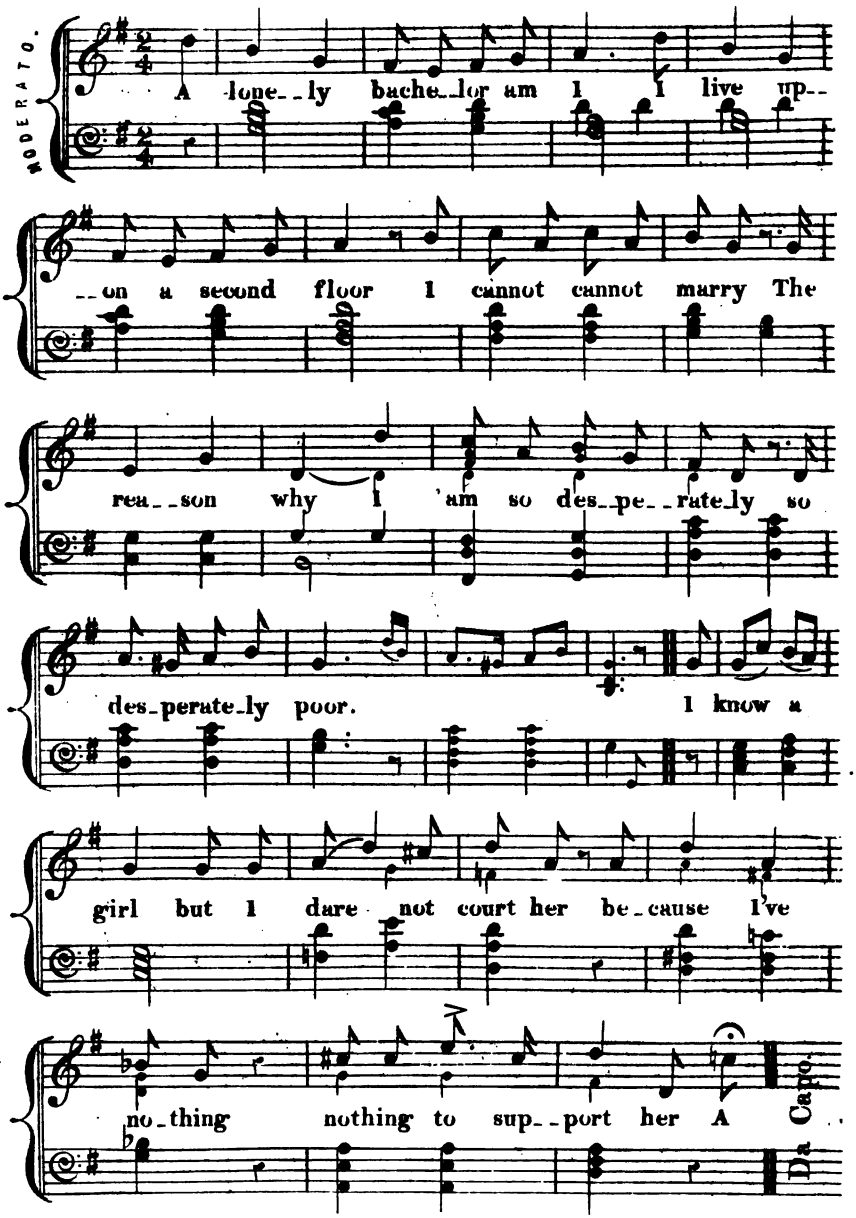
The following day, the king went to the hall, where his speech was listened to with gloomy silence. He left, and they were ordered by the master of the ceremonies to depart. The Count Mirabeau, in a loud commanding tone, got up and said:— "You have no voice or seat in this place. Go and tell your master that we are here by the voice of the people, and nothing but the bayonet shall expel us." Carpenters were sent in to take down the platform and interrupt the proceedings. The deputies, however, kept their seats, with Mirabeau at their head, and declared their sitting permanent.

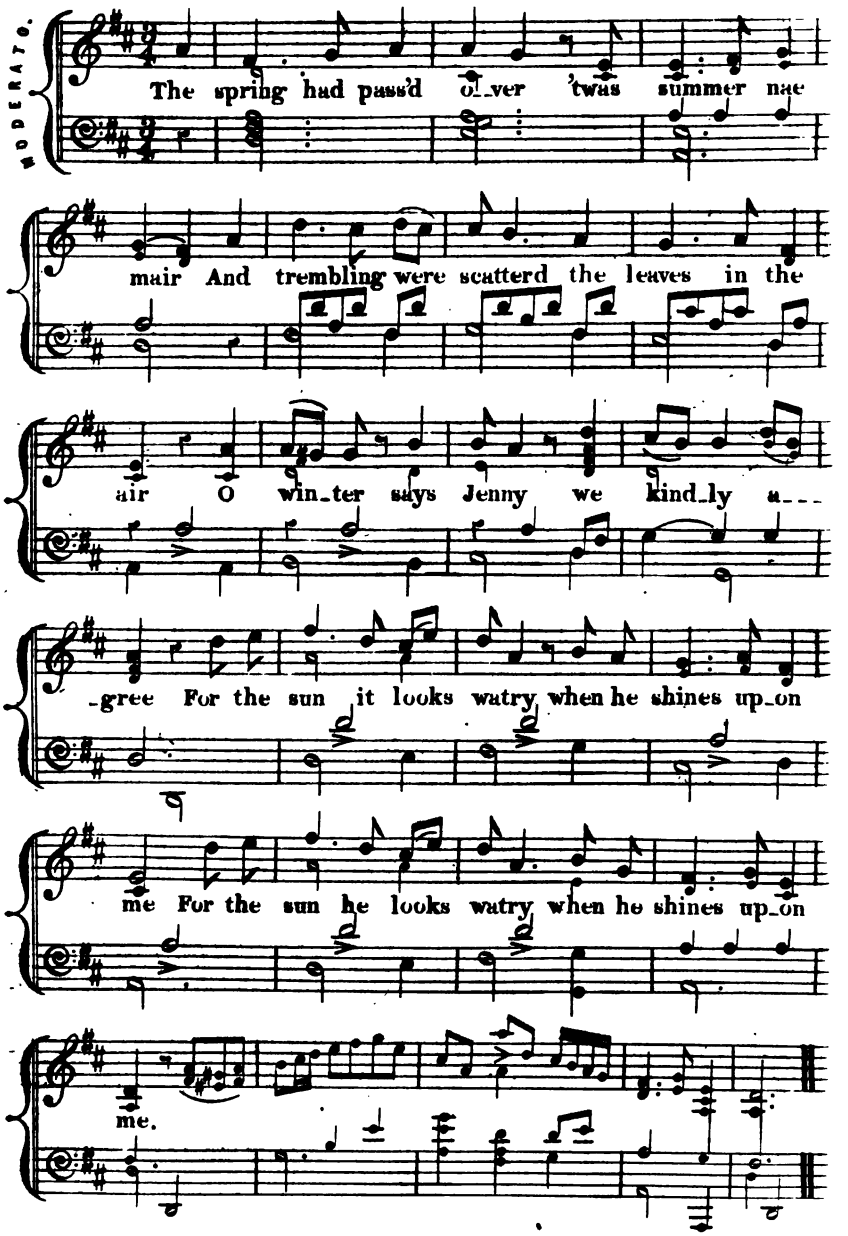
The next day (Sunday, July 12th, 1789), all Paris was alarmed and in motion. My friend was walking

in the gardens of the Luxembourg, and was close to Camille Desmoulins when he jumped on an orange woman's table, and cried, "To arms, to arms! The king has dismissed Necker, the people's minister. Troops are about to enter Paris to put us down by the sword." The population rose; and next day, forty thousand people appeared in arms, with what weapons they could find.

On Tuesday morning, July 14, this phalanx repaired to the Bastille, to demand the release of some of their leaders. They were fired upon. They instantly flew to the Invalides, brought the cannon, and, luckily shot away the draw-bridge; and my friend saw the heads of the Governor and the Archbishop of Paris brought out, stuck upon two long poles, which they paraded through the streets.

Upon this, the House of Representatives, or *Tiers Etât*, which was then sitting, instantly declared themselves the National Assembly. Mirabeau was appointed President; Bailly, the great astronomer, was made Mayor of Paris; and La Fayette was placed at the head of the military. The king, though now too late, went to the Assembly, sat next the President, and confirmed their decrees, upon which Bailly put the tri-coloured cockade in his hat; the National Guard reversed their arms and shouted, "*Vive le Roi*;" and and all became quiet. The old government burst like a bubble, and disappeard without a drop of blood being spilt, except on taking the Bastille. Thus began

SONG.

MODERATO.
A lone_ly bache_lor am I I live up_
_on a second floor I cannot cannot marry The
rea_son why I am so des_pe_rate_ly so
des_perate_ly poor. I know a
girl but I dare not court her be_cause I've
no_thing nothing to sup_port her A
D.C.

SONG.

MODERATO.
The spring had pass'd o'_ver 'twas summer nae
mair And trembling were scatterd the leaves in the
air O win_ter says Jenny we kind_ly a___
_gree For the sun it looks watry when he shines up_on
me For the sun he looks watry when he shines up_on
me.

the revolution; and we in England rejoiced to see half-a dozen men of intelligence boldly step forward to preserve order, and save the country from anarchy.

Bailly and Mirabeau at once proposed that the Assembly should be designated the Constituent Assembly, to form a government for France, and that they should take the English constitution as a guide, namely, to be a limited monarchy, with a senate and house of representatives. Mirabeau said, though he himself belonged to the order of nobility, yet he did not think the forty-nine nobles who had not fled, were men of sufficient weight and talent to form the senate. This was unanimously agreed to, even by those of the old regime, and this branch of the constitution was deferred for the present.

Everything went on smoothly till the sixth of October, when the Royal family gave a banquet to the Flemish troops at Versailles. The dinner was laid in the theatre of the Palace. The Queen, unadvisedly, went to enjoy the sight, and was discovered in a latticed box. Cries of "The Queen! the Queen!" resounded from the excited soldiery. Flattered by this mark of affection, she descended, and passed round the table. The band struck up the well known air, *O, Richard, O, mon Roi*—"O, Richard, my king, all the world is forsaking thee." Excited by a feeling of loyalty, heightened by champagne, the troops trampled the tri-coloured cockade under foot, and replaccd it with the white one.

Never was anything more unfortunate A counter revolution was the cry which ran through Paris, and this at the very time the people wanted bread. Hunger whets everything. They rose with violence, crying out "To Versailles! to Versailles!" On arriving there, a crowd of fish-women rushed into the Assembly, calling out "Bread," and "Down with the Guards who have insulted the national cockade." La Fayette fortunately arrived with the National Guards, and allayed the tumult.

The King, who conducted himself with mildness and forbearance, spoke to the multitude, and, seeing that La Fayette had saved the body-guard from being torn to pieces by the women, offered to accompany the mob to Paris. The cry then was for "The Queen." La Fayette prevailed upon her to appear in the balcony, which she did, with her two children in tears, in dread of being shot, when she heard the cry from the Poissardes, "*Madame, our Queen, don't be a traitor any more, and we will love you!*" On this she joined the King, to accompany him to Paris.

On their march, the National Guard went first, with loaves stuck on their bayonets. The Guard Royal marched bare-headed, flanked by a thousand women. The Assembly had arrived in Paris, and kept order by the promise of a constitution like that of England.

The masses had now got the power in their own hands. Out of this unhappy affair at Versailles re-

sulted the mobs that filled the galleries of the Assembly, and overawed some of their best determinations. Then arose the clubs, which had still greater influence upon the proceedings of the Assembly. The Jacobin club at first consisted of not more than a dozen Deputies, who afterwards admitted persons of similar sentiments, though not Deputies. I recollect dining in Leicester at the time with an eminent barrister of our Midland Circuit, who was then a member of this club, and who afterwards rose to the highest legal dignity in this country. These clubs, by their violent measures, harassed the Assembly as much on one side as the Royalists on the other, who would not admit of any reform whatever. Their motto was, "*Tout ou rien.*" For a season, this strife gave way to the national fête, in commemoration of the taking of the Bastille, which was promised to the people the next July 14th, 1790.

Ladies of fashion, noblemen, statesmen, monks, and people of all ranks, volunteered with spades, pickaxes, and wheelbarrows, to raise in the Champ de Mars an altar upon which the nation was to swear to the new constitution. Though it poured with rain the whole of the day, their enthusiasm was not in the least abated. The air resounded with a hundred thousand voices and instruments, singing the national air, *Ca ira*, which was afterwards heard in our English theatres.

I, with others, rejoiced at this (as we thought)

happy termination. I composed a hymn to mark the event, called the *Champ de Mars*. It was much sung at the time, and may be found in many chapels at the present day. "The event was hailed as the day-spring of liberty, in which a great and noble nation had at once assumed the attitude, language, and spirit of a free people." *

CHAPTER LII.

THE KING'S FLIGHT.

The Assembly went steadily on enacting beneficent laws, when, as they were about to close their arduous task, symptoms were discovered that the Queen meant to get away from Paris. The Guards about the Palace were doubled, and every precaution taken to prevent it.

The Marquis Bouillè was entrusted with planning the escape. The King uniformly objected to make the attempt, and urged upon the Queen the impossibility of success. Early in June, 1791, however, the Queen went in person to make some arrangements in the Palace, so as to get access to a private staircase, and ordered a new key to the door of communication, by which she afterwards descended. The Baroness Korff, one of her ladies, through the

* Sir Walter Scott.

Russian Ambassador, procured a duplicate passport for the one she pretended to have lost.* The 19th of June was the night fixed upon, and relays of horses had been ordered at the different posts. Two of the Life Guards had been provided with courier dresses, and the count Tersin was disguised as coachman: but above all, Bouillè had engaged the Marquis D'Agout, a man of great presence of mind, to direct the proceedings on the road. On the night fixed upon, the lady who had the care of the Dauphin was taken ill, and the Queen found it necessary to put off the expedition to the following night, the 20th. There was not time to advise others of the alteration. A greater mishap, was the following:—Madame Tourzel, who had the care of the children, as a matter of etiquette, would not give up her place in the carriage to the Marquis D'Agout, so that he was left behind. The Queen managed well with the King, and was actually seen on foot, disguised in an enormous hat, as she passed the carriage of La Fayette. They lost their way, and had to retrace their steps in the garden of the Tuileries. The King's shoe came unbuckled, which he adjusted close to a sentinel, and luckily was unobserved. Much time was consumed before they arrived at the spot where the carriages were stationed. They had scarcely got three miles out of Paris when the coach broke down, and it was an hour before it could be repaired. At Chalons, they changed horses.

* This was required for the other carriage.

One of the townspeople thought he knew the King, and went to the Mayor, who, luckily was not disposed to enquire into the matter, and pacified the man. When they arrived at the bridge of Someville, they expected to find the Duc de Choiseul and his detachments of horse, but no one appeared. "All is lost," said the Queen to Madame Elizabeth. It appeared afterwards, that Choiseul was at his post. He expected a courier to precede the King. He waited three hours and was obliged to move away, to prevent alarm. When they came to Menhould, Vallory could not find the post-house: this drew a crowd together. The King, instead of keeping himself concealed, sat, with his head at the window, uneasy at the delay. Drouet, the post-master thought he knew the Queen, and compared her with a portrait upon some assignats he had taken that morning. He communicated with a friend, and while they hesitated, the carriage drove away. Drouet recollected that the Courier enquired the road for Varennes. They mounted their horses and pursued the fugitives by taking a short cross road. The King arrived at Varennes, and stopped at the post house, which he well knew. He knocked, and enquired for the horses, but no one knew anything about them. The King and Queen got out of the carriage to enquire; but alas! there was no Marquis D'Agout. They wandered about for intelligence, and learnt that there was an inn at the further end of the town, where their horses actually were.

The post boys refused to go further, as the horses were tired. In this perplexity, Sausse, the procureur, a tallow chandler, came up and demanded their passports, which he found right; but having some suspicion, and as they could not go on without fresh horses, he prevailed upon them to alight, and cross the Market-place to his house, till the horses could be procured. He set some bread and cheese before them. The King said he never drank better wine in his life. The Queen soon discovered that they were stopped, and all was lost! Sausse kept going out, and returning under pretence of hastening the horses, but was really collecting a force to secure his guests. In the meantime, Drouet had arrived and caused a waggon to be overturned on the bridge, so that it was impossible either for the carriages to go on, or for the Hussars, who were at the far inn, to come to their assistance. When all was effected, the tocsin sounded, and the villages poured in five thousand National Guards. The general tumult had roused the officers of the Hussars who had gone to bed; they did not reach the King till four hours after he had been made prisoner, and they narrowly escaped with their lives. La Fayette's Aide-de-Camp brought the Assembly's decree. The King read it hastily, and said, throwing it on the bed where the children lay, "Then there is no longer a King in France!" The Queen snatched it up, saying "It shall not soil my children," and threw it on the

ground. Turning round to Romeuf, she said, "And is it you?" "Better than another, Madame," replied the officer. "You know Madame, I respect you, as does my general." "Oh, *he*," said the Queen; "*he* has nothing in his head but his American Republic." The most agonising moment, however, was on their setting off for Paris. Surely, there never was a more ill-fated expedition!

CHAPTER LIII.

DAY AFTER THE FLIGHT.

The departure of the Royal family was early announced to the Assembly. Their demeanour was calm and dignified, and apparent grief was upon the countenances of the people, who crowded in the squares. Couriers were despatched in every direction to seize and stop all persons leaving the kingdom; and it was ordered that the acts of the minister under the great seal should have all the force of law.

The King had left behind him a written address, in which he complained of his captivity; and at the moment the Assembly were preparing a reply to this document, a cry ran through the hall, "He is taken! he is taken!" A surgeon from Vardennes appeared at the bar, with letters from the magistrates of that town,

detailing the fact. Three Commissioners were instantly charged to go and protect the royal family back to Paris. Four days were they on the road, covered with dust, and exposed to the insults of the people. The King was touched with the attention of the commissioners. When they met, he disclaimed any idea of quitting the kingdom.

At seven o'clock in the evening they arrived. The multitudes were forbidden to take off their hats by La Fayette, or show any of the accustomed marks of respect. An open chariot followed adorned with laurels, in which sat the three National Guards who stopped the King. As they arrived at the Palace, which was to be their prison, the people burst into repeated shouts of "The law, the law." When the public consternation had subsided, the feeling was universally that of indignation.

A Republican party instantly arose, in opposition to the Constitutionalists. Among their addresses was the following from the Englishman, Thomas Paine, which had a great effect. "The perfect tranquillity that remained amongst us, during the flight of the King; and the profound indifference with which we saw him brought back, are unequivocal signs, that the absence of a King is better than his presence. He is not only a superfluity, but a useless weight that presses upon us"! Louis, when interrogated by the commissioners, said he was not afraid to explain the motives of his flight; but was not prepared to

give any opinion upon the constitution. He acknowledged to have discovered, since he had left Paris, that the people were in favour of the new government, on which point he was not previously convinced. He would gladly forget all he had suffered, to insure the happiness of the nation. This disastrous step had at once destroyed the labour of the Assembly during the previous year. The government was no longer a monarchy; it was in effect, a Republic; and a powerful party was rising, who were strenuous advocates of this form of government. However, there were many in the Assembly who adhered to the King, and considered his flight pardonable. Others were for placing the Dauphin on the throne; but the Jacobins, Robespierre and Danton, called loudly for accusation and trial.

Seven committees were appointed to consider the present state of the nation, and a report was made, much to the indignation of the violent party, that the flight was *no* crime, and the King's reinstatement was proposed. The various clubs urged the Jacobins to get up a petition, or rather to require the Assembly to receive the abdication of Louis, as a perjured, fugitive traitor, stating they would never acknowledge him for King, without the approbation of the nation. Another party, secretly in favour of placing the Duke of Orleans on the throne, called upon the Assembly to pass judgment on the traitor. The Abbè Sieyes, in the midst of this contention, tried to shape a new

course of proceedings, still retaining the King at the head of the nation; but, extraordinary as it may appear, this proposition was violently opposed by the Royalists. They clung to the idea that chance, or the assistance of the King's brothers who had fled, might restore the old regime. They would have all or nothing, and threw every obstacle in the way of those who were most anxious to save the monarchy. The Republican portion of the Assembly found the Constitutionalists too strong for them, and allied themselves with the clubs out of doors. The Jacobins required the Assembly to accept the King's abdication. As this was unheeded, an insurrection took place, in the Champ de Mars. La Fayette and Bailly called out the Military, and put in force the riot act, which had just been introduced from England. This was quite justifiable, though several persons were unhappily killed.

The Constitutionalists called upon the court party, with the clergy, to join them against the Republicans; but unless they could return to the old government, they preferred to risk the downfall of the monarchy. The Republicans could not dethrone the King, they were prevented by La Fayette and Bailly. However, the King at last was persuaded to accept the Constitution, which he swore to maintain at home, and defend from all attacks from abroad. The Assembly ordered a proclamation of the new code (a limited monarchy), and called upon the people to reverence

what had no hold upon their affections. The King and Queen now ventured once more to show themselves in public. The Constitutional Assembly was now at an end, being superseded by the Legislative Assembly, and the illuminations and rejoicings in Paris were universal.

"Thus terminated," says one of the old court, "this guilty Assembly, whose vanity, ambition, ingratitude, ignorance, and audacity, have overturned the noblest and most ancient monarchy in Europe." "On the other hand," says one of the moderate party, "spite of the faults the Assembly may be reproached with, under the circumstances they found themselves placed, history cannot show us so much of good done, in so short a time. Torture was abolished, jurisprudence established, religious liberty acknowledged, and made safe, besides feudal rights abolished, and equality of taxation made the law of the land."

CHAPTER LIV.

THE SECOND CONSTITUTION.

The Legislative Assembly arose in the midst of confusion and contending passions. The Republicans were increasing, the old Courtiers were flying to the emigrants on the Rhine, the King had accepted the constitution, under the Brissotine monarchy, with an

ardent desire of preventing the shedding of blood. He sent a state paper professing peace to all the Courts, in which it was observed, that the assembling of armies in the neighbouring electorates greatly raised his apprehensions, that the foreign powers intended to interfere with the internal affairs of France. He desired an explicit answer. The following was the reply of the Emperor of Germany and the King of Prussia:—"That they had robbed the King of France of his liberty; they had stopped him and taken him prisoner in his own dominions. He must be reinstated, and the Jacobin faction put down." The King of France replied, "Every nation has the right of giving itself laws, and altering them at pleasure, and that could not be a subject of discussion." A satisfactory explanation was still demanded. No further communications took place, and the French declared war against the Emperor of Germany and the King of Prussia.

The determination was received with unbounded transport by the Parisians. Two decrees instantly followed; that a camp of twenty-thousand men should be formed round Paris, and that those priests who refused to subscribe to the new Constitution, should be proscribed.

Louis trembled at the war he had proclaimed, and secretly sent a young Swiss officer, Mallet du Pan, disguised as a linen draper, to implore the allies not to commence a war, in which his own life, and

also those of his family, would be endangered. However, this was not listened to; the allies and emigrants, without hesitation, abandoned the King, and determined to conquer the country, and place a Regent on the throne. During these negotiations the King had used his veto, and had not given his sanction to the two decrees already mentioned, which raised a suspicion that the King was in communication with the foreign powers. An insurrection was planned to compel the King's signature. A hundred thousand people, headed by Santerre, the brewer, on June 20th, marched upon the Tuileries, armed with what weapons they could find. They swept everything before them like a torrent, and filled all the courts and gardens of the Palace, crying out "Down with the veto and the Queen," who, infatuated, influenced the King against the people. The multitudes were pressed forward by those behind, and everything was borne down and destroyed in their course. Petion the Mayor, a great favourite with the mob, arrived in time to save the lives of the royal family. He persuaded the King to appear in the balcony and speak to the people, which he did with the utmost calmness, promising his assent. Petion put the red cap of liberty on the King's head, which called forth shouts of "*Vive le Roi*," and he drew the mob away without further mischief.

The Duke of Brunswick's manifesto had just arrived, "That he would come and lay Paris in ashes,

and put every man, woman, and child, to the sword, if they did not instantly submit to the King and the old government. This inflamed to madness thousands who were eager to be marched to the frontiers. The King's signature had not yet been obtained, and the Jacobins determined to call the Federes, from the provinces. Five hundred enthusiasts marched up from Marseilles to Paris, headed by Barbaroux, to join the Parisians, and dethrone the King, singing a hymn to liberty, now well know as the *Marsielloise Hymn*, by Gretry. * These united voices and military bands filled the air with such thrilling sounds that raised all France. Perhaps music was never known to have inspired a nation in so marvellous a way.

Vergniaud and the Brissotines, seeing that the King's life was in danger, pressed him to quit the Palace for the Assembly, the only place of safety. "No, never," said the Queen, "will I enter their place." However, they were conducted away by force, and crammed into the reporters' box, behind the President's chair. They were confined sixteen hours, the mob supposing them to be in the Palace.

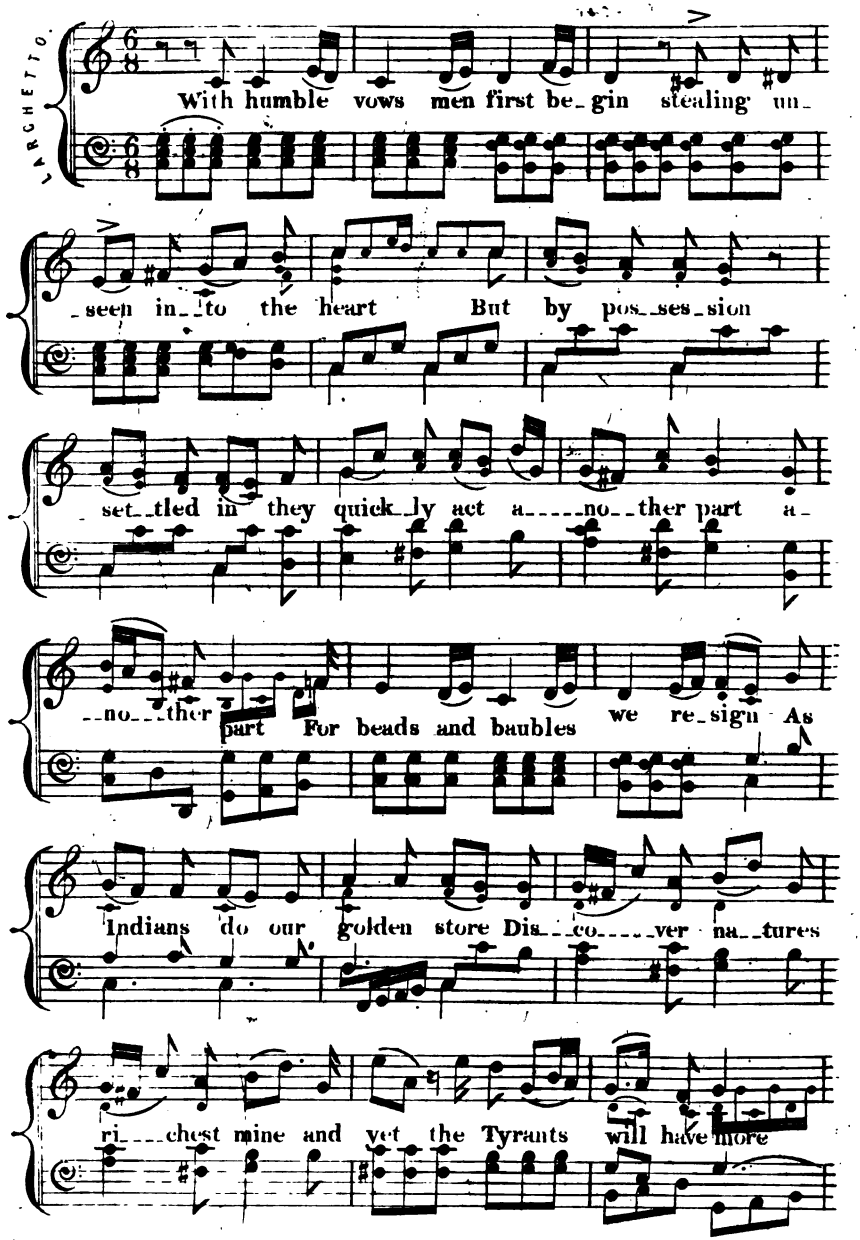
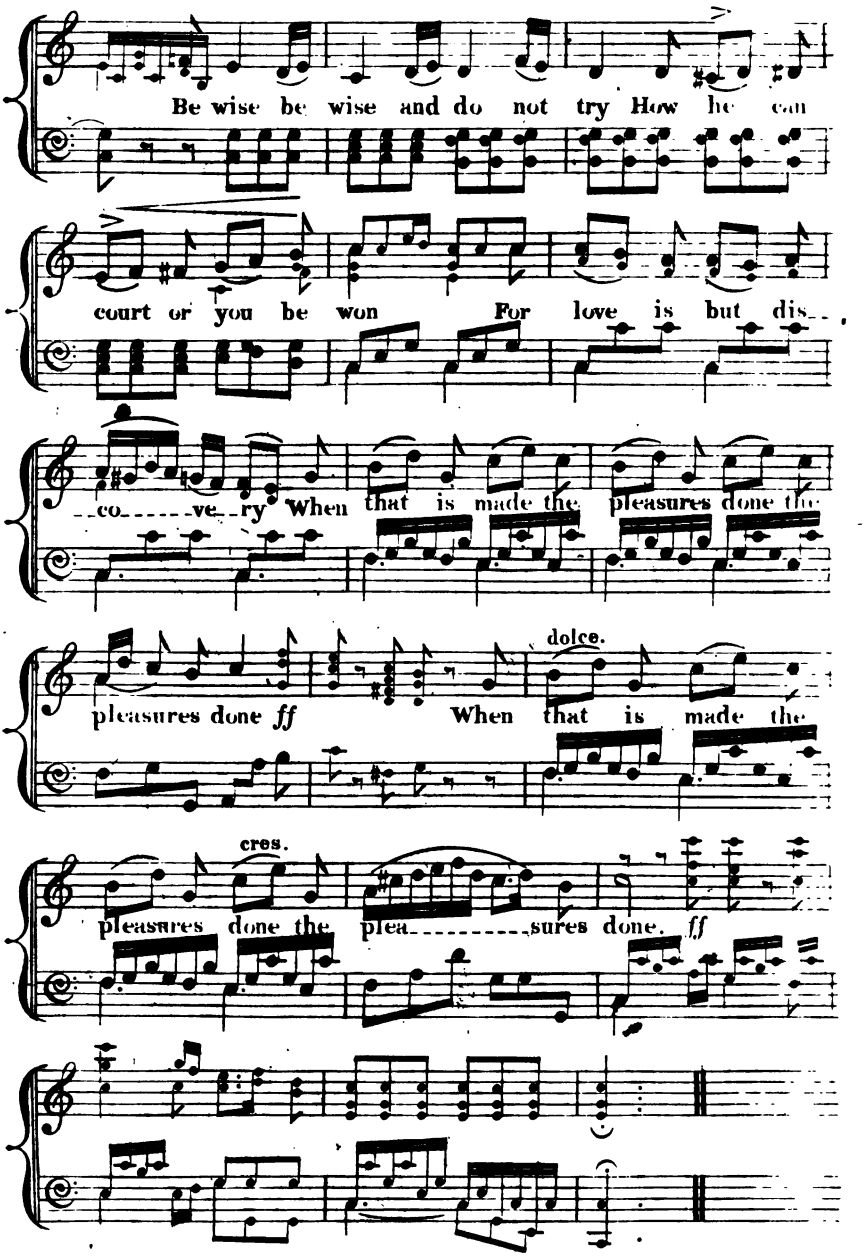
At seven o'clock in the morning, the report of cannon was heard. This distressed the King, as he had ordered the Swiss Guards not to fire on the people. The King was hungry at his usual time, and had wine and viands presented him. He ate heartily, as if re-

Vide first vol. Page 48.

turned from hunting. In him the physical overpowered the mental. The Queen refused to taste anything, and suffered unspeakable degradation. The roar of the cannon was still heard in the attack on the Palace, made by the Marseilloise, crying "Down with the Swiss Guards"! seven hundred of whom courageously defended it. They were not aware that the King had left for the Assembly, or they would not have stood to be mowed down by thirty pieces of cannon. Besides these unfortunate fellows, there were a hundred nobles and gentlemen, who had rushed into the apartments (as they thought) to defend the King, all of whom were butchered and torn to pieces by the mob.

Not less than seven hundred Swiss, three hundred gentry and nobles, and five thousand of the populace were slaughtered on this fatal day. When I was in Paris, some ten years afterwards, I saw written in large letters, "The 10th of August," where the cannon-shot had shattered the building. The Assembly had no means of putting a stop to these scenes of guilt and horror.

The commune of Paris now became the sovereign power, under Danton, Tallien, and Robespierre. On the 17th of August, the revolutionary tribunal was established. The king was suspended and removed, in close custody, to the Temple. Danton, the leader of the Cordeliers, was made Dictator. The former ministry, who had honestly done their duty, were thrown into prison, with not less (it is supposed) than

SONG.

LARGHETTO.
With humble vows men first be_gin stealing un_
_seen in_to the heart But by pos_ses_sion
set_tled in they quick_ly act a_____no_ther part a_
_no_ther part For beads and baubles we re_sign As
Indians do our golden store Dis_co_____ver na_tures
ri_____chest mine and yet the Tyrants will have more

Be wise be wise and do not try How he can
court or you be won For love is but dis-
co ve ry When that is made the pleasures done tho
pleasures done ff When that is made the
dolce.
pleasures done the plea sures done. ff
cres.

twelve thousand of the moderate party. The allied forces were now entering France, with eighty thousand men, in two columns. Longwy was suddenly taken, which exasperated the National Assembly, and they decreed its re-capture; that the houses of the persons concerned in the surrender should be razed to the ground, and the inhabitants put to death. Three commissioners were sent to the armies to remove all suspected officers. La Fayette was more a citizen than a soldier, and depended more upon the power of law than the enthusiasm of troops. He was not a man to obey the ferocious Jacobins. He would have arrested the commissioners, but he found the temper of his men to accord with the Republicans, upon which he thought it prudent to go over to the allies. Dumouriez, who had shown an accurate judgment in the Council, stood high in the estimation of all parties. He had been the King's friend, and deplored his misfortunes, but saw that he could not serve him, and that his own road to power was through the battle-field. The tardy generals had been removed, and he was placed at the head of the armies. On the 26th of August, Dumouriez laid the plan of the campaign, to repair the loss of Longwy. He drew as near to him as he could, Luckner, Kellerman, and Dillon (a Scotchman), with their small detachments, to oppose the allies. The approach of the Duke of Brunswick he warded off, by a peculiar novelty in his tactics, which checked that General in his rapid career. The King

of Prussia attacked Kellerman's wing, and was so effectually met by the flying artillery of the French, that he was driven back in the greatest confusion. Kellerman leaped from his horse, and waving his hat on high, on the point of his sword, thundered through the ranks, "*Vive la Nation*," and eight hundred were left dead on the field. The Duc de Chartres, then a young Republican, afterwards Louis Philippe, headed the horse artillery with a tricoloured flag. The shouts of the French resounded from the neighbouring hills as the allies retreated. At this moment news arrived that the Republic was established in Paris, which was received by the defenders of the country with loud acclamations of "*Vive la Nation*."

CHAPTER LV.

THE REPUBLIC.

France was now with a dethroned king, a refugee nobility in arms against her, and a deposed clergy; but they were roused to wonderful exertions by the thunder of Danton's voice. "We Republicans," said he, "are between two fires; the enemy without, and the Royalists within. We will strike terror into those at home, and roll the masses of Paris upon the despots abroad."

The mandate for the massacres, had gone forth.

The Abbaye, the Chatelet, and seven other prisons, had been crowded for months with aristocratic priests, doomed to be massacred *en masse*. Those who were employed in this bloody work wore the red sash and bonnet rouge. Their appearance made the stoutest heart tremble. They descended into cellars, groped under roofs in search of their victims, whom they drew out by two and three at a time, and beheaded on the spot. Such were the numbers put to death, that the first three days of September were employed in clearing the prisons. Among the victims were the Bishops of Arles, Dulan, Beauvais, and Rochefoucauld. The slaughtered were thrown into pits, and quick lime poured in upon them. Such were the horrible atrocities committed by Marat and Danton, who, when they saw the kennels red with blood, exclaimed, "The country is saved."

During this reign of terror, Dumouriez was driving one hundred thousand of the allies back into Germany. He made an attack upon the whole line of the Austrian forces, near Mons, dislodging them from the strong position of Janappe with great slaughter, and the loss of one hundred pieces of cannon, Here the young Duc de Chartres (afterwards Louis Philippe), performed wonders with the flying artillery. Dumouriez was now marching from conquest to conquest in a direction to join Custine, who had taken Mentz without a shot. In all the cities that opened their gates, this general established Jacobin Clubs in com-

munion with that in Paris. The defeat of the Duke of Brunswick and the triumphant success of the French, astonished all Europe. The Girondists, Brissot, Roland, and Vergniaud, shuddered at the excesses of the Jacobins. They saw the cause of Royalty was at an end, and that their moderation endangered their own lives, now that the Republic, *one and indivisible*, was declared.

The Jacobins influenced the elections, and returned the most licentious and desperate part of the population. Still, the moderate party out-numbered the Jacobins in the Convention. At this moment Robespierre rose in the Assembly, with the voice of a Dictator, to destroy the Girondists. * In the evening he appeared in the hall of the Jacobins, and was received with the greatest enthusiasm. A commission of twenty-four was appointed to report upon the state of Paris. They were employed in heaping up calumnies upon the deposed King—justifying the massacres, and denouncing the Girondists. The mutual accusations of the contending parties were now for a time superseded by the discussion relative to the process to be adopted in bringing the King to trial.

The revolution had given birth to a Republic, and the King must be put out of the way. The mistake

* The Girondists or Brissotines were the Moderacts—the Whigs of France.

in judging the King, was in not separating him from the court. Those about him were tyrannical, without the least feeling for the lower orders. Louis himself was well disposed towards them. He had no desire to shed the blood of his people. Without decision of character, or confidence in himself, he was influenced by those about him. Indeed, his misfortune was, that he was born a king. By his abdication, he had fallen into the class of private citizens. His defence rested on the principle that his person was sacred and inviolable. Robespierre appeared in the Tribune, and delivered a long and powerful speech. He said: —"Louis *was* King,—the Republic *is* founded. Louis has been dethroned for his crimes. Louis denounced the French people as rebels. To chastise them, he called together the armies of his tyrant brothers; but victory and the people have decided that it was *he* only who was the rebel. If Louis be innocent, the friends of Liberty are calumniators. It is with regret I pronounce the fatal truth—Louis must die, that the country may live." Other speakers harangued with much greater violence. St. Just said, "This decides the Republic. There is an end to it, if the tyrant lives. What trial, what witness, do you require of those crimes which are everywhere written with the blood of the people?"

The wounded on the 10th of August by the Swiss Guards, were then borne on litters through the hall. The King was taken from the Temple to the Con-

vention by Santerre. As the carriage passed through the streets, it was surrounded by the Federès, singing the Marseilloise. The masses that filled the avenues to the Convention insulted the Deputies who were favourable to the King; but opened their ranks for the Jacobins to pass into the hall. Flourishes of pikes and swords indicated the violent determination of the populace. The votes of the Convention were taken seriatim, and the King's fate seemed to depend on the part the Girondists would take, as the numbers for death and exile were nearly balanced. Vergniaud was known to commiserate the monarch. No one doubted the orator's course. He slowly mounted the steps of the Tribune, with his eyelids lowered, like a man who reflects before he acts; then, in a gloomy tone, as if resisting the sensibility of his soul, he said —"Death!" — Silent astonishment repressed the breathing of the Assembly; and the life of the King was obviously conceded to the passion of the people. Brissot explained himself more at length. He said: —"I would that the punishment to be inflicted upon Louis had been pronounced by the whole nation; but since the Assembly rejects the appeal to the people, I am now of opinion, to avoid the dangers which threaten us, is to pronounce the sentence of death against Louis." The infamous Orleans Philippe Egalitè gave his voice against the King. Three hundred and nineteen were for imprisonment and chains; 366 for death; two for banishment—one of whom was

Thomas Paine, who proposed to let him go to America, or to his brother's in Germany, urging that Louis was beneath the consideration of the Republic.

On Sunday, June 20th, the massive doors of the Temple were suddenly thrown open to the minister of Justice, Le Brun, Santerre, &c. The King rose to receive them; they read the decree which condemned him to suffer death in twenty-four hours. He heard it without showing any emotion of fear. He petitioned for three days' delay, but it was denied him.

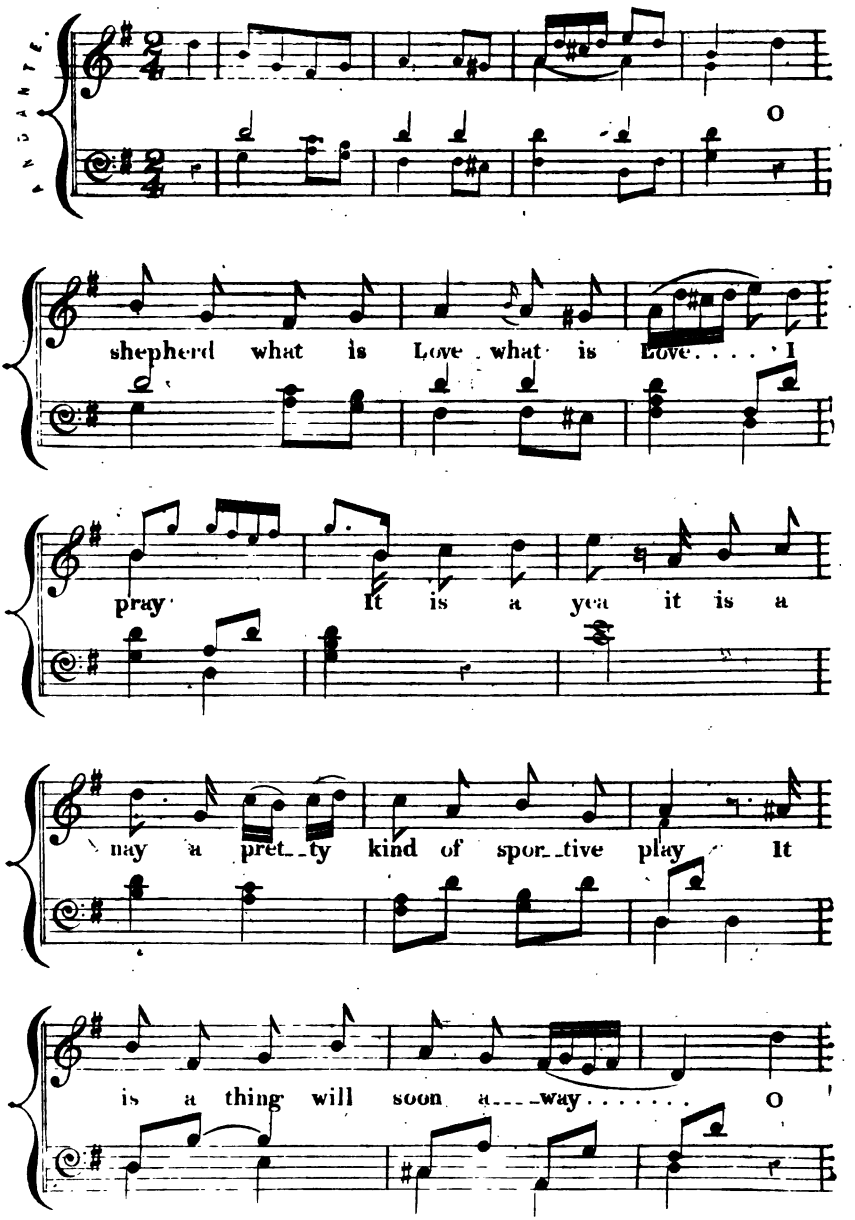
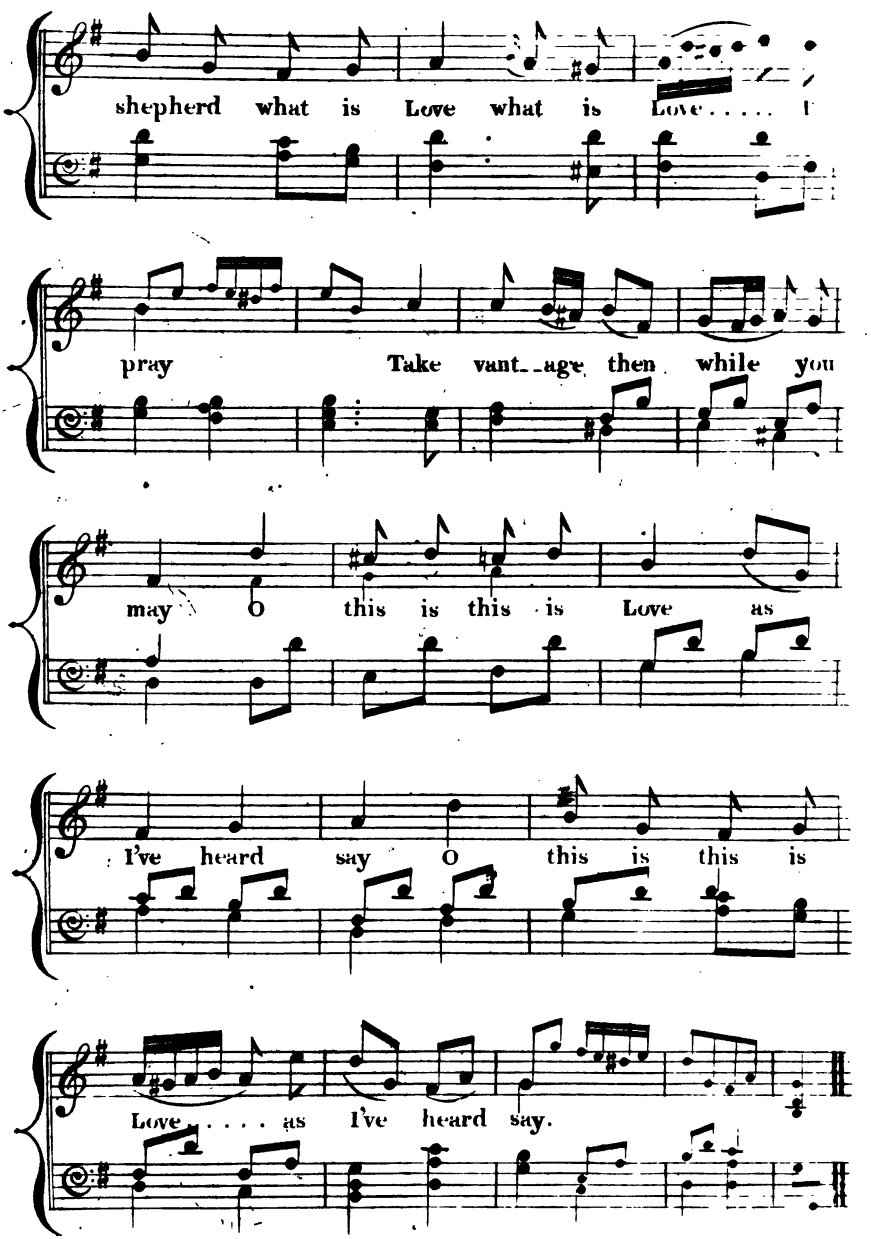
The severest trial was yet to come—the last meeting of his family. The agony of this dreadful scene cannot be conceived. They had been confined in separate apartments for some time.

Prison Scene.

The valet, Clery, says:—"The Queen, the Princess Royal, and Madame Elizabeth, hung on the King, and bathed him with tears. The Dauphin stood between his knees. At ten, the King rose to leave them. The Queen held him by his right arm. Each had a hand of the Dauphin. The Princess had her arms round his body; and behind her clung Madame Elizabeth. These five persons grouped, with their faces hidden on the King's breast, as they moved to the door, broke out into agonizing lamentations. He was to have seen them again in the morning; but he saw them no more!"

THE KING'S DEATH.

The King slept soundly till five o'clock in the morning. At eight o'clock, the officers of death entered. Santerre, stamping his foot, said "The hour is come." Louis answered, "*Partons*"—let us go. How the rolling of a thousand drums penetrated the dark bastions and bulwarks, falling upon the heart of a queenly wife, soon to be a widow! She weeps, "He is gone, then, and has not seen us!" The streets are silent as the grave; the windows closed, none looking through them; all the shops are shut; only one solitary carriage rolls through the streets; eighty thousand men are in arms; and loaded cannon surround the Place de la Revolution. Louis, the descendant of sixty kings, mounts the scaffold! He strips off his coat. The executioners now approach to bind him. He resists. The Abbé Edgeworth, an Irish priest, reminds him of Our Saviour. His hands are tied. He advances, bare-headed, to the edge of the scaffold. He says: —"People! I die innocent of all the crimes imputed to me." Santerre prances forth, with uplifted sword, crying out "*Tambours.*" The drums drown every voice. Six desperadoes tie him to the board. The Abbé Edgeworth, stooping, cries, "*Son of Louis, ascend to heaven.*" The last act of barbarity is perpetrated.

SONG.

ANDANTE.
O
shepherd what is Love what is Love I
pray It is a yea it is a
nay a pret_ty kind of spor_tive play It
is a thing will soon a_____way . . . . . O

shepherd what is Love what is Love I
pray Take vant_age then while you
may O this is this is Love as
I've heard say O this is this is
Love . . . . as I've heard say.

Hundreds leap upon the scaffold, dip their pikes and lances in the blood, wave their hands towards heaven, and shout "Vive La Republique!!"

CHAPTER LVI.

THE JACOBINS.

The Jacobins exercised their savage designs with unabated rancour. They were now determined to get rid of the Girondists, whose moderation stood in the way of their illegal arrests and assassinations. Roland and Manuel resigned their seats immediately on the death of the King. Kersaint, bolder than the rest, declared he would no longer sit in the same hall with men of blood, whose acts terrified every one. The struggle for mastery then began with the two contending factions. "I ask you," says Danton (turning to his party on the left), "was it any jealousy of royalty that made you proscribe the tyrant? No, No. If, then, it was a deep sense of your duties that made you sentence him to death; if you thought you rescued the people from destruction; rally, I say, against those (pointing to the Girondists) who would have spared him?"

He was followed by Robespierre, who said:—"One head struck off, thousands bent themselves down at the sight." Marat, the most ferocious of the

party, was the representative of the working classes. He promised the complete overthrow of everything; but his career was suddenly stopped. A young woman, Charlotte Corday, of Caen, who had long noticed the murderous disposition of Marat, declared that whilst he lived, no one could be sure of existence, and resolved upon his death. She set out for Paris, under the pretence of leaving her hapless country, to seek a quiet home in England. She went to the house of Marat, with letters from Barbaroux, and obtained an interview, under the pretext of communicating some intelligence from Caen. He had just come out of the bath, and seated himself, half dressed, near to her. After asking her about the deputies of Caen, who were loyalists, he said, "In a few days, I'll have the whole of them guillotined. Immediately she plunged a knife into his heart. He cried "Help, help," to a servant in the room, and instantly expired. At her trial she avowed the act and gloried in ridding the world of such a monster. Her beauty and calmness so worked upon the feelings of Adam Lux, a young Deputy of Mentz, that he enthusiastically cried out, "It is beautiful to die with her. She is greater than Brutus: she deserves a statue;" which panegyric cost him his life. He was executed with the heroine a few days afterwards.

St. Just brought up the report of the twenty-one imprisoned Deputies. Brissot was described as a defender of kings, while he affected to be a cham-

pion of the Republic. They were immediately put upon their trial (October 31.) After five hours' examination, their eloquence was so unanswerable, in defending their crime of moderation, that Chaumette complained that they were wearied—it was a waste of time, and he proposed to disembarrass the Tribunal of forms; and the twenty-one were instantly condemned to death. In vain did some remonstrate that their names had hardly been mentioned. The business of the court, however, was not to reason, but to condemn. Valage, in a transport of indignation, stabbed himself in the presence of the judges. The next day at noon they were drawn to the *Place de la Revolution*, and in thirty-seven minutes the executioner had done his office. Thus perished the wisest and greatest philosophers in France. I recollect commiserating Lavoisier, the founder of chemical science, who was executed in another batch, comprising the Farmers General,* being one of that body—thirty-two in number; but whose names I do not find in any one of the historians of the period. He petitioned for a few days' respite, in order that he might conclude an important experiment in which he was engaged at the time he was seized; but this was denied.†

* Persons of ancient families, who purchased the taxes of the king, and were consequently obnoxious to the people.

† In the life of the Count Mallien (*vide Quarterly Review* for June, 1852) it appears that he was condemned to the guil-

Madame Roland was condemned, as the author of a work against the Republic. When carried to execution, she saw the newly-erected statue to Liberty. "Oh, Liberty!" she exclaimed, "how many crimes are committed in thy name!" Cruel was the fate of Bailly, the astronomer, who, with La Fayette, crushed the insurrection in the Champ de Mars. With his head bare, his hands tied behind his back—his body only covered with a shirt under a freezing sky—he slowly traversed the streets, amidst the howlings of the scum of Paris, whom he had restrained as a magistrate. Descending from the cart, he was made to lick the earth on which the blood of the people had been

lotine, along with the Farmers General. He says, "The illustrious Lavoisier was first informed of the edict, and had the courage to announce it to the rest. I never doubted my fate, as I was arrested with this party. I procured opium, and offered a share of the poison to the great philosopher, who, with a moral dignity, rejected the proposal, observing, 'To put ourselves to death would be to justify the madmen who have condemned us. Let us think of those who have preceded us; let us not leave a worse example to those who may follow us.' We were all drawn out before the wicket, and taken by four at a time, to each carriage. The turnkeys were all in tears. In an hour, twenty-four of our unfortunate companions had left the prison, the gaoler watching with obvious compassion each departure, while the municipal officers were drinking and shouting in his room. I was standing with the eight who remained, for my turn (being the thirty-third), came after them, when the gaoler said to me in a low voice, 'Go in; you are not wanted here.' I had only time to cast a glance at those I was leaving, and to see them smile at the hope of my deliverance. The door was shut upon me. Robespierre fell the next day, and I was free."

spilt. "Bailly, thou tremblest," said a miscreant. He replied, "My friend, it is with cold." The rest of the Girondists who had escaped, or secreted themselves, were hunted up, and on their persons being identified, were immediately guillotined.

The Duc D'Orleans, Philippe Egalitè, having insinuated early in the revolution, that he hoped to be made king, was charged as a conspirator against the Republic, and was drawn in a cart, with four others, to execution. His body was thrown without distinction among other carcasses into the burying ground of St. Mary Magdalene.

The surrender of Valenciennes to the allies formed the signal for new severities against the Queen. She was deprived of her son, and sent to the prison of malefactors, where she endured disgraceful insult and misery. Her keepers brutally made a profit by admitting people to see her, as a show. She was conducted to execution, like the lowest criminal, in a cart, with her hands tied behind her. Her emotion was visible when she came within sight of the Palace, the former abode of her magnificence and splendour. She cast but a look and hurried to her fate.

CHAPTER LVII.

DEATH OF THE KING'S SISTER.

At midnight, when Madame Elizabeth (the king's sister) was praying at the foot of the bed with the Princess Royal, they heard repeated knocks by the turnkeys at their chamber door. Madame hastened to dress herself to open it. "You must descend immediately." The aunt foresaw her fate, and rushed to enclose her niece in her arms. The Princess trembled. "Be tranquil my child," she said, "I will come again." "No citoyenne," rudely replied the jailor, "you will not re-ascend; take your bonnet." Madame uttered her last adieu to her niece, and was driven away.

At her trial not a single witness was called against her. Addressing herself to the judge, Fouquier, she said, "You call my brother a tyrant. If he had been what you say, you would not be where you are, nor I before you." Her life had been free from reproach; she was reserved to suffer the last of twenty-four, in order that she might see the end of Royalty.

In the thirty-three prisons of Paris, there were more than eleven thousand victims, who awaited the mockery of trial and death. Every other day they were drawn through the streets to execution, in batches of twenty, thirty, and forty—a horrid spectacle—demanded by the bloodthirsty populace.

The same unheard-of cruelties were going on in La Vendeè, Lyons, and the frontiers of France. Fourteen young ladies of Verdun, of irreproachable modesty, appearing like virgins for a hymenial feast, were led to the scaffold, for dancing at a ball given by Prussian officers. Two hundred and fifty Royalists were shot in one day, at Lyons. Although these atrocious acts were perpetrated without opposition, there was a growing hostility between the two factions—the Jacobins, headed by Robespierre, D'Herbois, Varennes, and St. Just; and the Cordeliers, by Herbert, Chaumette, and Cloots, who, amongst these wretches, were distinguished by treating with derision the Christian religion. All of these, with sixteen others, were seized and condemned by Robespierre. The night previous to their execution they were sent to the Luxembourg, where Cloots met with the Englishman, Paine, whom he reproached with retaining too many religious prejudices in his work, the *Age of Reason*.*

Herbert was petrified with terror. Cloots alone, of this worthless band, retained his self-possession, accusing Herbert of cowardice, and preached to him his favourite doctrine of materialism. Cloots finished his harangue, by quoting a French apologue, thus translated:—

"I dreamt that in my fellow clay,
Close by a beggar's side I lay."

* *Vide* Paine's narrow escape from the guillotine, vol. 1, page 272.

The quotation convinced the disputants that the morning would settle their differences.

CHAPTER LVIII.

DANTON.

What a relief was it to humanity, when tidings came that Robespierre had denounced Danton. We hoped that these two great elements of discord, nearly balanced in power, might destroy each other, and put a stop to this horrible commotion.

When Danton appeared among the Jacobins to render an account of his actions, a murmur ran through the hall. "I demand," said he, "to justify myself. I defy the malevolent. Their efforts cannot shake me." His declamation was so full and rapid, that the pen was incompetent to follow him. The bystanders were moved by his genius and eloquence. Robespierre, mounting the Tribune, said in a severe tone, "Danton, you demand proofs of the accusations brought against you. No one speaks. Then I will. It is said all were prepared to proclaim you Dictator; that neither Pitt, Cobourg, nor Prussia, were our most dangerous enemies; that it was *you*, and *you* alone. In the time of Dumouriez and treasons, I suspected Danton. I blamed him for not pursuing Brissot, with more

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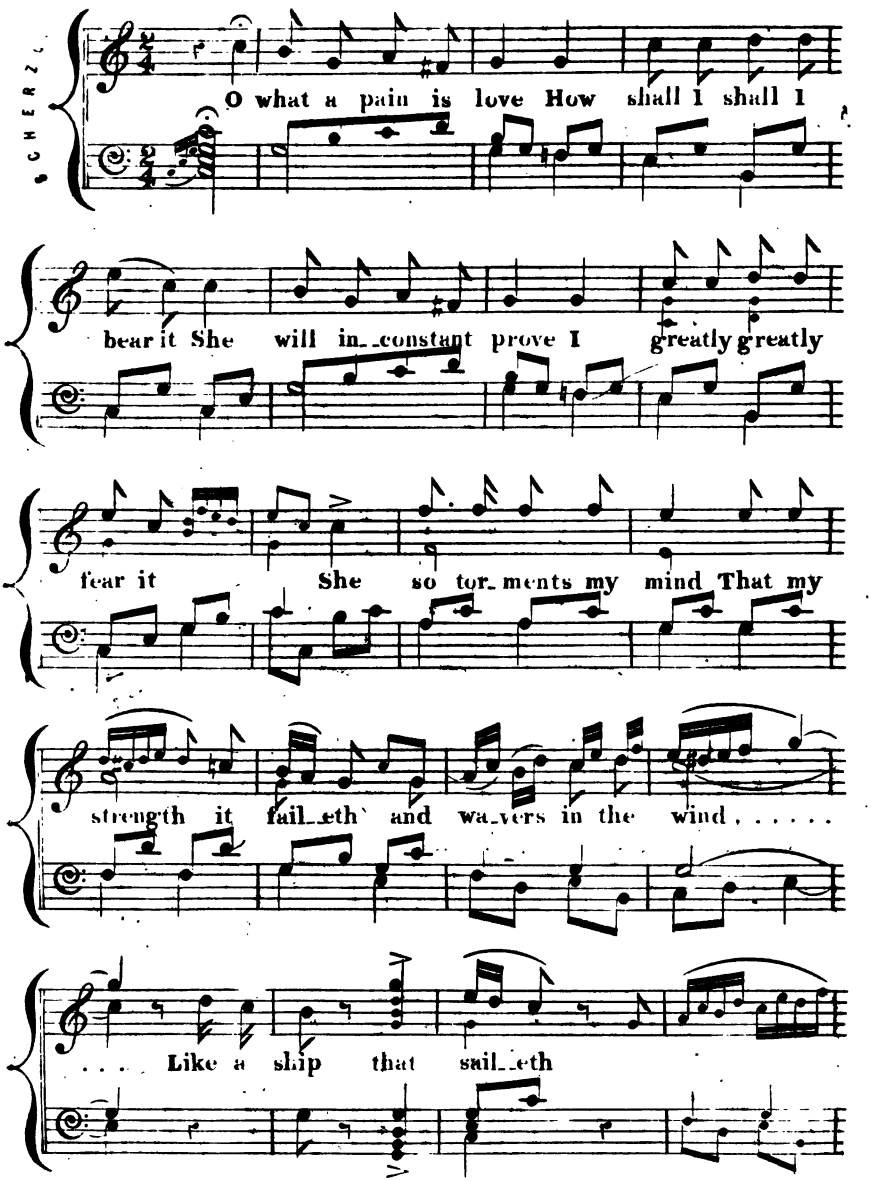
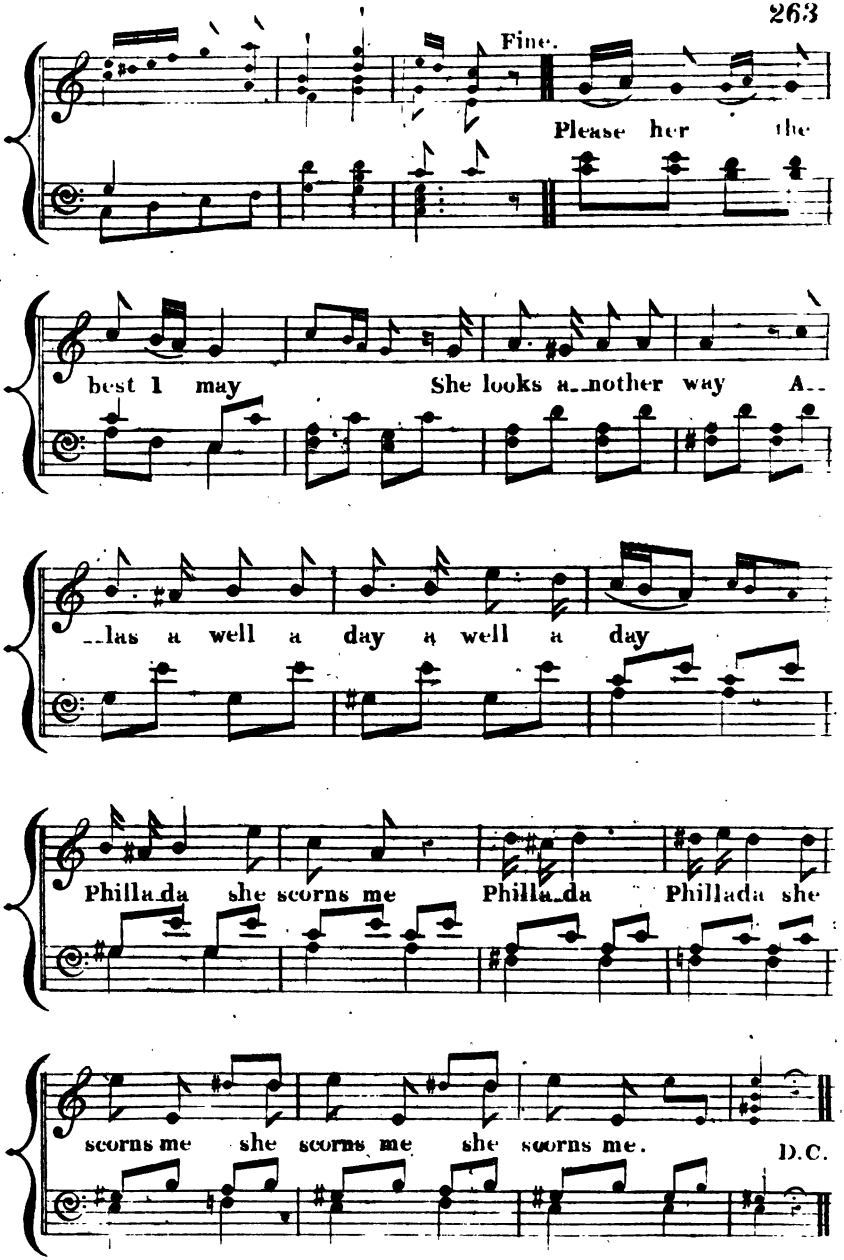

SCHERZO.
O what a pain is love How shall I shall I
bear it She will in_constant prove I greatly greatly
fear it She so tor_ments my mind That my
strength it fail_eth and wa_vers in the wind . . . . .
. . . . Like a ship that sail_eth

Fine.
Please her the
best I may
She looks a_nother way A_
_las a well a day a well a day
Philla_da she scorns me
Philla_da
Philla_da she
scorns me she scorns me she scorns me.
D.C.

vehemence. I swear that these are the only reproaches I now cast upon Danton." This speech saved Danton, but did not restore to him his lost credit. Camille Desmoulins also stood in need of excuse; for he had expressed pity for the condemnation of the Girondists. Robespierre loved this poetic young man, and his crime was overlooked. Robespierre hesitated to strike at Danton, who was gifted with exactly those faculties in which he was deficient—physical and instinctive courage. Danton retired from the Committee of Public Safety to his seat at Sevres, where he lived in affluence, surrounded by his friends. Fabre d'Eglantine said to him, "Danton, you are accused of enriching yourself, whilst Robespierre has remained poor, with treasures at his feet." "Well," replied Danton, "I love gold; he loves blood!"

An endeavour was made to reconcile the monsters. They met. "Would I be here," said Robespierre, "if I desired your head? Would I offer my hand to him whose assassination I meditated? Is it necessary that power should be terrible or not, when danger is extreme?" "Yes," said Danton, "but it ought not to be implacable. The Revolutionary Tribunal I invented was a rampart; you make it a slaughter-house. You strike without discrimination." "No!" said Robespierre, "and the proof is that you live." Danton passed two days at Sevres, without appearing to see what was plotting against him. In vain did Legendre

supplicate him to use precaution, and guard against Robespierre—either by flight or boldness. "They dare not attack me. I am stronger than they." Though he had given over the Jacobins to Robespierre, the Cordeliers to Herbert, and though the Convention had humbled to the Committee of Public Safety, yet his friends relied on his eloquence to recover his ascendency. Instigated by Robespierre, St. Just demanded that Danton, Phillipeaux, and Camille Desmoulins, should be arrested and sent to the Tribunal. Robespierre was silent: no one dare oppose it. Barrere signed the order. A servant of the Committee overheard something of what was passing, through a chink in the door, and ran to Danton's house to offer him an asylum. Danton sat still. His young wife besought him to fly. For a moment he was silent—then replied, "Who dares to touch me?" and went to sleep again. In the morning he exclaimed, "Ah! Danton arrested; who then is safe? Twelve months ago, I formed this Tribunal. I crave pardon of God and man. Robespierre will follow me—I will drag him after me. Oh! 'twere better to be a fisherman than I." Judge Fouquier interrogated Danton upon his trial: "What is your name and place of abode?" to which he replied, "Danton of the Revolution—my abode soon will be Annihilation; but I shall live in the Pantheon of History." At the same hour they tore away Camille Desmoulins from the arms of his Lucille. This despairing young woman, just deprived of her father by the

scaffold, incessantly rambled about the Luxembourg, to see Camille, or to be seen by him at a distance. At four o'clock, the executioners came to tie their hands, and cut off their hair. Camille could not believe to the last that Robespierre would abandon him. Danton was the last to ascend the scaffold. Never was he more haughty in the Tribune. His boldness in meeting death procured respect, and even sympathy. With fire flashing from his eyes, his stentorian voice reached to distant thousands, who re-echoed his words. Falling into gentleness, he said, "I have enjoyed my moments of existence. I have tasted life (making a gesture with his head, as if about to repose on a pillow), I now go to sleep."

CHAPTER LIX.

ROBESPIERRE.

From this period it was hoped that a milder tyranny would ensue; but the very contrary was the case. The haughty reserve of Robespierre and the dogmatism of St. Just, incensed the members of the Convention. All ex-nobles and foreigners were forbidden to remain in Paris. Citizens were bound to denounce persons who complained of the revolution, by which many innocent people were condemned as conspirators.

In the Herbert faction Atheism was destroyed, and

as inveterate haters of the priests, Robespierre had instituted a natural religion. "How infinitely different," says he, "is the God of nature from the God of the clergy. They disfigure the Supreme Being. They believe in a God of their own image. They make him jealous, capricious, cruel, and implacable. They have exiled him into heaven, to call upon him there, to serve them, for wealth, honours, pleasures, and power. The true priest of the Supreme Being, is nature; his temple, the universe; his adoration, virtue; his fêtes, the joy of a great people under his eyes." He instituted a fête in honour of the Supreme Being, of which David the painter contrived the drama and decorations. The tricoloured dresses of the females, their garlands of oak and flowers, were superb. Like the high priest of antiquity, Robespierre ascended the mountain raised in the Champ de Mars, from the very top of which he harangued the people. The Republicans admired the festival, but dreaded the height to which he was attaining. The lower orders began to perceive that the guillotine was fast approaching them, and a conspiracy against the arch-ruler was forming among the few Savans who had weathered the revolution—Collot D'Herbois, Barnàve, Barrere, and Carnot.* Robespierre was accused. He appeared in the same costume

* Carnot, a man of the greatest ability in military affairs. I saw him at a levee of Miss Helen Maria Williams, and saw Lord Holland show him great respect.

as at the fête of the Supreme Being, and defended himself in a powerful speech. Billaud Varrenes charged him with the intention of massacreing the Convention. Tallien, impatient to bring about the grand crisis, rose and denounced him as a traitor. He was seized and sent to the Luxembourg. The gaolers were so awe-struck, that they could not be prevailed upon to thrust him into a dungeon. The masses would not permit the great accused to be torn from them. He was rescued and escorted to the Hotel de Ville, and surrounded by his friends.

A detachment of National Guards, under the command of Leonard Burdon was charged to take him prisoner. Burdon found him defended by a body of troops. He threw himself between the two battalions and harangued them, on their duty to France and the Convention; upon which they grounded their arms. Burdon ascended the stairs, and found Robespierre sitting in a thoughtful posture amidst his friends. He rushed upon him, with the point of his sabre at his breast. "Yield, traitor!" he cried; when Robespierre replied, "I'll have thee instantly shot!"—upon which Burdon fired at his head. The ball hit him on the chin, and shattered his lower jaw. The utmost confusion took place, and some leaped out of the windows. As the clock struck six, carts arrived to convey to the scaffold, Robespierre, his brother, Couthon, Henriot, Lebas, and St. Just, who were all mangled with wounds. The streets, and

even the roofs of the houses, were covered with spectators. The women were dressed as for a fête. Those who had lost their husbands clung to the carts, uttering execrations against Robespierre, while thousands on every side showered down their yells and insults upon the monsters, whom they had worshipped only the preceding day.

Thus ended the great epoch of the French Revolution. The last five days were as five centuries to France. The Convention were astonished at its unexpected emancipation. Every voice in the street was heard in tones of joy and thanksgiving. Parents and friends greeted each other, as they met with tears of joy in their eyes. "Never," says Lamartine, "did any country since the commencement of Christianity, produce in so short a space of time such an irruption of ideas, men, nations, characters, geniuses, talents, catastrophes, crimes, and virtues, as during the convulsive throes of five years, called the Revolution of France! Neither the age of Cæsar Octavius at Rome, nor Charlemagne, nor the age of Pericles in Athens, nor Leo X., in Italy, nor Louis XIV., in France, nor Cromwell in England. It was as if the earth was in labour—a deadly struggle for the cause of human reason, more glorious than the victories of armies that succeeded it. It acquired for the world inalienable truths, instead of acquiring for a nation the precarious increase of provinces. It enlarged the domain of mind, instead of extending the limits of a people."

CHAPTER LX.

DRYDEN'S ODE—ST. CECILIA'S DAY.

Upon the death of Robespierre, we confidently hoped that France would return to a state of something like order and humanity. England and the provinces were filled with emigrants. The Royal family of Bourbons were domesticated at Donington Park, in this county, enjoying the hospitality of Lord Moira. The emigrants looked forward to a speedy return to their mansions and friends. Numerous speculations took place in trade and commerce, and among others, was the publication of the *Monthly Magazine*, by Sir Richard Phillips. At his instance I wrote a criticism upon Handel's music, probably the first that appeared in the publications of the day. I introduced it by saying that the Abbey festivals had brought forwards a rich fund of Handel's works, new to the public, and went on to describe Dryden's Ode to St. Cecilia's Day, which had been set to music by him, and though in my opinion equal to any of his works, as almost unknown. The following quotations, from the effusion, will show my admiration of this author, then our greatest composer:—

This piece opens, by way of overture, with nearly the whole of his fifth grand concerto. The following recitative is finely accompanied:—

"From harmony, from heavenly harmony,
This universal frame began;
When Nature, underneath a heap of jarring atoms lay,
And could not heave her head."

The restrain which appears in the violin parts, from the introduction of flats in the two last lines, admirably expresses the force of the words,

"The tuneful voice was heard on high,
'Arise, ye more than dead!'
Then cold and hot, and moist and dry,
In order to their stations lead."

The contrivance here is too light and whimsical. A universal modification of nature must have been truly grand, and is not to be expressed by the hopping semiquavers.

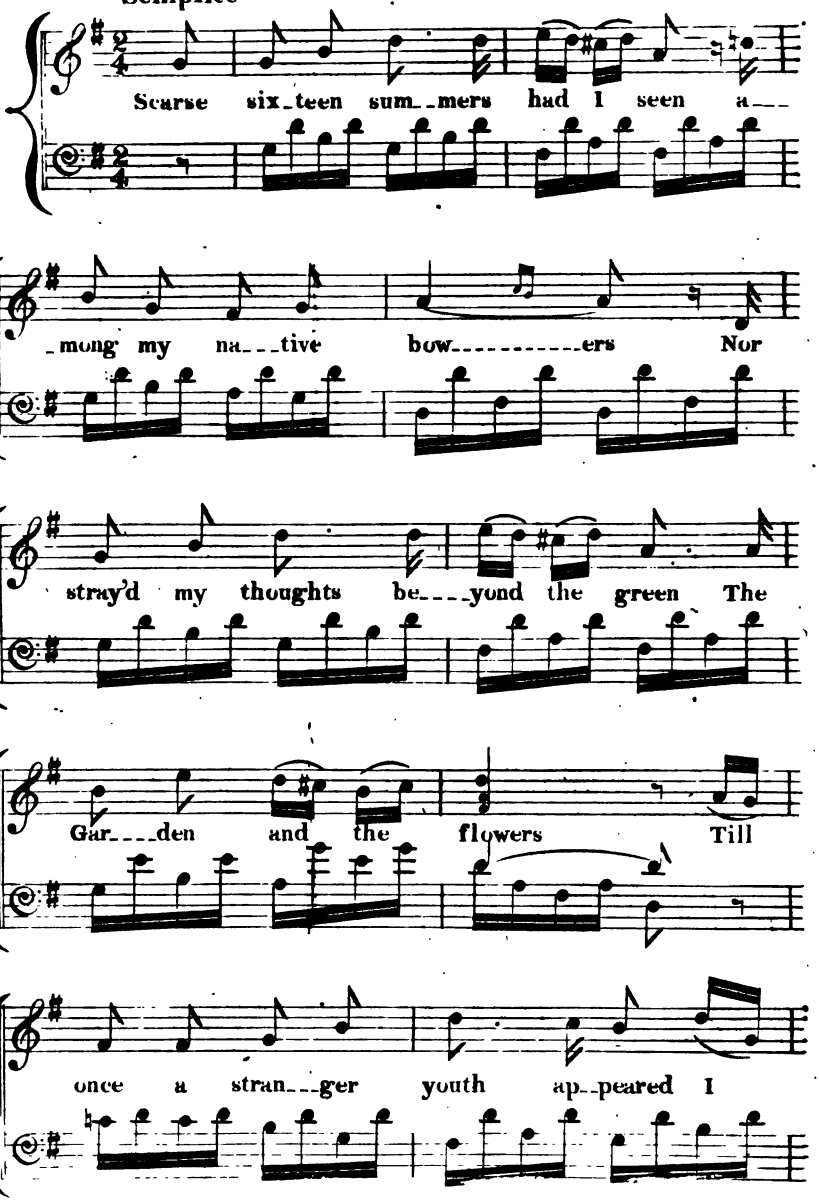
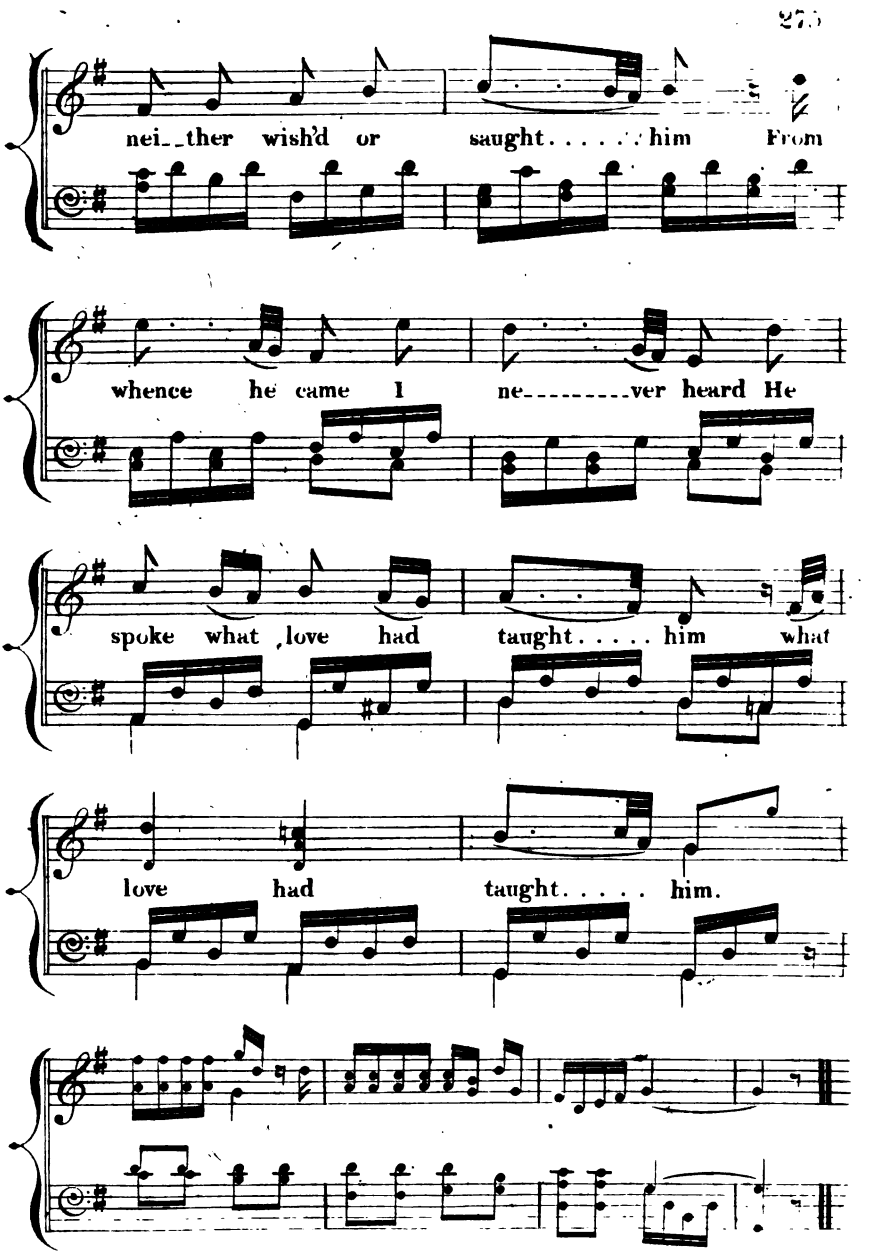
CHORUS.

"From harmony, from heavenly harmony,
This universal frame began;
Thro' all the compass of the notes it ran
The diapason closing full in man." *

The words of the third line are happily expressed by the trebles and altos running up the notes of the diatonic scale, while the last line is executed by the tenors and basses in the descending scale in unison, the bass taking the notes an octave lower than the tenor, thus expressing the meaning of the word diapason.

* The diapason is a set of pipes in an organ which is considered as the ground-work or principal part of that instrument.

SONG.

Semplice

Scarse six_teen sum_mers had I seen a_
_mong my na_tive bow_ers Nor
stray'd my thoughts be_yond the green The
Gar_den and the flowers Till
once a stran_ger youth ap_peared I

nei_ther wish'd or saught . . . . . him From
whence he came I ne_____ver heard He
spoke what love had taught . . . . . him what
love had taught . . . . . him.

Had Dr. Johnson been more of a musician, he might have gathered a definition of the word, from this poem instead of informing us that "diapason is a term in music."

SONG.—"What passion cannot music raise and quell."

The symphony to this song is not to be equalled for excellent composition. It has an ad libitum accompaniment for the violoncello, and, when played by a Crosdil or a Lindley, a more enchanting morceau cannot be found. I must express my passionate fondness for the chord of the seventh, which is so elegantly introduced upon the pause. The succeeding passage gives utterance to by far the sweetest tones upon the violoncello. The brilliant violins so complete the subject, that I could have been satisfied had it ended here; but I am of opinion that Handel made this song more to shew the power of the instrumental performer than that of the singer.

SONG.—"The trumpets loud clangor excites us to arms."

The subject of this song and chorus is well calculated to shew the clang and fire of the trumpet, and is an inspiring military air. In this chorus, I observe one of those inaccuracies into which Handel has sometimes fallen; namely, the wrong accenting of the

poetry, probably from his not, at that time, having a thorough knowledge of our language.

"The double double beat of the thund'ring drum."

Here the little insignificant article *the*, by coming upon the bar, is made the most emphatic word in the line, whereas the first syllable of *thun*-d'ring ought to have had that place; and, as it now stands, a person with a good ear finds a difficulty in singing it. On the whole, this is a most pleasing and animating chorus.

SONG.—"The soft complaining flute."

This is a plaintive air well adapted to shew the excellency of the flute—that is, its peculiar delicacy of tone.

"But, oh, what art can teach,
What human voice can reach,
The sacred organ's praise?"

This larghetto movement admirably displays the rich and mellifluous tones of the diapasons, in a fine series of harmony, accompanied, *mezzo piano*, by the stringed instruments, the solemn organ being heard at regular intervals, throughout.

SONG.—"Orpheus could lead the savage race."

The symphony of this song is a kind of hornpipe in the minor key of D; I suppose, intended to express the moving powers of this deity upon the savage audience. But I much doubt, whether many of his

brutes could find sufficient agility to keep time, the movement being rather too quick for his elephants or buffaloes.

"As from the power of sacred lays,
The spheres began to move."

A charming solo for Madame Mara, *Senza orchestra* requiring great strength and evenness of voice. After which, an ingenious idea is given of the motion of the second orb (in the second line) by the instrumental part, decorating the full chorus.

"So when the last and dreadful hour,
This crumbling pageant shall devour."

The resolution of the chord upon the word dreadful, in the chorus following, is literally *dreadful;* and shows how discord, when scientifically disposed, is capable of raising the passions.

"The trumpet shall be heard on high."

This vocal solo, *Senza orchestra,* takes the natural notes of the instrument, and a response follows from the trumpet, with great effect. I am persuaded, this part can never fail to operate most powerfully upon an audience, as well as the following chorus:—

"The dead shall live, the living die,
And music shall untune the sky."

This is wrought up to the highest pitch, by a most musical fugue. Nothing can surpass it for solemn grandeur. The clang and strokes at intervals,

from the trumpets, trombones, and drums towards the conclusion, operate like electrical shocks upon the human frame, while the smooth cadence is heard between, from the voices. This ode is properly brought to a climax with a grand chorus. In a word, I am warranted in concluding, that it is a masterpiece of composition, and may be truly ranked as one of the sublimest productions of human genius.

CHAPTER LXI.

SILKEN SHOES.

On reading Bulwer's Caxtons, the mention of Ellen Bolding, a country lass in her silken shoes, brought to my recollection an incident that occurred to me on leaving Paris in 1802. I was charged by the police with having talked about the Consul Bonaparte, with too much freedom, and was admonished not to open my lips again upon politics during my stay. Alarmed, I instantly waited upon my friend, Mr. Stone, who was intimate with the minister, Fouchè, to get my passport signed, that I might leave Paris without delay. It was fortunate that I did so, or I might have been kicking my heels as a detenue at Verdun for eight or nine years afterwards.

Early in the morning I was at the coach office; but when we were about to set off, it was discovered

that one of the wheels of the diligence was broken, and workmen were sent for to repair it. Vexed at being driven away for what is considered no crime in England, I could not refrain from launching out into some furious expressions against the thoughtless French character. My remarks occasioned a laugh among the by-standers, and I saw a smile on the face of two ladies, who, I supposed, were my countrywomen. The vehicle being repaired, I accosted them, and found them to be an English lady and her daughter, on their return home. I proposed that we three should engage the coupèe to ourselves, which was readily assented to. The old lady, who had a sharp face and a quick manner, would have placed herself in the middle; but this I protested against, as it would have deprived me of the pleasure of conversing with her daughter, who had pleased me with the few words she had spoken. I soon found they had been travelling alone all over Europe, well able to take care of themselves. It was well I had insisted upon this arrangement, as a more garrulous piece of goods than the elder lady I never came near, and I should have been dreadfully annoyed by her tongue. The young lady—Miss Ryllis, but whose real name was the more poetic one of Amaryllis—was more reserved. I could not judge of her personal charms, as she was so muffled up in travelling dresses. Who has not felt the force of woman's eyes; whether black, blue, or brown? Of those of Miss Amaryllis I have no recollection; but

I was charmed with a lovely row of teeth, which lighted up her face with irresistible smiles. At every hill we came to, we got out of the lumbering diligence to walk, which was a great relief, and I enjoyed her conversation and humorous remarks upon the country people, who were equally diverted, as she spoke French like a native.

Before we had passed the first day, I suspected I was falling into love, but why, I could not tell. Certainly it was not the fascinating power of beauty that charmed me, it was a *naivetè;* an indescribable something that disturbed me exceedingly. As the shades of evening drew on, and the excitement of ever-varying scenery ceased, conversation flagged, and we soon dropped into a state of forgetfulness. Sprightly as my companion had been through the day—in the middle of the night I awoke and found her fast asleep, with her head reclining on my shoulder. I felt her warm breath upon my cheek. There was an end to my repose; stir I dare not for fear of awaking her, and never was I more critically fixed. To my great relief Aurora came, and gently touched her with her rosy fingers, and my nymph started into life, greatly alarmed at the position in which she found herself.

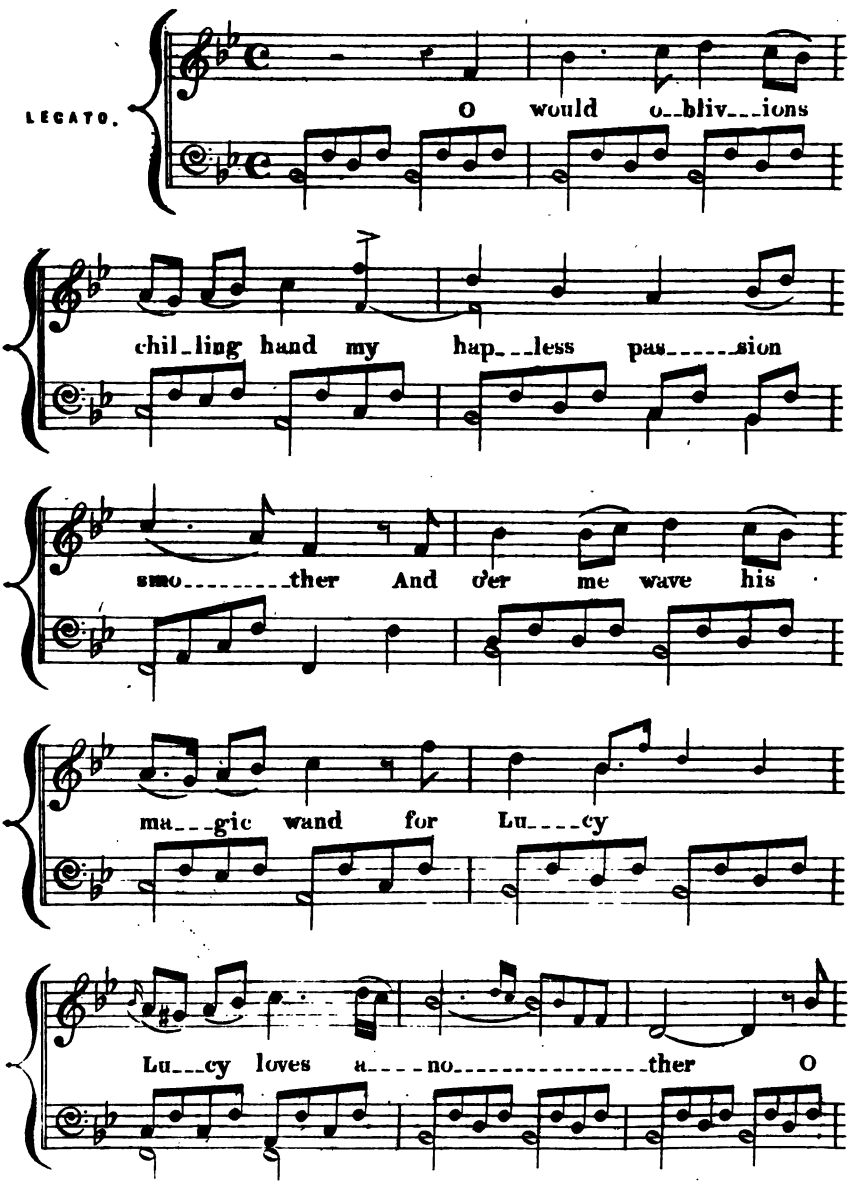
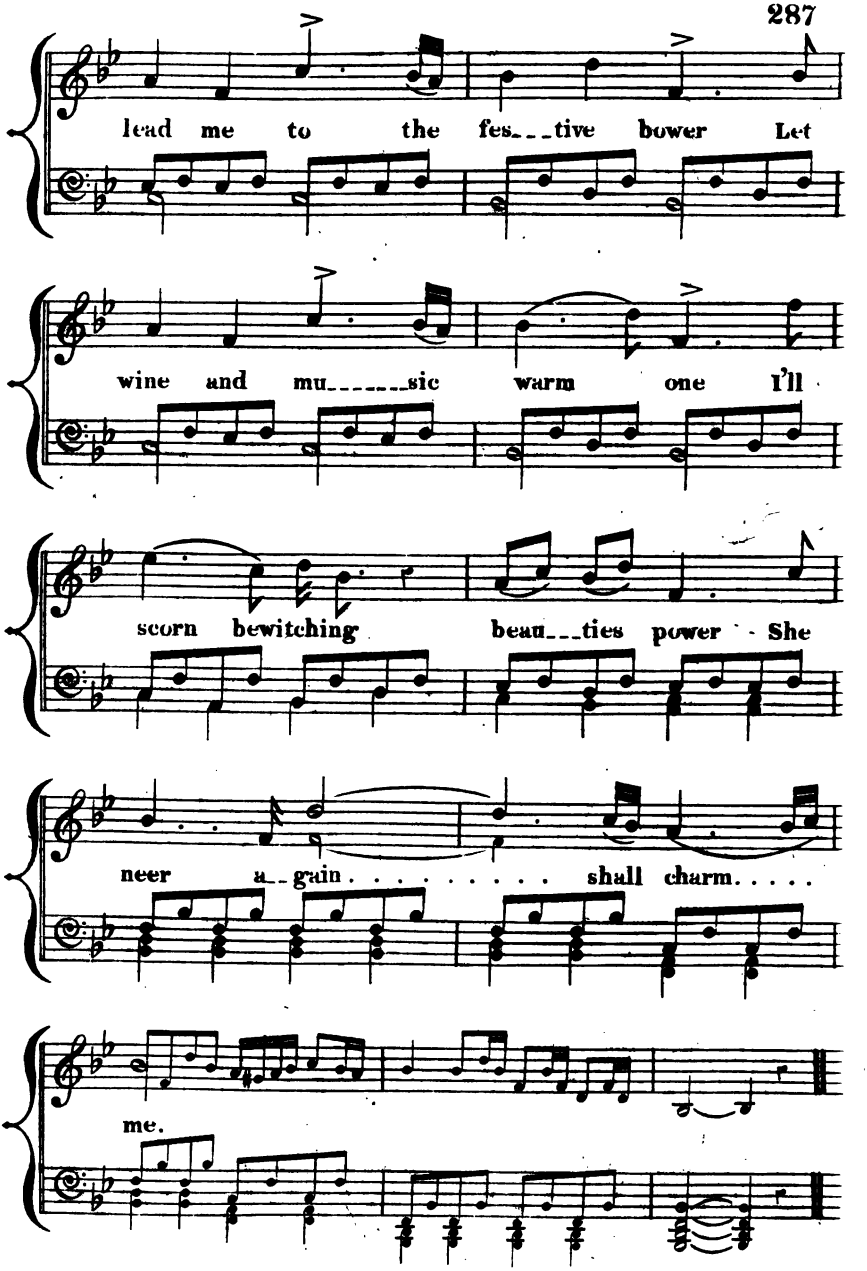
Most of the inns were turned into barracks, and we were driven to a barber's shop, where breakfast was prepared for us. When we arrived at the column, near Boulogne, which marks the spot where Rozier and his companion fell from the balloon, the carriage

stopped, and I prevailed upon Miss Amaryllis to translate the inscription, which she did very cleverly, and had the thanks of the English passengers. Early in our conversation I found the ladies had visited the family of the Rev. Mr. Ross, at Leicester, with whom I was well acquainted. This at once accredited me in their good opinion. When we arrived at Calais, my companions received an invitation, in which I was included, to dine at a merchant's. While they were making their toilette, I strolled upon the sands, and helped Madame Garnerin out of a quandary, she being nearly surrounded by the tide. I returned just in time for my appointment; and as I stood at the bottom of the stairs, a female came trotting down, gaudily dressed in dark purple silk stockings, with staring yellow clocks, and yellow silk shoes. I gazed with horrible emotion. It was the nymph of my heart, who had made such a fool of herself. My love vanished in an instant. I feigned a sudden illness, and declined the proposed visit, saying that I should hastily return home by the first packet, which would sail in an hour. I have never seen those staring colours since, without being horrified.

CHAPTER LXII.

CLARI.

Among the charming voices of my friends, none was sweeter than that of the lovely Clari. At the age of sixteen, she returned from school in France, with the bloom of youth and all the polish of that country. With what eclât some make their entrè into life, while others creep on the stage unseen. Music is peculiarly a female accomplishment. It brings into view the finest feelings of a woman's mind, and imparts a grace to society. As a pianist, Clari had a brilliant execution, and played the fantasias of Herz (whose pupil she was) with marked expression. His pastorale sonata is remarkable for its originality, especially in the passage upon the lower keys of the bass. It reminds me of an effect in rolling a fragment of rock into Eldon hole—a fathomless gulph in Derbyshire, which produces a series of under-ground thunders frightfully grand. The harp, which she occasionally touched, is peculiar for the distinctness of its tones, which never incommodes the voice. Men treat it rudely. The female hand alone can elicit its delicate language. As a vocalist, this gentle lady had less pretension. Her reserve kept her from everything like display, and seldom could she be prevailed upon to sing. When this timidity was overcome, you were

SONG.

LEGATO.
O would o_bliv___ions
chil_ling hand my hap___less pas_____sion
smo_____ther And o'er me wave his
ma___gic wand for Lu____cy
Lu___cy loves a____no_____ther O

lead me to the fes___tive bower Let
wine and mu_____sic warm one I'll
scorn bewitching beau___ties power She
neer a__gain . . . . . shall charm. . . . .
me.

charmed with a pathetic expression. The elegance of this heroine was not confined to the drawing-room; she had a pretty figure, and whatever she did was with liberal grace. She rode intrepidly and occasionally appeared in the field at the meet of Sir Harry Goodricke's hounds. Well mounted, with an ostrich feather in her beaver, she flew like Camilla, with a host of flatterers in her train. On the fox breaking cover, those old in the sport, shot away like lightning, leaving the captivated beaux entangled in the toils of love, so great is the charm of beauty's power. Wherever she appeared she was followed by gazing eyes, like a butterfly with painted wings, flitting from flower to flower. Take courage, ye Lotharios in the counsel of the following

SONG.—(Page 298.)

"Everything doth pass away;
There is danger in delay:
Come, gather, then, the rose;
Gather it, or it you lose.
No longer, then, the thought delay,
Come, take the rose, while yet you may."

CHAPTER LXIII.

NATIONAL SONG.

It is said the English have no national music. The assertion is true; our music, like our language, is made up of words and expressions borrowed from foreign countries. To account for this we must particularly notice the history of the art of poetry and song. Of all instruments, the human voice is the most pure and sonorous; and, in the mild climates of Greece and Italy, it ripens and comes to perfection. The primitive tones which nature has impressed upon us, and which we utter instinctively, are without doubt, the rudiments of speech; and by an easy transition are converted into song. Even savages, we find, express the agreeable passions in a language that often rises into touching simplicity, and which they readily combine with rhythm and gesture, producing dance. Hence, we say, that out of melody and dance, poetry arises; that it is inherent in nature, however rude, and has ever existed in all stages of society. The ancient Greeks, under the enlarged sense of the term *music*, doubtless meant the union of the three sister graces, poetry, melody, and dance. They needed no art to join them, for they naturally produce each other. Out of this combination the voice becomes animated, and pleasure gives birth to song. Before the inven-

tion of writing, and the use of books, poetry must have been necessary to record events, and to carry them down from one age to another. Of the Greeks it is said that their lawgivers were bards, who composed the laws in verse, and sang them to the lyre. Their ancient gods, were styled singers. Pindar and Homer called them dancers; and Sculptors put into the hands of the statues of their gods, musical instruments, as symbols of their office, representing harmony and order.

The euphony of a language is the first incentive to song, and gave birth to oratory and the vocal art amongst the Greeks. The voice, in these sunny climes, blooms like a flower, and expands to perfection. To come nearer to our own times, let us trace the origin of song, from the time of the Troubadours. These minstrels were an order of men in the middle ages, who subsisted by the art of poetry and music, and sang their ditties in the Romaic tongue, which, like the Italian, was a language of nature, replete with sound—not like the crabbed German, or the Latin, with its dead terminations, or the nasal French. It was a language of passion and feeling. With this class of persons, music seemed to level all distinctions. The young sons of noble families, who had the requisite talent, thought it not beneath them to take up the character of a minstrel, passing from castle to castle, where they were always welcomed, and lavishly entertained. Many followed their lords to the wars, and

arrived at extraordinary honors and preferments. Even kings and queens have sometimes pulled off their finest vestments to give to a Troubadour of extraordinary talent. Ladies crowned their favourites with peacock's feathers, and frequently the price of the best song was a kiss, which the poet claimed from the greatest beauty present. As the songs of the Troubadours were strongly tinctured with the marvellous, everything incredible or fanciful, was called *Romantic*. To these songs and legends it is said, Dante and Petrarch, owe much of their excellence.

At this period, poetry was greatly in advance of music; but our language, being so heterogeneous a mixture, was not sufficiently settled to serve for the purposes of song. This was not the case with Scotland, where a language, fluent and vocal, already prevailed. The court of Scotland was in close alliance with that of France; and the Troubadours who visited the northern capital, mainly contributed to improve their music. These minstrels sat at the tables of kings, and were better rewarded than the clergy. In their journies, they paid their reckoning at taverns with a song.

> "In Normandy, a song or tale,
> Is current coin for wine or ale:
> Nor does the friendly host require
> For bed or board a better hire."

We are indebted to Chaucer, the great improver of our language, and the father of English poetry, for the

first specimens of English song. We may learn from scattered passages in the *Canterbury Tales*, that music in his time was just beginning to be practised. The following song will be found in the second volume of this work, set to music by myself:—

SONG.—(PAGE 637.)

"From sweet bewitching tricks of love,
Young men your hearts secure,
Lest from the paths of sense you rove,
In dotage premature.

"Look at each lass, thro' Wisdom's glass,
Nor trust the naked eye,
Gallants beware, look sharp, take care,
The blind eat many a fly."

Shakspere sometimes introduced into his plays the ballads of his time, which were often sung to tasteless and vulgar tunes, but none were so good as those he wrote himself. The following is admirably set to music by a modern composer:—

SONG.

"Sigh no more ladies—ladies sigh no more;
Men were deceivers *ever*;
One foot on sea, and one on shore,
To one thing constant *never*.
Then sigh not so, but let them go,
And be you blithe and bonny,
Converting all your sounds of woe,
To hey nonny, nonny."

What is more beautiful than the following, from Othello :—

SONG.

"My mother had a maid, called Barbara;
She was in love; and *he* she loved proved mad,
And did forsake her; she had a song of willow;
An old thing 'twas; but it express'd her fortune,
And she died singing it. That song, to-night,
Will not go from my mind, I have much to do,
But to go hang my head all at one side,
And sing it, like poor Barbara."

The constant wars in which England was engaged for five hundred years were destructive of the arts. Like birds of passage, they now and then visited us and fled. The reign of Elizabeth was the longest calm the nation had experienced. Then the arts began to take root, and our church composers, under the reformed religion, evinced the highest talent. The church music was much patronized by the clergy and court.

After Shakspere, we may place Marlow, Drayton, and Raleigh, at the head of our song-writers. Isaac Walton has preserved the following beautiful stanzas. He says:—"While angling, I left this place, and entered into the next field. Here, a second pleasure entertained me: it was a handsome milkmaid, that had not yet attained so much age and wisdom as to load her mind with any fears of many things that never will be; she cast away all care, and sung like a nightingale; her voice was good, and the ditty fitted for it. It was that smooth song made by

Kit Marlow, fifty years ago; and the milkmaid's mother sang an answer to it, which was made by Sir Walter Raleigh in his younger days. They were old-fashioned poetry, but choicely good: I think much better than the strong lines that are now in fashion in this critical age."

SONG.

"Come, live with me and be my love,
And we will all the pleasures prove:
That grove and valley, hill, and field,
Or woods and steepy mountains yield.

"And I will make thee beds of roses,
And twine a thousand fragrant posies;
A cap of flowers and rural kirtle,
Embroider'd o'er with leaves of myrtle.

The songs of Daniel, Carew, Brown, and Lovelace, are pre-eminent in neatness and delicate sentiment. These may be justly called the love poets of England. The following, by Daniel, is full of pretty conceits:—

"Love is a sickness full of woes,
All remedies refusing;
A plant, that most with *cutting grows*,
More *barren* with best using.
Why so! why so!
More we enjoy it, more it dies,
If not enjoyed, it sighing cries,
Heigho! heigho!

"Love is a torment of the mind,
A tempest everlasting;
And Jove hath made it of a kind,
Not well, nor full, nor fasting;
Why so! why so!

More we enjoy it, more it dies,
If not enjoyed, it sighing cries,
Heigho! heigho!"

Neither the foregoing, nor the following exquisite little poem, by Brown, has ever been set to music. The *naivetè* of both induced me to marry my music to them, which is much below such pretty lines. The reader may find the music to both in the previous volumes:—

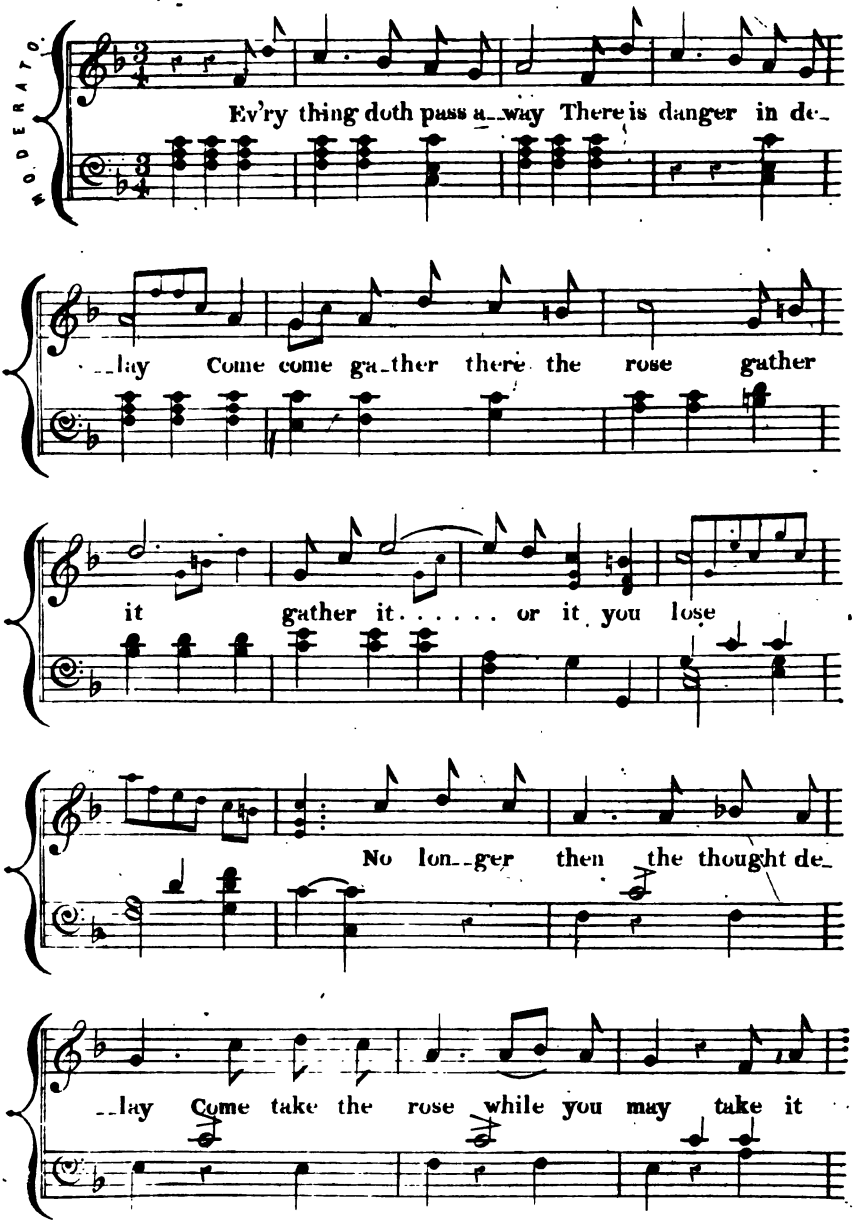
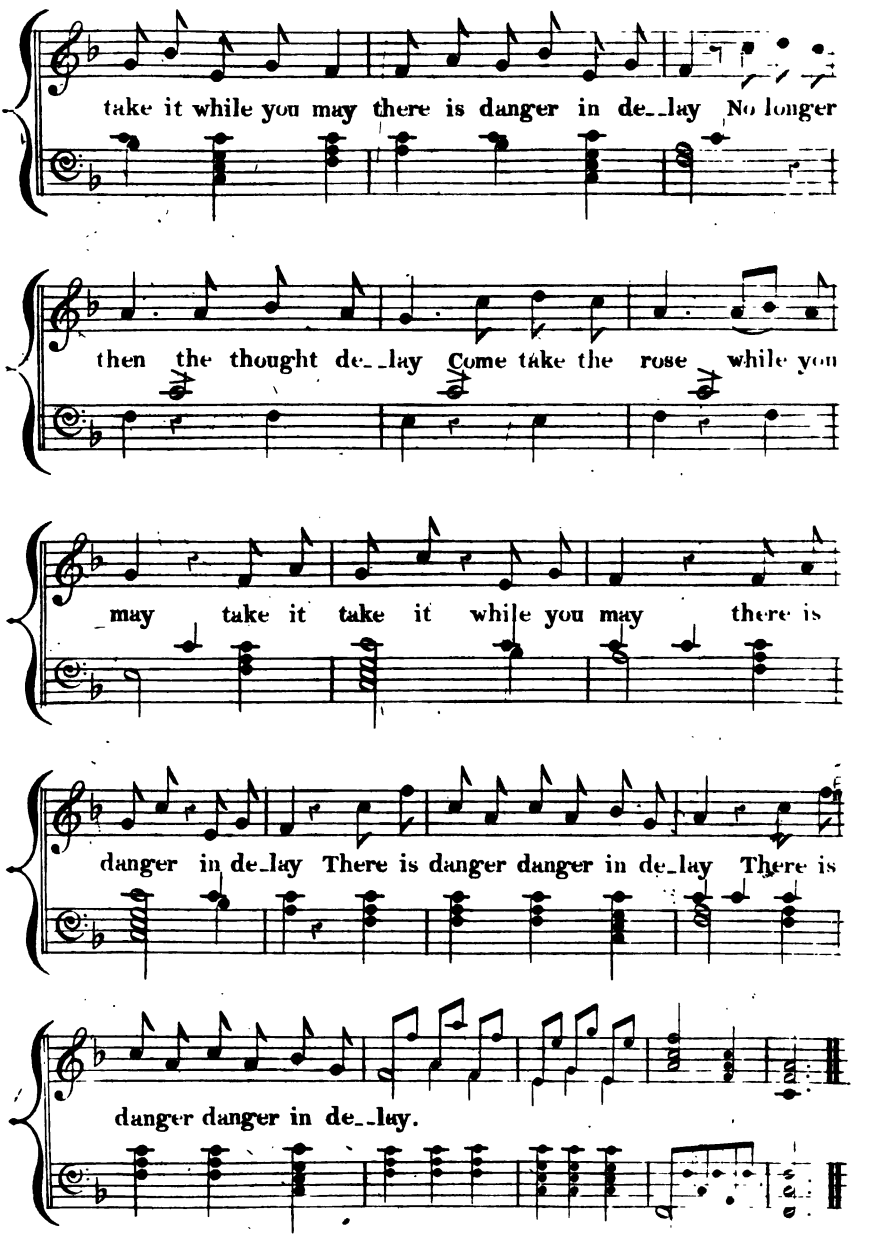
SONG.

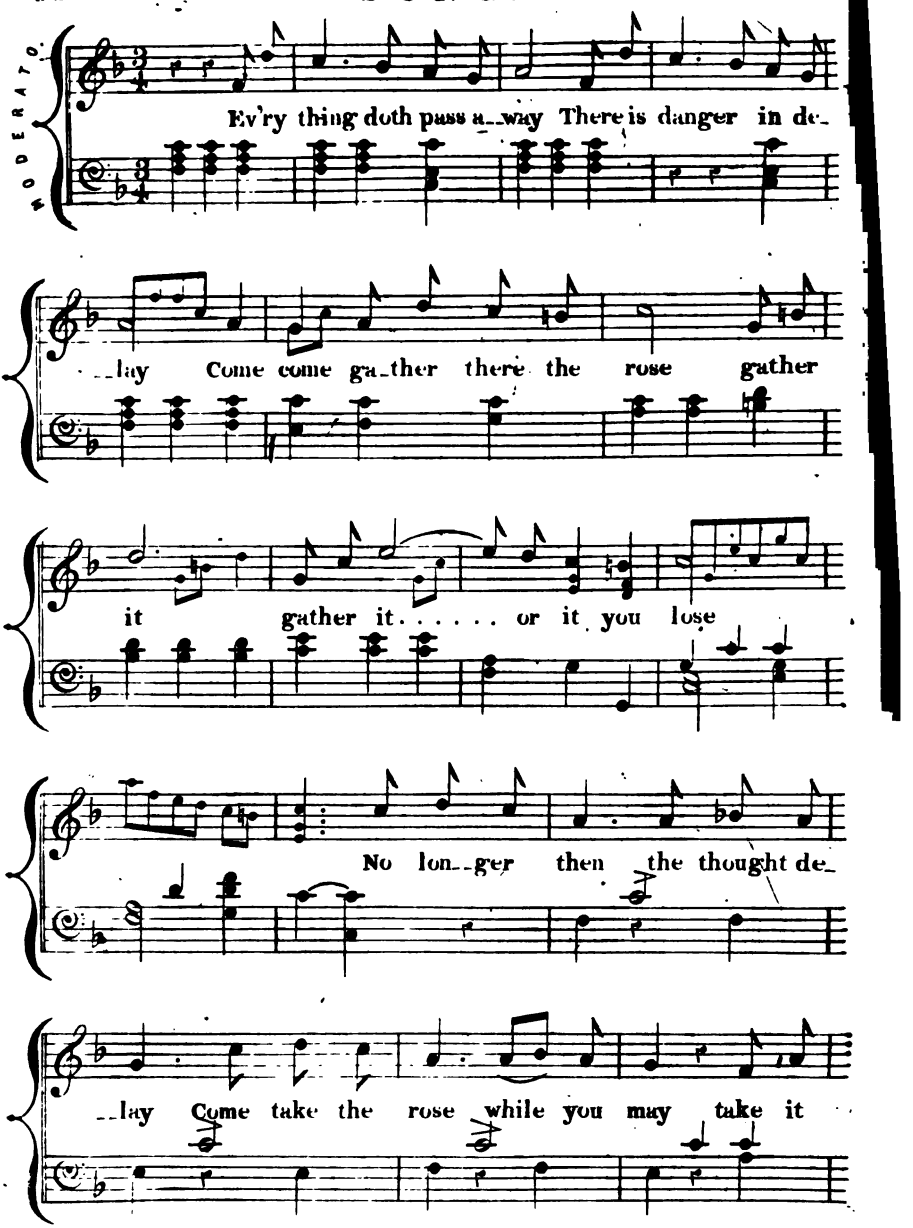
"Shall I tell you whom I love;
Hearken, then, a while to me:
And if such a woman move,
As I now shall verify,
Be assur'd 'tis she or none,
That *I* love, and love alone."

The classical style of our church composers was especially suited to Bacchanalian subjects. I do not recollect that they ever wrote a love song. The music of the following, by Wise, is a specimen of genius that has never been equalled. Wise wrote many excellent anthems, and was patronized by Charles II., to whose taste he occasionally lowered himself:—

SONG.—(Page 237, Vol. 2.)

"Old Chiron thus preached
To his pupil, Achilles:—
I'll tell you, young gentleman,
What the fate's will is.

SONG.

MODERATO.
Ev'ry thing doth pass a_way There is danger in de_
_lay Come come ga_ther there the rose gather
it gather it . . . . . or it you lose
No lon_ger then the thought de_
_lay Come take the rose while you may take it

take it while you may there is danger in de_lay No longer
then the thought de_lay Come take the rose while you
may take it take it while you may there is
danger in de_lay There is danger danger in de_lay There is
danger danger in de_lay.

SONG.

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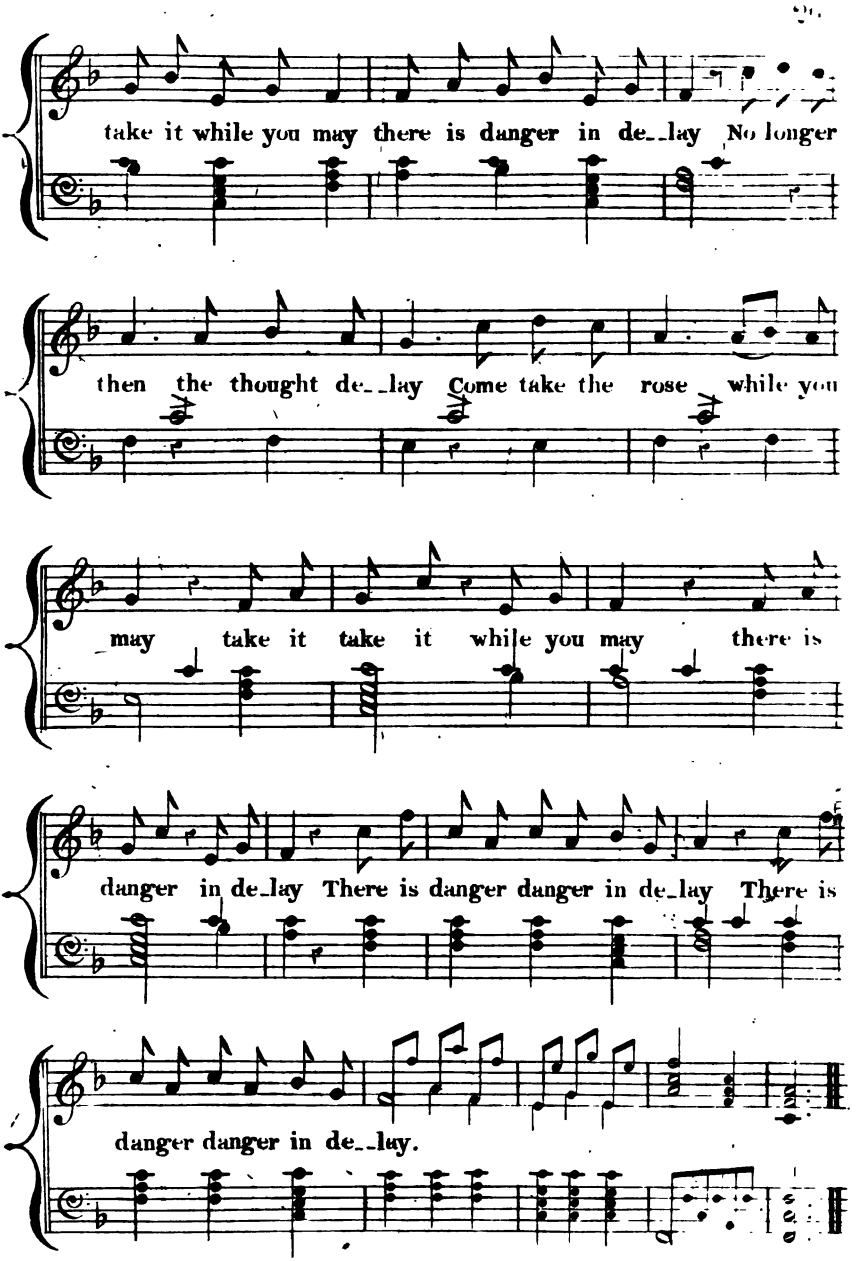
take it while you may there is danger in de_lay No longer
then the thought de_lay Come take the rose while you
may take it take it while you may there is
danger in de_lay There is danger danger in de_lay There is
danger danger in de_lay.

" You, my boy, must go,
(The Gods will have it so,)
To the siege of Troy:

" Thence never to return to Greece again,
But before those walls to be slain.

" Let not your noble courage be cast down;
But all the while you lie before the town,
Drink and drive care away—
Drink and be merry!

" You'll ne'er go the sooner
To the Stygian ferry."

We are now approaching a period when English music gained some semblance of a national character—that of gentle simplicity.

Arne, the son of a tradesman, was passionetely fond of music, and when a young man, would often borrow the clothes of a livery servant, to gain admittance into the upper gallery of the Opera-house, which was provided for the servants of the nobility. Without any musical learning, but with a taste naturally correct, he listened with delight to the singers that came from Italy, on the opening of that theatre. Being something of a poet, he wrote some pretty ballads, which were sung at the tea-gardens about London. What is more beautiful than the ballad

SONG.—(PAGE 280, VOL. I.)

" When forced from dear Hebe to go,
What anguish I felt at my heart;
And I thought (but it might not be so),
She was sorry to see me depart.

" She cast such a languishing view,
My path I could scarcely discern;
So sweetly she bade me adieu;
I thought that she bade me return."

Had he been articled to a musician instead of a lawyer, the probability is he would never have written such pleasing, simple melodies; his natural genius would then have been shackled by the laws of counterpoint and harmony, to the neglect of those endearing tones of nature which strike so deep upon the heart.

Though so young, he soon ventured upon composing two operas—*Comus and Artaxerxes.* The smooth and simple air of *Water parted from the Sea,* in Artaxerxes, for a time usurped the entire public attention. Its chaste simplicity made it universally popular. This opera (if I recollect right,) opens with a duo—*Hope, thou nurse of soft desire*—strictly in his own style, although copied from Weldon's song—*Let ambition fire thy mind*—written long before Arne was born.

In 1774, so low was the taste in sentimental music, that I heard Giardini's finest concerto on the violin, with *the Jolly young Waterman,* played as a finish, which moved the audience with unspeakable delight.

The most striking era in the history of music was the invention of the pianoforte; before its introduction it might be said there was no domestic music, certainly no singing. The harpsichord was ill adapted to support the voice. Indeed, there was no music prepared for

it. We heard nothing but sailors rude songs, and galloping hunting songs, which the ladies were constrained to sing, for want of better music. The invention of the pianoforte, like the introduction of tea, softened the manners of the age, increased the refinement of the mind, and gave an elegance to society by the addition of the female voice to domestic vocal music.

In 1778, Mr. Thompson of Edinburgh, the patron of Burns, published an edition of Scotch melodies; he engaged Pleyel to write the symphonies and accompaniments, and the poets of the day were employed to write new words to them. There are but three poems by Burns in the book, which I conceive to be worth all the rest. These I have selected, and pruned of the old fashioned flourishes of that day. They may be found in pages 80 and 128 of the *Music of Nature*, and page 337, vol. 1, of this work.

The next great improvement in English song was by our late poet, Moore. He was truly a lyric poet. And here is an instance of the advantage of the poet being a musician. Moore's singing of his own words, to his own music, gently touching the pianoforte, was the most exquisite thing that could be heard. Nothing was sung so incessantly as his *Oh, lady fair, where art thou going?* What is more simple and divine than the *Vesper Hymn*, which engaged the attention of Beethoven? Moore, and the rest of our poets, are truly national; but our musicians all lapse, more or less, into the Italian and German styles.

CHAPTER LXIV.

THE LITERARY AND PHILOSOPHICAL SOCIETY.

When I was a young man, we had a small society in Leicester, called the *Adelphi*, for the discussion of philosophical subjects, and which was put down by the authorities of the town soon after the breaking out of the French Revolution, as it was rumoured that we talked politics. From that time, no society or meeting for scientific purposes existed in Leicester, till the Literary and Philosophical Society was established; and in this respect, it was behind most other towns of the same size and importance.

In the summer of 1835, I was invited to attend a preliminary meeting at the Library of the Medical Society, in High-street, to form a Literary and Philosophical Society. It was attended by ten or a dozen gentlemen of both political parties, when the objects were stated to be the reading and discussion of papers on literary and scientific subjects, and the formation of a museum and library of scientific works; and in order that the society should embrace persons of all shades of opinion, questions of theology and politics were to be strictly excluded. At first our meetings were held in a commodious room in the house of Mr. Moxon, in the High-street. Dr. Shaw was our first president, and opened the session with an appropriate inaugural address.

For some time the meetings were but thinly attended, and it was proposed that ladies should be admitted on the introduction of members. This proposition gave rise to much discussion, and it was ultimately carried, rather, I must confess, to prevent the society falling to the ground for want of attendance, than from any feeling of gallantry towards the ladies to whom the privilege was given. I take shame to myself that I was amongst those who opposed the change. The result, however, fully justified the experiment. The ladies flocked to our soireès and soon out-numbered the members themselves. The papers, and especially the discussions which followed, now assumed a more animated tone, and from that period in the history of our society, it has stood on a firm basis, though still fluctuating from time to time, from various accidental causes. We have also had several migrations for our place of meeting. From Mr. Moxon's room we went to the Midland Counties' Fire Office; afterwards to the long room at the Amphitheatre, in the Humberstone-gate; then to the Exchange, and from there to the Town-hall, where we continued to hold our meetings until 1848.

For some years after our society was in existence, little or no progress was made towards forming a museum; but, by degrees, curiosities of various kinds dropped in, and at length a respectable collection was made, which we placed in a room in the New Hall, Wellington-street, and appointed a curator, and

allowed the public to visit it gratis on certain days in the week. This continued till the year 1848, when the Proprietary School, on the New Walk, was given up, and the property purchased by our spirited Corporation, to be converted into a Town Museum. An arrangement was now made between the authorities of the town and our society, for the transfer of the museum to the Corporation, to form the commencement of a Town Museum—the society having the free use of the lecture-room for its meetings. The formal transfer to the Corporation in June, 1849, was inaugurated in a manner in every way worthy of the occasion. Our president for the year, C. C. Macaulay, Esq., invited a party of between thirty and forty to a handsome *dejeuner*, at the Three Crowns. The company consisted of Lord John Manners, and many of the gentry and clergy of the town and neighbourhood, including the Council of the Museum. It happened to be the day on which the first stone of the Cemetery was laid by the Mayor, and the occasion was kept as a kind of general holiday. After the *dejeuner* was concluded, we walked up to the Museum, which we found filled with four or five hundred well-dressed ladies and gentlemen, and from a platform on which the president and his friends were placed, a formal presentation of the Museum was made by the president, to the Mayor, W. Biggs, Esq., on behalf of the Corporation. Several excellent speeches were made, and tea and refreshments followed. Some

apology may be necessary for introducing these particulars, which will be fresh in the recollection of many of my readers; but having taken great interest in the society from its commencement, I may be pardoned for recording them here in the hope that they may be found interesting hereafter. I will only add, that a great increase in the number of members was the immediate consequence of our union with the Town Museum, and from that time our numbers have gone on steadily increasing, and not a meeting passes without the announcement of some important additions to the collection. Several magnificent Saurians from the Barrow limestone have recently been added, when Professor Ansted gave us a lecture on this interesting subject.

PROFESSOR ANSTED'S LECTURE ON THE GIGANTIC SAURIANS.

I recollect, some seventy-five years ago, a great talk about curious stones found in the lime-pits at Barrow. Some thought them stones which Dame Nature, in a freakish mood, had formed before the flood. I recollect also that Mr. Whitehurst, a watchmaker at Derby, published a work on the antiquity and formation of the earth. He supposed these curiosities to be the remains of animals of a former world. I think he was led to these speculations by the fossil bones of an alligator, found in the marble quarries in Derbyshire. About this time I read a pamphlet by Dr. Toulmin,

describing the coast of Antrim in Ireland, showing that the strata, or layers of sand, lime, clay, and coal, lying one upon another, corresponded exactly, and in the same order with those on the western coast of the Isle of Man; and that the eastern coast of that island corresponded exactly with the coast of Cumberland. Hence, he concluded that the three islands were once joined, and that the earth had given way and sunk into the sea. I mention these circumstances to show what our notions were at that time of this new science of geology.

Dr. Ansted commenced by assuming that our island once formed the bottom of a large sea, and that the monster skeletons found at Barrow are the remains of animals that inhabited the waters. He then explained that the different strata were produced from sediments deposited by the sea during the wonderful changes from land to water, and from water to land, through vast intervals of years apart. Were you, said he, to cut a deep fissure through the country, in the manner of a railroad, these layers or stratifications would be exposed to view. The sediment deposited at Barrow was a compost of sand and silicious lime, forming a soft mud, into which the animals, after death, subsided, and in which they lie imbedded. As there is little or no mixture of ironstone in this mud, the remains, where dug up, are found to be better preserved than in any other part of Europe. The most curious part of the problem is thus explained:—The steam

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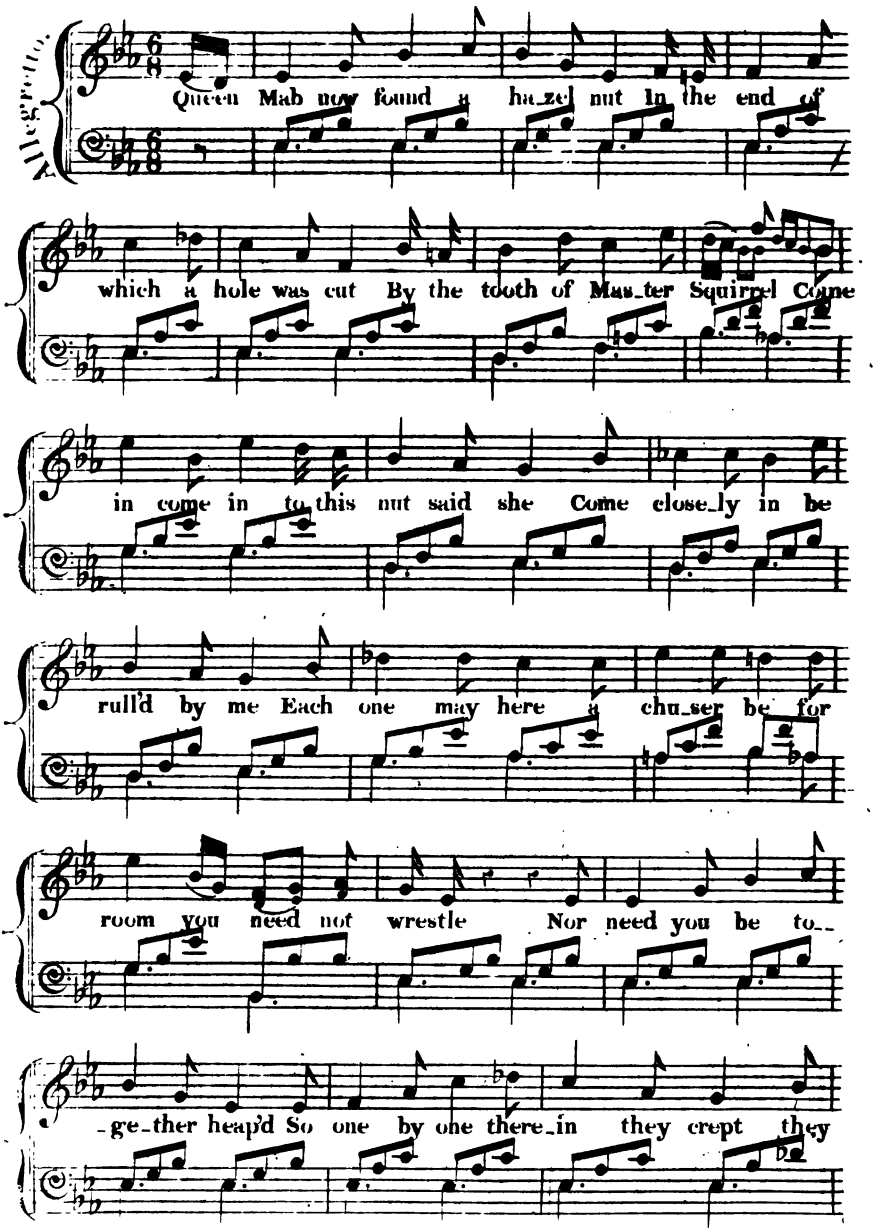
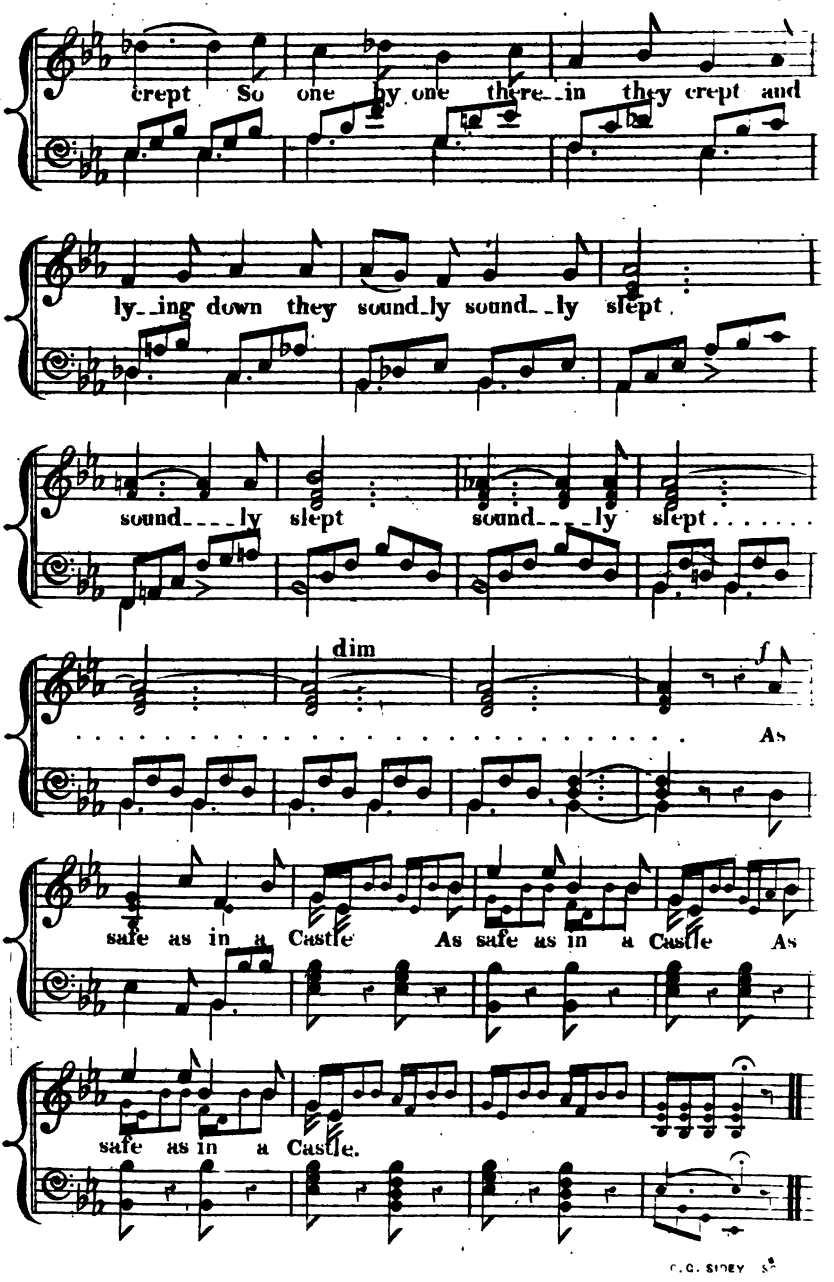

Allegretto.
Queen Mab now found a ha_zel nut In the end of
which a hole was cut By the tooth of Mas_ter Squirrel Come
in come in to this nut said she Come close_ly in be
rull'd by me Each one may here a chu_ser be for
room you need not wrestle Nor need you be to_
_ge_ther heap'd So one by one there_in they crept they

crept So one by one there_in they crept and
ly_ing down they sound_ly sound_ly slept.
sound___ly slept sound___ly slept.....
dim
f
As
safe as in a Castle As safe as in a Castle As
safe as in a Castle.

and gases produced by internal fires have forced up the bottom of a large sea, in these latitudes, into open day! A similar phenomenon is said to be going on at the present time in the Baltic Sea, the bottom of which is found to be gradually rising.

It must be within the recollection of many, that an island suddenly rose in the Mediterranean, upon which some sailors landed; it shortly sank and disappeared. A striking instance of matter being forced up from the interior of the earth, occured in a coal-pit at the Whitwick Colliery. It was found that some portion of red-hot granite had been forced upwards through a bed of coal, which it charred on all sides. We have now a new theory, which contradicts our former notions. Instead of the earth sinking, it is ascertained that our islands have been, by internal operations, pushed up from below. When first emerged from the ocean, the mud on the surface before it became hardened, received impressions of the steppings of birds, some of which, from the size of their feet and gigantic stride, could not be of less height than a moderate-sized house. So fine and accurate are these impressions, thus covered up for millions of years, that we may perceive the marks of a shower of rain upon them; and from the slanting way in which the drops fell, we may even ascertain the point from which the wind blew.

The learned Professor described the gigantic Plesiosaurus, now placed in our Museum, as the most

curious and perfect specimen in the country. From the vast length of the neck he supposes that it killed its prey by the powerful blow it could give; and that it was a carnivorous animal, as bones have been found fossilized in its stomach. Like the crocodile, it could live upon land as well as in the sea; and by the enormous size of its paddles, its power and swiftness in the water must have been prodigious.

We have thus at our own doors, the marvellous records of a former condition of the animal creation, which have lain buried in the earth for myriads of years. These were the inhabitants of an ocean, at one time covering, with many hundred fathoms of salt water, the tract which now forms England and the neighbouring isles, and the continent of Europe.

CHAPTER LXV.

VACCINATION.

The value of Literary societies cannot be too highly estimated. Lectures are the readiest mode of conveying information. Everything that has been said and written upon the subject to be presented to the enquiring mind, is brought into one point of view by the lecturer, by which means the hearers are saved

travelling through a multitude of books. The speaker's voice, countenance, and manner, make a deeper impression upon the memory, than can be produced by reading. I have been led to the subject of vaccination by an able paper read by Mr. Stallard before the *Leicester Literary and Philosophical Society*, which much interested me. Fifty years ago, in Paris, I met young Jenner, who was employed by the government to vaccinate the populace of that city. It was considered by the French, to be of such importance, that a law was enacted by which no person could receive alms, or hold an official situation, unless he had undergone vaccination. I met Dr. Jenner at the house of Miss Maria Williams, where were assembled, once a week, most of the foreigners then in Paris. He received great attention from the learned of every part of Europe, as the benefactor of the human race. He presented me with his little book on vaccination, from which we learn the origin of the discovery, in the year 1776. At that time, I was six years old, and well recollect that my father had determined to have me *engrafted*—as it was termed by Lady Mary Montague—with the matter of the smallpox, taken from a person who had had it in the natural way. It was, however, denounced as a wicked and dangerous proceeding, to infuse into the veins of a healthy person, a disease of the most dreadful kind. My father, who was open at all times to the improvement of science, engaged Mr. Fox, our eminent

surgeon, to perform the operation. I was inoculated on both arms, went through the disorder in a mild way, and convinced many persons of its utility. It was in prosecuting this Turkish method of mitigating the effects of the smallpox, that Dr. Jenner was led to the discovery of vaccination in the following year. He lived at a country village in Gloucestershire; and in the course of his practice, met with some persons whom he could not inoculate with the smallpox, and which peculiarity he observed was confined to females. He thought they must have had the complaint in a mild way, without knowing it. The result of further enquiries led to the fact, that milk-maids were never known to take the smallpox. This was sufficient as a ground work for the enquiring mind of Jenner. He immediately turned his attention to this class of persons, and soon found they were subject to small boils on the fingers, which soon disappeared. He found this to be communicated from the ulcerated teats of the cow, a disease analogous to the smallpox in the human species. Having obtained some of the vaccine matter from the udder, he inoculated with it a boy eight years of age, who went through the complaint satisfactorily. Being afterwards inoculated without effect, it appeared, that like the milk-maid, he was now proof against the scourge of the smallpox. Like Newton, Jenner had now worked out his theorem, establishing the truth of the most valuable law in nature.

I well remember the noise the discovery made. The nation was divided into two parties. The small minority of thinking men, who were willing to listen to Jenner's arguments, became the laughing stock of the community, for supporting such nonsense. My friend, Mr. Paget, the surgeon, then a partner with Mr. Mason, was a warm advocate for its introduction into Leicester; but either from jealousy or interest, it was violently opposed. The windows of booksellers were filled with pictures of men and women with horns growing out of their heads, and features transformed into those of horned cattle. Seeing a child sitting at a door in the Belgrave-gate, whose features were buried in one ulcerated scab, I said to the mother, "This child has not been inoculated." "No, Sir," said she, "I don't hold with it." "You ignorant woman!" I exclaimed: "in France, you would have been sent to gaol for endangering the life of your child, and those of your neighbours." To those who urged that it could not be depended upon, having been in some instances found to fail, Dr. Jenner replied in his pamphlet, that the matter should be taken from a pock before it had come to its height; that a pock in the decline of the disease lost its power; but that, with this precaution, it never failed. 74 Physicians testified to the value of the discovery—Government ordered it to be adopted in the army and navy—the surgeons of the fleet struck a gold medal upon the occasion—Oxford presented him with his Doctor's

degree—he was chosen Fellow of the Royal Society, and Parliament awarded him the sum of thirty thousand pounds!

Notwithstanding such confirmation, it was but slowly adopt in this country—not more than one-fifth of the children born were offered for vaccination. Like the modern music, thousands at first derided it, but I have lived to see the same persons applaud it. The extension of the benefits of vaccination to foreign countries, spread the fame of the discoverer. He received congratulations from all the potentates in Europe. The Emperor of Russia, when here, sought an interview with him, and bestowed on him the highest order of nobility. Platoff, in addressing Jenner, said:—"Sir, you have extinguished the most pestilential disorder that ever affected mankind." In Russia, more than ten in every hundred died. In Persia, the annual mortality was forty thousand, which is now reduced to one thousand. What benefits have we derived from this man! He has saved more lives than war has destroyed in the last hundred years, and what small honor has been done him, compared with that lavished upon statesmen, lawyers, and generals. His little book is one of more real worth to mankind, than all that has been written by the wisest of the ancients, or the moderns.

CHAPTER LXVI.

GOLD.

Mr. Williamson lately read an interesting lecture upon gold, before our *Literary and Philosophical Society.* I am indebted to this gentleman for some curious facts, to which I have added some speculations of my own.

The sudden discovery of gold in California, was a matter of accident, in cutting a branch for a mill dam, when the golden soil was laid open to view. The few persons who were on the spot, nearly killed themselves with work, but were speedily enriched. The ease and certainty with which the gold was procured, soon attracted crowds to the spot, at the hazard of their lives. Numbers started westward, even from the thickly inhabited shores of the United States, in hope of finding this land of gold. Without the least knowledge or forethought, they had to traverse an extent of three or four thousand miles, through a country unknown, where civilized man had never set foot before. Having to contend with famine and the elements, they died by hundreds on the road, and left their bleached bones to mark the track, for

succeeding adventurers. For a time, the reports were, by sober-minded people, considered as fabulous; but confirmation so quickly followed, that the whole world was set in motion. The success continuing for two years, the astounding fact aroused the attention of our philosophers. It struck the penetrating mind of Sir R. Murchison, that gold was the last formed of the metals—that it was only to be found in the primitive granite rocks, which were pushed up from the interior of the earth by internal fire: that at the same time, the gold was sublimed or volatilized into the crevices and crystalline substances, of which the rocks are formed. Hence, gold is usually found on or near to the earth's surface. The ores and crystals having been exposed to the dissolving power of the elements and carried down by the rains, with gravel, sand, and clay, into the plains below, formed an alluvial soil extending for miles. It is found in the beds of rivers, on their banks, in chinks, and ravines. The mud that contains the particles is washed in a bowl; these, by their gravity, sink to the bottom, and are easily collected. The Ural Mountains that divide Europe from Asia, is the only part in this quarter of the globe where gold has been found in considerable quantities.

It is now found that the mountains in California are of the same formation as the Ural chain. Geology has clearly established the fact, that gold is uniformly found under the same conditions—that is, in the primary

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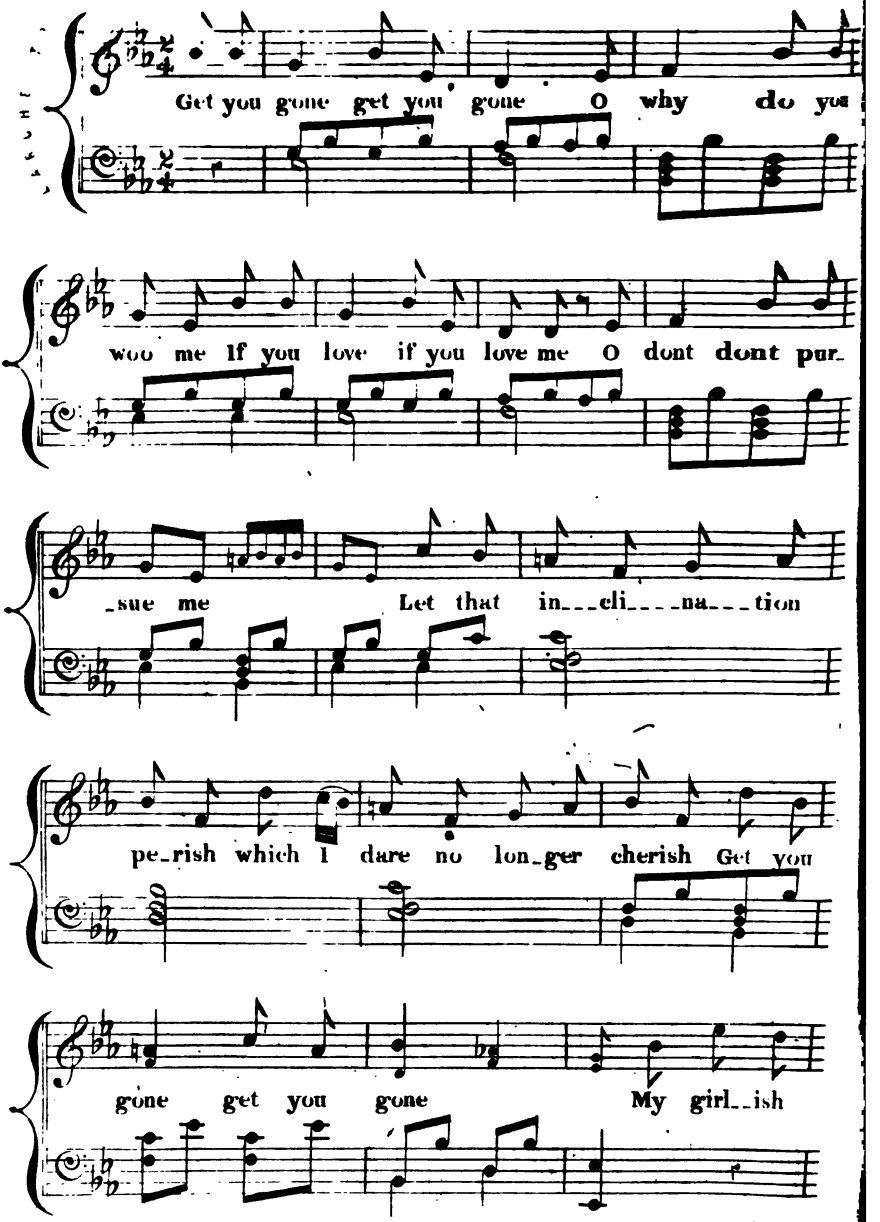
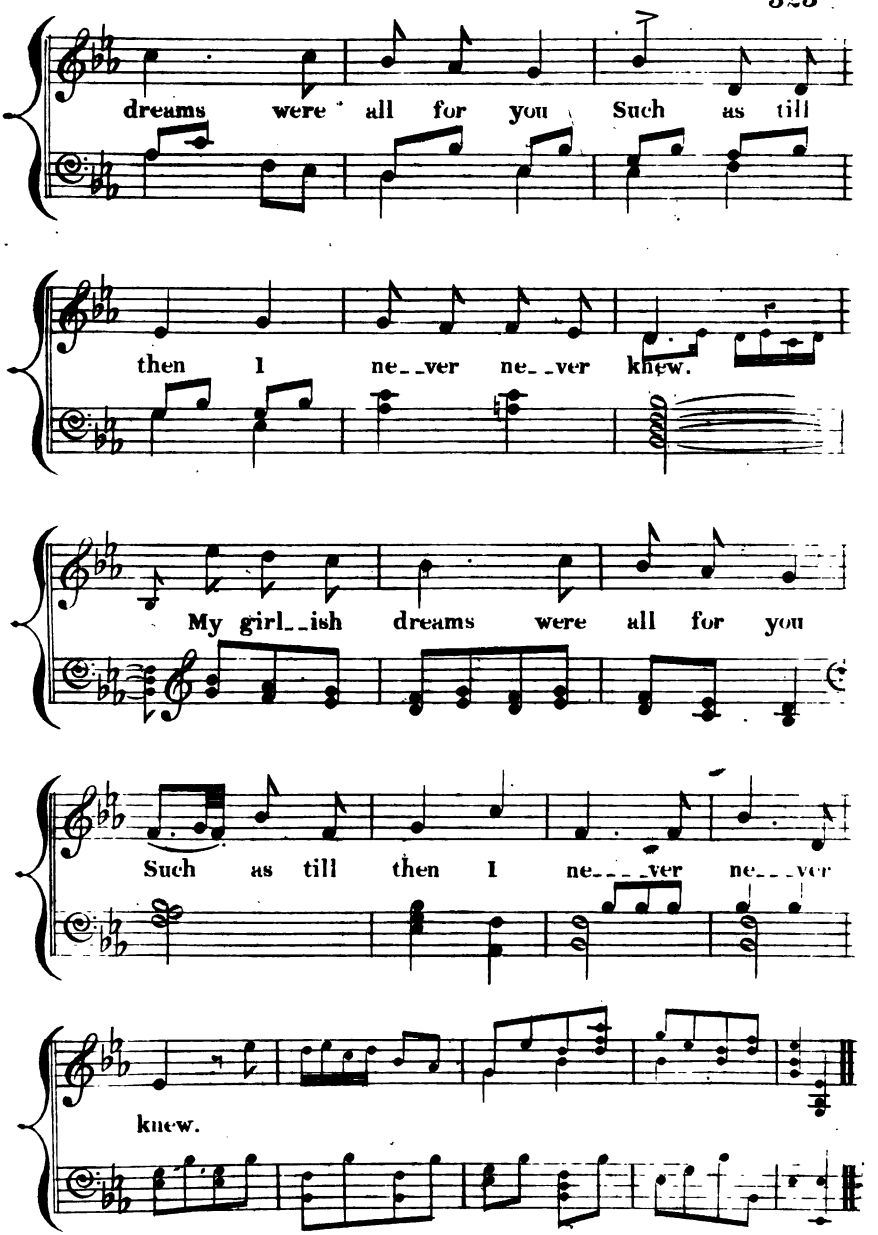
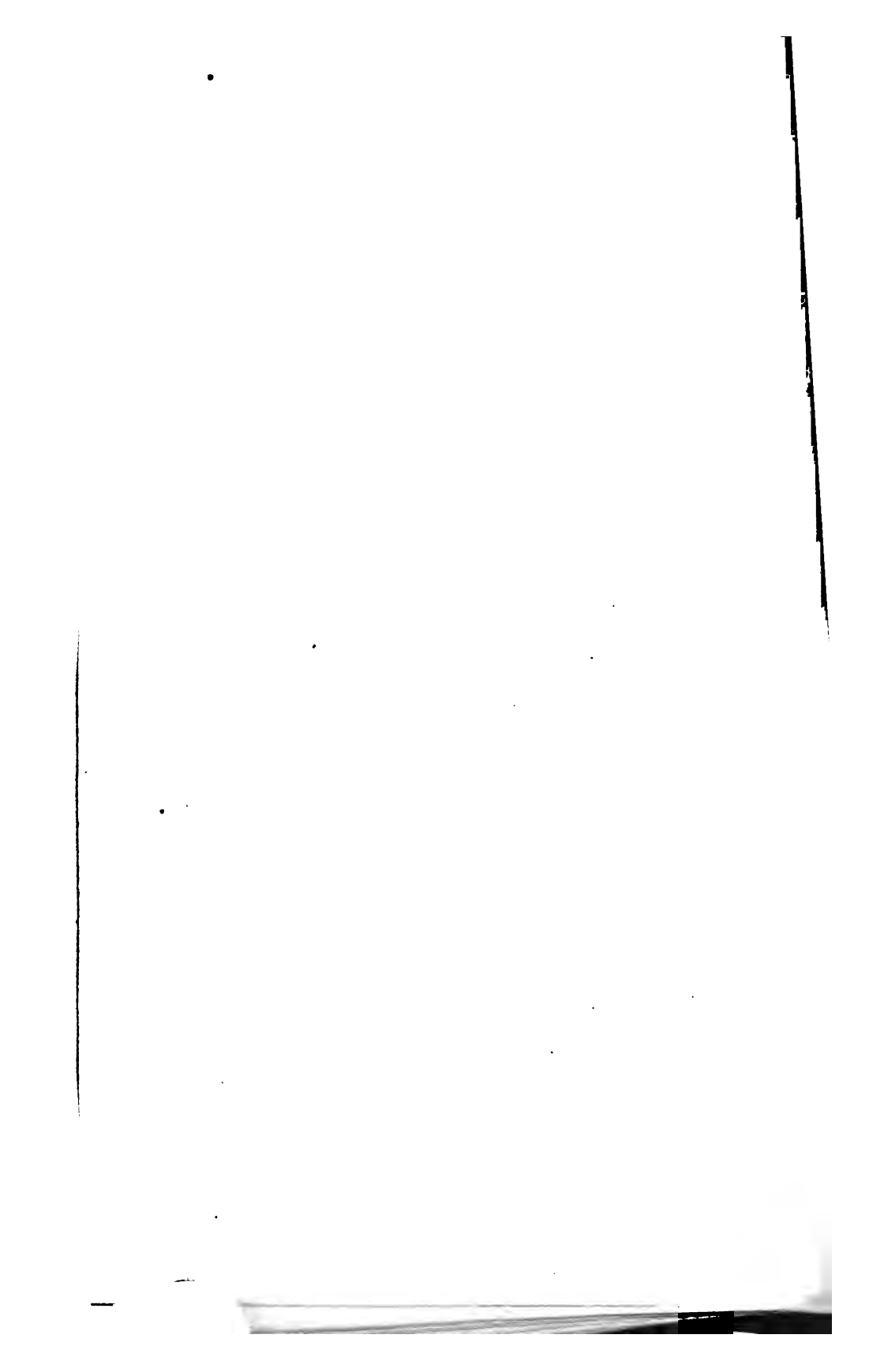

Get you gone get you gone O why do you
woo me If you love if you love me O dont dont pur_
_sue me Let that in___cli___na___tion
pe_rish which I dare no lon_ger cherish Get you
gone get you gone My girl_ish

dreams were all for you Such as till
then I ne_ver ne_ver knew.
My girl_ish dreams were all for you
Such as till then I ne_ver ne_ver
knew.



group of rocks. Recent explorations in Australia showed that the mountains are similar to those in California. Geologists immediately visited the country, and on the very first spot where they commenced their search, found the auriferous earth richer and more pure than that of California. Such is the extent of these golden plains, that Mr. Hardy says, five thousand washers of the soil, on the banks of the Turon river alone, would be lost in the space. Mr. Latrobe, the governor of Victoria, was present at the washing of two tin dishes of blue clay (20 inches in diameter,) which yielded eight pounds weight of pure gold. It is in the blue or chocolate coloured clays that the gold is most abundant, but it is never found in the pipeclay just below. Dr. Kerr obtained a lump which he sold for four thousand pounds. The expectations of the future yield surpass the height of credulity. When the theory of Sir Roderick Murchison becomes more generally known, many localities will probably be searched with success. The persons engaged in the Australian plains, are of a superior class to the reckless blood-thirsty crowd upon the banks of the Sacramento. The following I copy from a sketch by Mr. Ryan, who visited that community. He says :—

"The hardships the gold-washer undergoes—the fevers and agues which assail him, and the lottery he throws into—to say nothing of the hordes of gamblers and thieves he has to encounter before he

pockets his first fragment of gold are amazing. and we hope it may do some good in checking the rage with which many have joined in the heart-stirring song—

"Oh! California,
That's the land for me:
I'm bound for Sacramento,
With my wash-bowl on my knee."

Mr. Ryan met with a sturdy fellow from the States proceeding to the higher regions, near Bob Livermore's farm. The following parley took place between these leather-coated citizens, armed to the teeth with rifle, pistols, and long knives, both on their way to the golden Paradise:—"What luck have you had at the mines?" "Darned little; we made jist enough to pay our way along the road." "What chance do you think we'll have?" Well, I guess you'll have *chance* enough, but darned few sartainties. Unless you keep your eyes skinned, and sleep without winking, they'll steal the very nose off your face." "How are you off for provender for horses?" "There aint a blade of grass on the whole darned country. If it warn't that this 'tarnal crittur of mine managed to live upon acorns and rotten stone, I guess as how he'd ha' been a gonner some weeks ago. But don't let this scar you, for there's mountains of gold if you can only get at it. Good night my trumps, I wish you luck."

Since the rate of importation of gold has arrived at not less than twenty millions a year, there is an

apprehension pervading the public mind, that everything will be raised in price; so much so, that those depending upon the funds and other fixed incomes, will become relatively lowered in wealth, as their incomes will not purchase so much as before. No doubt this would be the case, if the whole of this gold could *not* be kept in circulation—employed as active capital—or used in the arts and manufactures. But that is impossible. Gold will find its way to that spot where it is most wanted. When I was in Paris in 1802, I discounted a bill at Perigeaux, for which I received a bag of silver. I demanded gold, because I could not carry silver. I might have gold, but I must pay a premium for it. So it was in this country, when we were involved in the war, and the funds were at forty-nine.

Peel's bill placed the credit of the English currency upon a sound basis. The moment it was enacted that a bank note could be converted into gold, there was instantly an end of hoarding. Where credit does not exist, gold is most in demand. This is the case on the Continent at the present time. We require very little gold in our circulation, as our mighty concerns are chiefly carried on by a paper currency, which, in England, is just as good as gold.

The supply of gold has not equalled the demand during the last twenty years. Elkington and Mason, of Birmingham, use 300 ounces of silver every day in their works, and gold in proportion. The quan-

tity used for the ordinary purposes of gilding is immense, particularly in picture-frames and the new art of electrotype, and gilding in the potteries. A great portion of this never returns, and, with wear and tear, is utterly lost—so that twenty millions may be yearly absorbed in the various requirements of the currency, arts, and manufactures.

If the anticipated extension of trade should be realized, we shall shortly see the ten thousand young females now engaged in the Leicester manufactory, vie with each other in purchasing ornamental articles in gold. But above all, the grand event that I look to is the establishment of a mint in Australia. Then, the gold found in such abundance, will be coined and spread over the vast space of the Eastern Archipelago, where no coin at present exists. It will go to purchase the various commodities of a world, at present scarcely known, all of which will be transported to the warehouses of London, to be disseminated throughout Europe, America, and the most distant parts of the globe. If double the quantity of gold could be collected, it would instantly be absorbed by the increasing requirements of society and commerce. The paper currency on the Continent will soon be supplanted by the precious metals, which will be brought from England, and a fresh supply will be required to keep up our own currency. To talk of having too much gold is as absurd as to talk of having too much machinery, or too much food.

CHAPTER LXVII.

BEETHOVEN'S STATUE.

In the year 1793, I first became acquainted with the compositions of Beethoven, and ventured to express a very different opinion of their merits to that generally entertained at the time, which was, that they were the result of a distracted mind. I ventured to predict that he would extend the art in a way never contemplated by Haydn or Mozart.* So slow were his own countrymen, as well as the English, to apprehend the sublimities that lay hid in his compositions, that it was not till twenty years after his death that a statue was erected to his memory at his birth place, Bonn, on the Rhine. I was present at the inauguration of this statue, August 12th, 1848.

This event seemed to interest all Europe. Crowds of professors and talented amateurs assembled to do honour to this great genius. You could not move in any direction without hearing conversations in French, German, Italian, Russian, and English, as the various groups paraded the city. Flags of all these nations were placed on the tops of the houses. Trees and flowers were planted in the streets. The King and Queen of Prussia, the Prussian Court, Queen Victoria and Prince Albert, and the English Court, honored

* *Vide* Lives of Haydn and Mozart.

this splendid festival with their presence. The music was under the direction of Liszt, who at his own expense, erected a music hall. to contain five thousand persons. The band consisted of six hundred performers who voluntarily came from all parts of Germany to assist in the celebration.

The evening performance commenced with the Posthumous Mass, the most wonderful of all Beethoven's inspirations. It is cast upon a scale too vast for the ordinary service of the Catholic Church. He intended it for the solemn occasion of the crowning or death of a monarch. It opens with a grand burst from all the instruments. As this sound dies away, a soft breathing note steals from the voices of the females, as if it had begun on the other side of the Rhine. Into this creeps a lower tone from the mezzo, followed by the mellifluous tenor; a combination of harmony so luscious, as to wrap the soul in forgetfulness—during which, for a time, it remains unconscious of everything, but the music of another world. To describe this magical work would be a vain attempt. Since I returned, I have met with a more sober description from the pen of Mr. Hogarth:—"The mass was generally regarded as an incomprehensible production, the depths of which (if they really were depths) it was impossible to fathom. This opinion, I confess, I adopted; but, however mistaken, it was conscientiously formed. Nobody in England tried to perform it; and an examination of the score was the

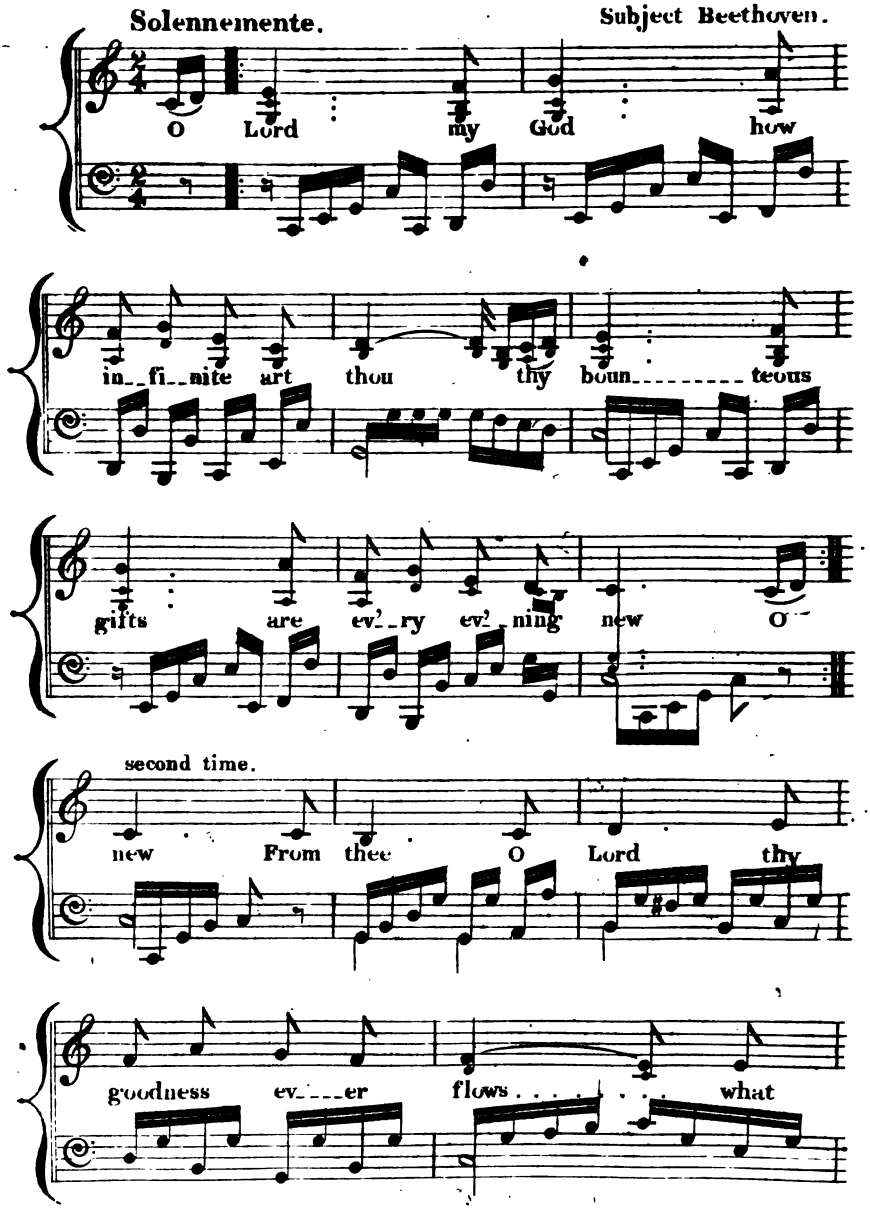
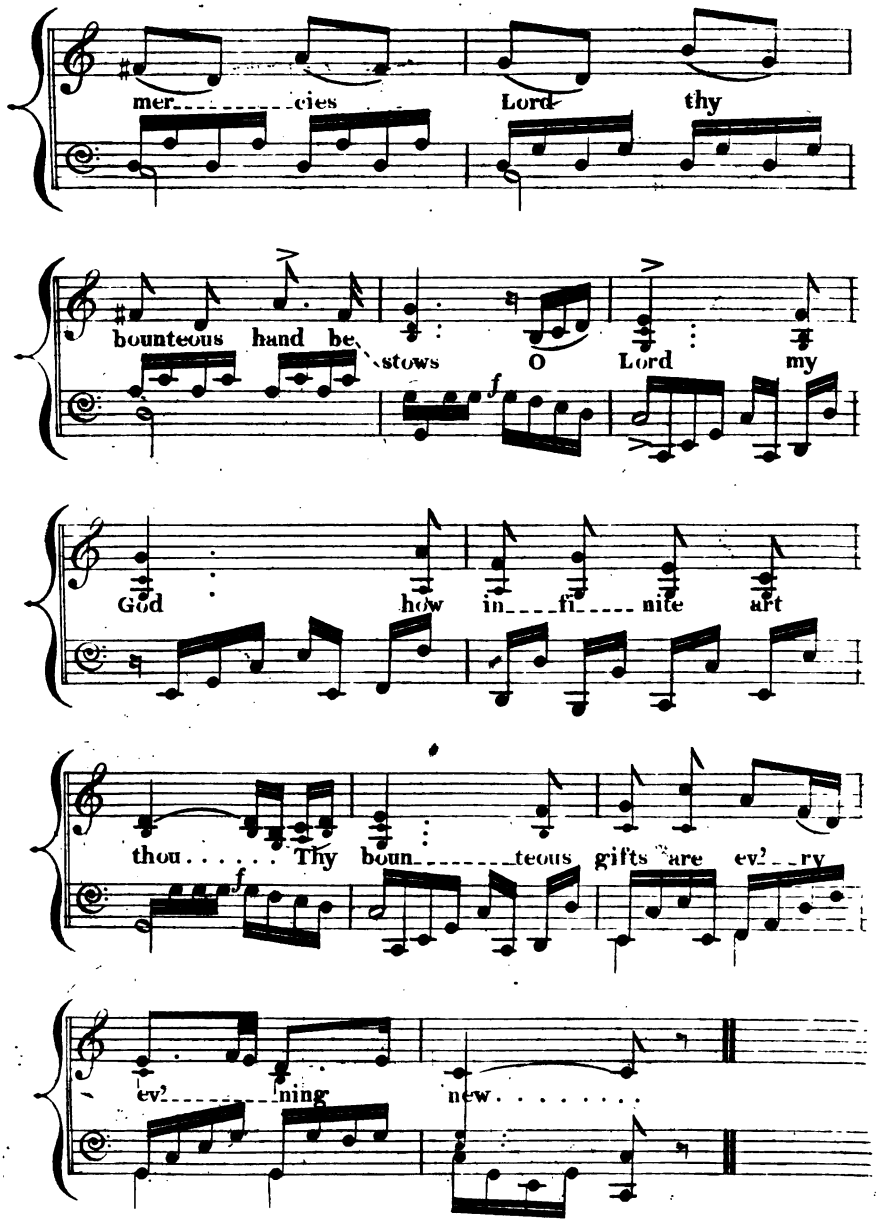
only means of judging. As happened to many others, after poring for hours over its ponderous pages, the only result was absolute bewilderment among its mazes, 'black despair succeeded brown study,' and the hopeless task was laid aside. Such is the general case in England at this day, where the *Missa Solennis* is as completely unknown as on the day it was published. The Germans, however, have mastered it, and the performance of last night displayed it in all its grandeur and beauty. To attempt, by analysis, or description, to give an idea of it to those who have not heard it, would be absurd and ridiculous. Technical phraseology, and conventional epithets of admiration and delight might be heaped together without end, and the whole would amount to nothing. It has no prototype in any previous work of the same class. In the whole conception of the subject— in the intense, yet truthful expression of every mood of devotional feeling—adoration, thanksgiving, the sighing of a contrite spirit, the most earnest supplication— in the artistical construction of the work, its melodies, its vocal and instrumental combinations—all is new and original, the fresh inspiration of the most daring genius. Like all great and original works of art, it will be slowly understood and appreciated; but the time will come, (though I shall not live to see it,) when the *Missa Solennis* of Beethoven will be regarded as we now regard the greatest works of Handel."

It must strike every one, as a curious and extraordinary fact, that Beethoven was impenetrably deaf when he wrote this divine inspiration. He penned it in the middle of a wood, near to Vienna; and of this, as well as the Choral Symphony, he never heard a single sound.

No person has been more alive to good music than myself. I have been present at the best performances in this country for many years; but that at Bonn so surpassed all I had ever heard, that my senses were taken by surprise, and I was so completley captivated and thrown into a state of such agitation as to be obliged to leave the hall, without hearing the choral symphony, which immediately followed. When my friends returned, they found me in bed, and soon sent a physician to me. I told him, when feeling my pulse, that I was rarely ill, and never took physic, and that my pulse hardly ever varied from sixty. "But you *are* ill, sir," he replied (for he spoke good English); your pulse is ninety-five." To be sure, then, I thought, I must be ill. However, with slight assistance, and keeping my room the next day, I settled down to quietness and was restored for the next morning.

Tuesday morning opened without a cloud, and in addition to the flags placed at the top of every building, the front of every house was nearly obscured by green foliage and umbrageous trees. The preparation for the processions took place at the Hotel Belle Vue, where the different bodies were marshalled.

PRAYER.

Solennemente. Subject Beethoven.

O Lord my God how
in_fi_nite art thou thy boun_____teous
gifts are ev'_ry ev'_ning new O
second time.
new From thee O Lord thy
goodness ev_____er flows . . . . . what

mer- - - - - - - - cies
Lord
thy
bounteous hand be- stows
O
Lord
my
God
how
in- - - fi- - - nite
art
thou . . . . . Thy boun- - - - - - - teous gifts are ev'- - ry
ev'- - - - - - - ning
new . . . . . .

At half-past eight, they proceeded to the Market-place. First the band royal and infantry; next the Yagers or Freyschutz; and then the students of the university, eight hundred in number: these were divided into separate nations or corps of landmanschaft; at the head of each were three knights in armour, with ostrich feathers in their helmets; some white, some pink, some blue, like knights of old. These formed a line near the Cathedral, for the dignitaries of the church to walk through. Then came the Town Council, the civil and military authorities, the deputation, and the committee. This picturesque procession arrived at the Minster at nine o'clock, when the service opened with Beethoven's divine Mass in C. The grand orchestra was placed behind the high altar, at the sides of which were beautiful trees growing in boxes of native soil, towering to the roof. The spaces were so filled with the richest flowers and plants, that the performers were completely hidden from view. The Minster was crowded in every niche and corner, leaving a vast crowd of visitors without. When the music commenced, softly flowing with delicious melody, we scarcely knew from whence it came, and the hundred and fifty female voices pouring forth the lowest tones, produced a harmony deeply religious, and of unspeakable grandeur.

Those parts of the mass which are only chanted, were upon this occasion performed at the western end of the church, by the usual choir, accompanied by the

stupendous organ there. The responses from the distant part were sublime, which, with the dresses and genuflexions of the priests, the swinging of the burning censers, formed a dramatic scene that was splendid and imposing.

The moment the service was over, crowds ran in all directions to the Munster-square, in which the statue was placed. The sun shone gloriously. The heavens seemed to take part in the exultation of the day. Platforms were erected for three or four thousand spectators. Immediately round the statue was a corps of Freyschutzers, in their fanciful hunting dresses. The regiments and bands were in the exterior. A rattle of carriages announced that the Potentates were coming, who alighted at the mansion of Count Furstenburg, when presently appeared in a crimson balcony, fringed with gold, the King and Queen of Prussia, the Queen of England and Prince Albert, who were loudly welcomed by the gazing crowd. I stated that the statue was curtained up; round which were placed the Freyschutzers; upon a signal given, they fired a volley —the curtains fell. The cannon on the ramparts, on the Rhine, on the forts, the bells in all the steeples, the military bands, and the shouts of thirty thousand people, burst forth in such joy and harmony, as the world had never heard before! If the dead do revisit earth, what a triumph for the poor deaf, deserted musician! The powerful of Europe, nay, of the world were at his feet.

The statue, thirty feet high, is clothed in a classical robe, and cast in bronze.

The sculptor has imagined the great composer to be in a moment of inspiration; he gazes upward, his countenance beaming with the light of thought, and he is, as if unconsciously, raising his right hand to fix the strain of melody caught with the inward ear, upon the paper which he holds in his left.

The whole impression of the figure is that of a man of great genius and powerful will, precisely Beethoven's nature. A parchment recording the date and facts of the inauguration was prepared, first signed by the Potentates, and then by the committee, which, with the posthumous mass, written in Beethoven's own hand, were about to be soldered up in a leaden case, and to be deposited in the basement of the statue, when Professor Walter, of the University, observed, that an English gentleman was present, who was born in the same year with Beethoven, and who was the first person that introduced his music into that country; and though contrary to all order, he proposed that that gentleman should be honoured by affixing his name to the document. I ascended the steps of the pedestal, and with a trembling hand would have written my name, but there was scarcely room: there was, however, a space just under Victoria and Albert, when one and all called out, "Anglais! Anglais!" and I was ordered to write my name there—an honour I could never have expected, and the greatest I ever received

in my life. Perhaps the most beautiful effect in the performance was the part sustained by one hundred and fifty female voices in the choir—young ladies, the accomplished daughters of the clergy, gentry, merchants, farmers, tradesmen, and professors, who sang with an enthusiastic taste and feeling, that could not be surpassed.

CHAPTER LXVIII.

FAIRY DALE.

I visited my friend Beatty, in Fairy Dale, a quiet nook, in a northern county, shut out from the world. The Chateau, small and elegant, stands upon a bank, with a trout-stream below. On the opposite hill is a grove of birch trees, where innumerable squirrels are frolicking in the branches.

An old tradition says, that on warm summer nights, in the bright moonshine, when not a breath of air is stirring, fairies hold their revels on the greensward, under a wide-spreading oak. The belief is strengthened by the rings which appear on the grass in the morning—the undoubted marks of their roundelays and dances. Some persons, less poetical, will have it that these rings are made by mushrooms, which spring into life in the night time. True or false, the spot has obtained the name of *Fairy Dale*.

My friend had just brought home from the Garonne, an interesting young wife, a native of that country, beautifully fair, delicate and sylph-like; she was the very person to inhabit this silent retreat. Her husband, a noisy spirited sportsman, fond of hunting, fishing, and driving, was incessantly engaged in the roughest sports, in which his fair partner was ill adapted to join. A day with my friend out of doors was rather more than I liked. I was always ready to turn my face homeward for a neat French dinner that awaited us, with a bottle of choice Bordeaux. It was a luxury in the evening to loll in a well stuffed arm chair, and listen to a pianoforte sonata of Beethoven, exquisitely played by Miss S., a friend of madame. Ladies play the pianoforte and harp more to my taste than men. Even Bochsa's touch is too rude for my ears.

Beethoven has surpassed every preceding writer in this class of composition. He has penetrated the hidden powers of the instrument, and has brought out effects never before heard. No instrument is so capable of giving those delicate shades of sound with truth, as the pianoforte. A delightful effect is that graceful tissue of harmony which he throws round his melodies. Of the hundred pieces he has written for this instrument, those without accompaniment exhibit the greatest genius; they are the most poetic and complete, as their execution depends solely upon an individual mind. As examples,

turn to those dedicated to Haydn, which he published in his twenty-second year.

A visit to Fairy Dale invariably improved my health and spirits. To take the rough with the smooth is the most rational way of getting through life. The literary man and merchant at the desk, by their unvarying sedentary habits, make as great a mistake as the fox-hunter who unremittingly follows the hounds for six months together. Variety in our pursuits—taken with moderation—leads to cheerfulness and health. Bred and born in a large town, visits like these give an enjoyment not easily to be expressed.

The following song I left with my friends in commemoration of Fairy Dale :—

SONG.—(Page 310.)

"Queen Mab now found a hazel nut,
In the end of which a hole was cut
By the tooth of master Squirrel.

"Come in, come in, to this nut, said she,
Come closely in—be ruled by me,
Each one may here a chooser be,
For room you need not wrestle.

"Nor need you be together heaped,
So one by one, therein they crept,
And lying down, they soundly slept,
As safe as in a castle."

CHAPTER LXIX.

GENIUS.

In a long life, what an array of shining characters have I seen! Some have blazed for a time, like comets, which appear conspicuous in the heavens for a time, and then suddenly disappear. Others, burning with a less brilliant light, have steadily shone through the whole of their lives. Genius is composed of inflamable materials, that soon burn out. Mozart, Purcel, Bellini, and Donizetti, all expired in their thirty-third year; while Paisiello, Handel, and Haydn, less incandescent, lasted for more than twice that time. Another class have a just claim to the title of genius, who trifle away the best of their days. They have invention enough, but lack industry. Ease and indulgence is what they prefer. They loiter, and never finish the work they have commenced. They are clever in short flights, but unsuccessful in great ones. Idleness is a distemper from which few are free. To get the better of this time-consuming vice, Dr. Johnson recommends, when we begin to work, to go *doggedly* at it: write the first line though it be nonsense—only begin, and half the difficulty is overcome. What is more unsatisfactory than finding our time imperceptibly sliding away to no purpose. When Pliny went a fowling or fishing, while the nets were being got ready, he put

down what was passing in his mind, so that if he had no game to bring home, he brought home his own thoughts that were of use to him. How often do we see men, who, by dint of plodding, achieve important works, and make up their want of talent, by an unwearied application.

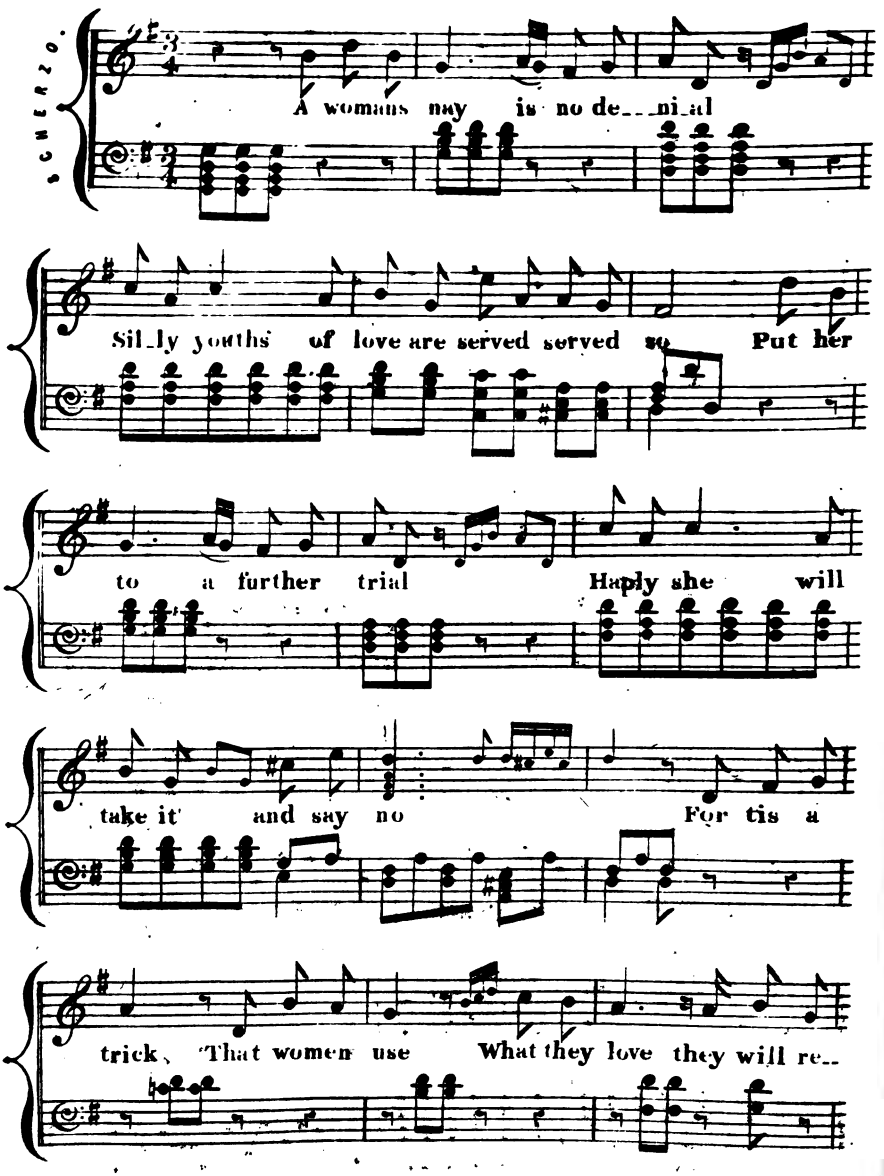
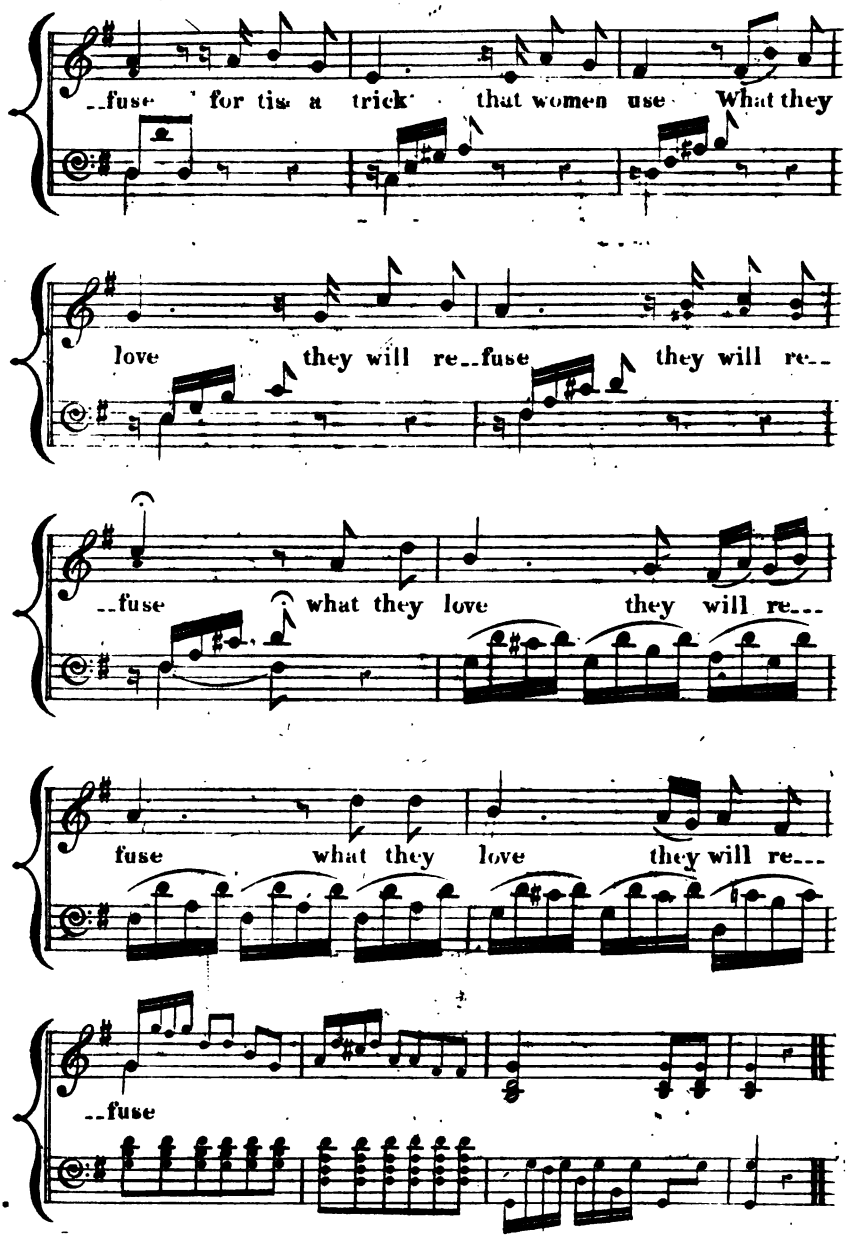
Cheerfulness of temper is absolutely necessary to produce anything good or great. It is a received notion abroad that we in England are the most melancholy people on earth. Mr. Addison quotes a French novelist who enters thus upon his story:—"In the gloomy month of November, when the people of England hang and drown themselves, a disconsolate lover walked out into the field," &c., &c. Every one should bear up against little evils and misfortunes common to human nature, if they would partake of the happiness in store for them.

There is a class of individuals who are always complaining of their fate, and drag out a miserable existence, described in the following lines:—

SONG.—(Page 357.)

"How we dally out our days,
How we seek a thousand ways,
To find out death; the which if none,
We take our course, will show us one.

"Never was there morning yet,
Sweet as is the violet,
Which man's folly did not soon,
Wish expired ere 'twas noon.

SONG.

SCHERZO.
A womans nay is no de__ni_al
Sil_ly youths of love are served served so Put her
to a further trial Haply she will
take it and say no For tis a
trick, That women use What they love they will re..

--fuse for tis a trick that women use What they
love they will re--fuse they will re--
--fuse what they love they will re---
fuse what they love they will re---
--fuse

"Be it joy, or be it sorrow,
We refer all to the morrow;
Well, the next day comes, and then,
Another next, and so to ten:

"To twenty we arrive, and find,
No solid joy is left behind;
And at last of life bereaved,
Die unhappy, and deceived."

CHAPTER LXX.

INFANT SCHOOLS.

To mingle pleasure with instruction is the surest mode of fastening in the memory what it is desirable to retain. If we watch children at play, we find them to delight in repeating snatches of tunes and rhymes, in their gambols. The ear takes pleasure in the recurrence of similar sounds at regular intervals. These spontaneous ebullitions of mirth and gaiety contain germs of melody, which our composers have used as hints in forming the subjects of their learned compositions.

Every one knows what a help it is to the memory when facts are recorded in verse. How often do we repeat the well-known distitch—

"Thirty days hath September,
April, June, and November,"

before we venture to date our letter. It is said that

in the early stages of society, all the laws were written in verse, and sung, that they might be better remembered. Ask a singer to repeat the words of his song, and he cannot do it; let him sing it, and he is at no loss for the words. Alliteration assists the memory. We often find it in the construction of proverbs and old sayings, as *dead dogs don't bite: when the steed is stolen shut the stable door.* On the establishment of infant schools in Leicester, I was requested to furnish the young aspirants with some simple songs, suitable to their understanding and voice, and I had the satisfaction of hearing the four little songs (page 382) sung with spirit and pleasure. It was obvious that the children comprehended both the words and the music, and entered into it with all the enthusiasm of a hundred professional performers. Slight as this tuition is, it will awaken a sense for harmonious sounds in the rising generation, and do much towards laying the foundation of a more general taste for music in England.

CHAPTER LXXI.

SUNDAY MORNING.

How welcome the return of this quiet day of rest! With what pleasure have I taken my early walk, strolling through the flowery fields of Evington and Stough-

ton Grange, when the trees in spring time were putting on their leafy robes! Here have I wandered 'mid nature's charms, before the sun had swept away the morning dew, and have listened to the chime of church bells wafted over the breezy hill. There is a sacred sound in that morning peal, that lifts the soul on high. The return of this day brought me my great delight—that of raising my boyish voice in the anthem strains of Playford, Knapp and Tansur—the only book of sacred music then in print.

As years roll on, what wonders doth time unfold! The astronomer detects new worlds among the stars. The chemist lays open the laws of life, and the musician discovers new combinations of sounds. So have I lived to enjoy in the sacred art, a higher taste—a new delight. Simple as are the following notes, thrown together by the hand of Beethoven, what a lofty song of praise do they breathe! an invocation worthy to be addressed to the Great Supreme.

HYMN.—(PAGE 334.)

"O Lord my God! how infinite are thou;
Thy bounteous gifts are every evening new;
From thee, O Lord, thy goodness ever flows;
What mercies, Lord, thy bounteous hand bestows!" *

* I have adapted the above words (for which I am answerable) to a pianoforte sonata of Beethoven's; and this is the only vocal music given in the present work which is not my own composition.

CHAPTER LXXII.

DREAMS.

In the first chapter of this volume, I have spoken of my cradle thoughts. I will now allude to dreams, as they seem to be connected with the phenomena of the mind. The state of sleep is very analogous to the effects produced on the brain by intoxication, inducing forgetfulness of the past, and neglect of the future. Some maintain that, during sleep, the soul is disentangled from the body, and thus uncontrolled, will sometimes wander in the most whimsical flights. Newton and Milton were of opinion that our minds are more strongly impressed with scenes of beauty or of terror, in our dreams, than by real objects when awake; and that when we awake with these vivid impressions on the mind, we return to an existence that is flat and stale, compared to that experienced in these glowing visions.

The tale of Tartini dreaming that he heard the devil play upon the violin, and the rapture he felt on waking, well illustrates this exalted sensibility of the soul. I have awakened with most exquisite strains in my ears, so clearly impressed that I thought I could have put them correctly down; but, like a dissolving view, the whole has vanished before I could put pen to paper. The freshness of dreams may aptly be

compared to the vivid fancy of a child. Everything is magnified, whether of pleasure or pain. A child deprived of its plaything suffers more than a monarch at the loss of a kingdom. To illustrate these feelings, let us call up a few common incidents in our dreams. Pursued by a monster, or wild beast, we are on the point of being seized; or, falling from a great height, are about to be dashed to pieces,—we wake and find ourselves safe in bed! Who has not felt the delight of skimming through the air, as if the soul had rid itself of the weight of the body? Sometimes in a dream we feel bewildered or lost—perhaps separated from a companion or dog, followed by an excess of joy on meeting again.

If dreams are to be ascribed to innate ideas, as well as to waking thoughts, we need not wonder at their incoherence, as during sleep the reasoning powers are dormant. A dream of my childhood has haunted me through life. Early dreams of this intensity present themselves, with sundry modifications, over and over again. As we grow older, the imagination is not so easily excited, and our dreams accord more with reality. Lord Brougham is of opinion that we only dream when just on the point of waking; that what we suppose to be the finish of a dream, is, in fact, the beginning, middle, and end of it, so quick is thought.

It may be considered presumptuous in me to hazard an opinion upon the cause of our dreams; but as I have watched the phenomena with more than ordinary

attention, I may be forgiven, even if I am wrong The moment digestion is about to begin, a heavy drowsiness comes over us, and when the process is fairly *set in*, the inlets of sense—the eyes, ears, &c.—close, and we become nearly as unconscious of the outer world, as if we were dead. Under the process of digestion the body is resuscitated. Sensorial power is generated to supply the wasted energies of the previous day. During this operation, the sensorium being cut off from outward impressions, is now affected by the interior workings of the body. This action, whether caused by improper food, or uneasy posture, excites the brain to a repetition of mental vibrations. The effect may be compared to the eliciting of sound from a musical instrument; as, for instance, by the wind playing upon the strings of an Æolian harp, the music of which is wild and incoherent; but when an instrument is touched by the hand of science, the sounds are rational and pleasing—analagous to the vibrations of the brain under the control of reason.

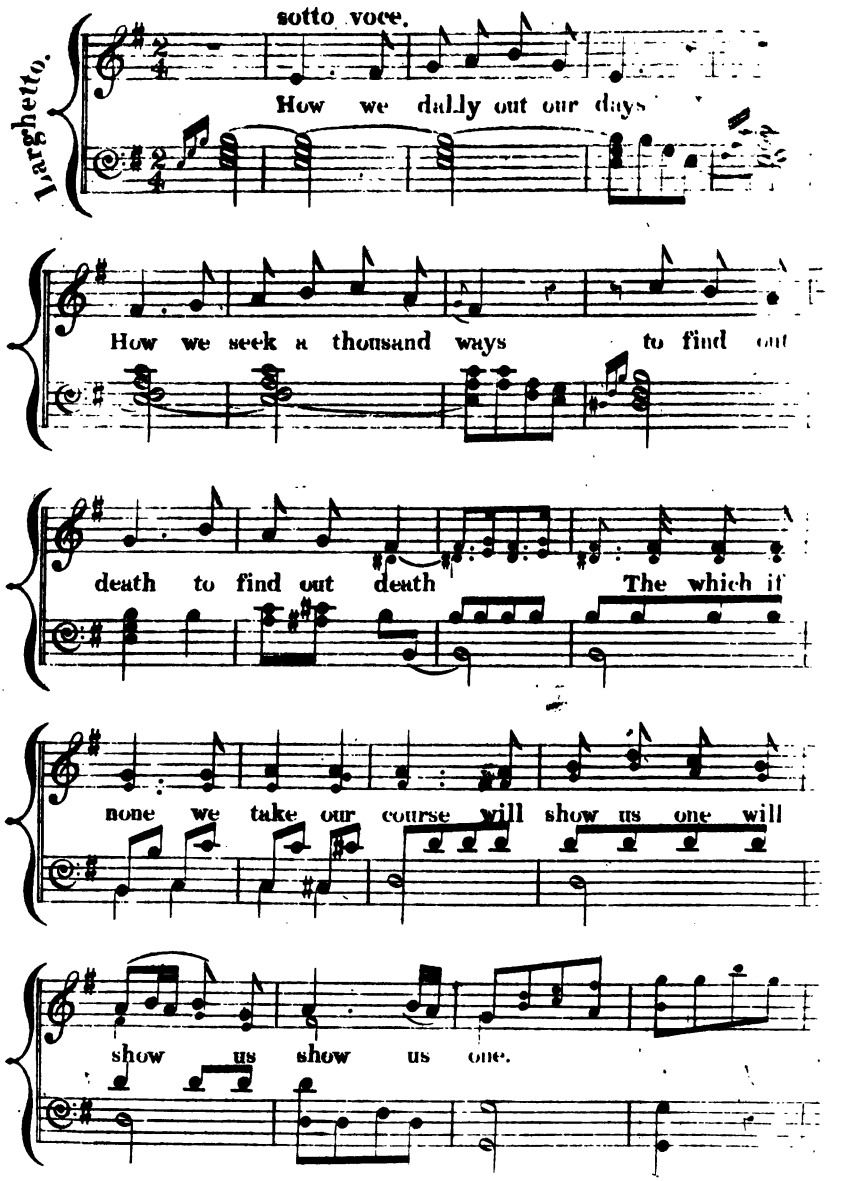
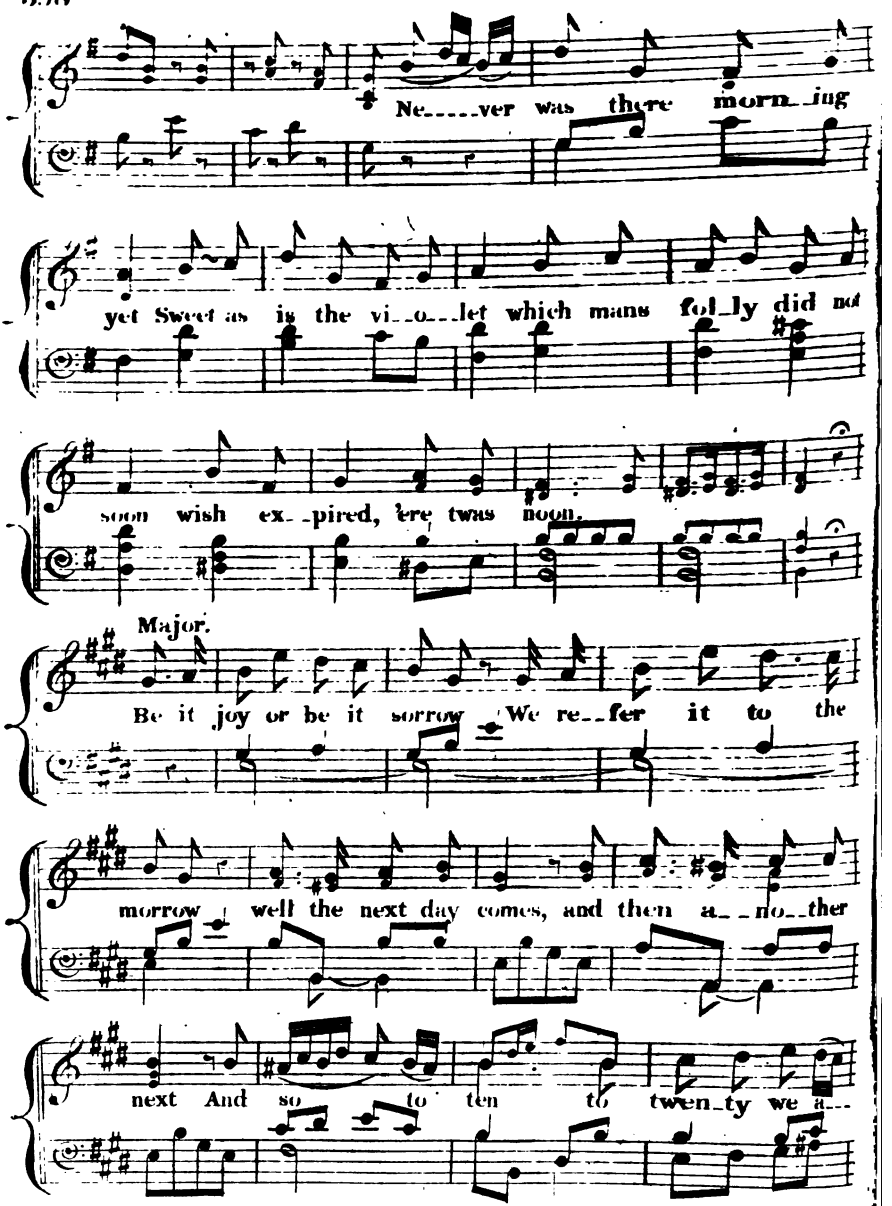
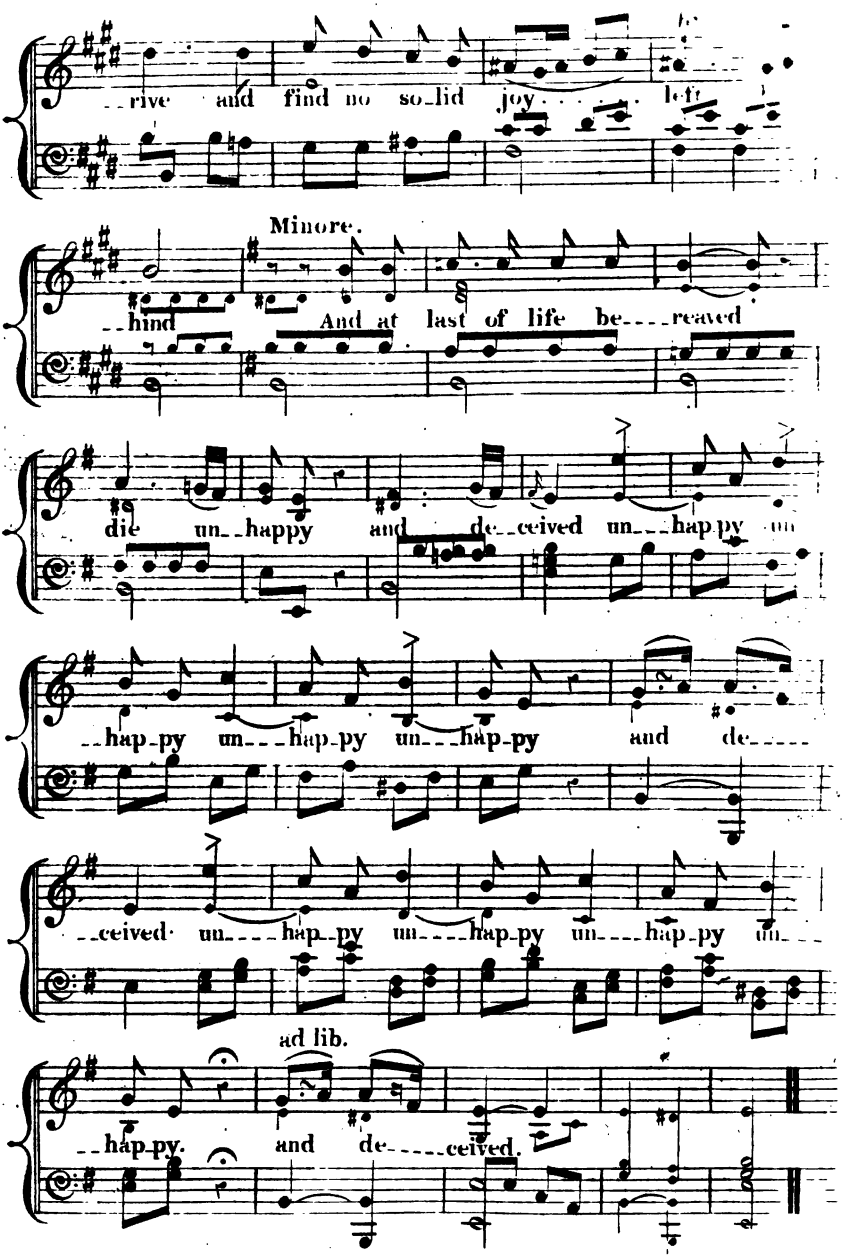
CHAPTER LXXIII.

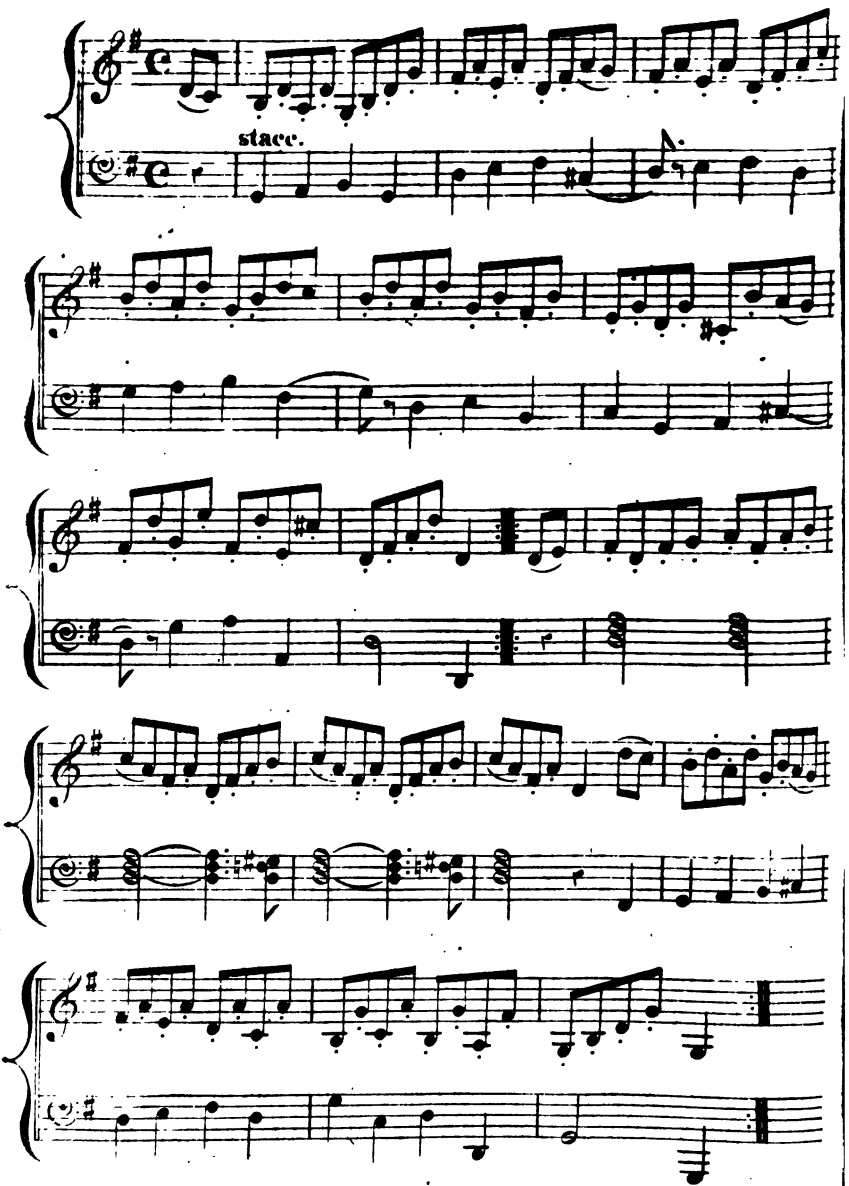
HANDEL'S MESSIAH.

In the first volume of this work I speak of the *Messiah* having been composed by Handel, at Gopsal Hall, in this county, then the seat of Mr. Jenners. This accomplished gentleman selected the words for this divine oratorio from the Scriptures. The Gopsal estate has since descended to Earl Howe, who inherits the taste of the founder. It is now sixty years since I went to Gopsal, in hopes of finding the manuscripts of the great German, in the fine library there, and learnt that they had been removed to Lord Aylesford's. It is to be regretted that they did not descend with the mansion as heir-looms to Earl Howe, who has at all times been a distinguished patron of music. I met an old servant, the gardener, who told me he recollected very well the "great musicianer often comin' wi' four long tailed blacks to his master's." I expressed my surprise, and said "you don't mean a coach and four." "Aye gramercy, but I do, an' he'd ha' stuck fast, and ne'er gotten here wi' less than four; good'uns as they war." His lordship, knowing that I had often stated that the *Messiah* had its origin in his mansion, sent me a work lately published by an Irish barrister—Mr. Townsend—in which he states that

the *Messiah* was written expressly for a charity in Dublin, and there first performed. I am unwilling that we should be robbed of the eclât to which Leicestershire is entitled, and boldly maintain that the statement of this writer is erroneous. According to Mr. Townsend, the oratorio was begun to be composed August 22, 1741; the first part was finished by the 28th; the second part by September the 6th; and the third part by the 18th—the whole being accomplished in three weeks. These statements are made upon the authority of a newspaper; but no person who is at all acquainted with the nature of such a performance will give credit to them. This is confessedly the finest and most elaborate of his compositions. It could scarcely have been transcribed in the time. Constant interviews must have taken place between the arranger of the words and the musician, and much consideration given, even before the plan and musical effect of the work could be fixed—especially as Handel was a foreigner. I should say twelve months, rather than three weeks, would be nearer the truth, to perfect a work of such magnitude and skill.

Handel being opposed by the nobility, who had taken the management of the opera out of his hands, probably retired in disgust from the theatre, for he wrote no opera afterwards. His genius was directed to a higher order of composition, the *Oratorio;* and a spacious music hall having been just erected in Dublin, might determine him to bring out the *Messiah* in that

SONG.

Larghetto.
sotto voce.
How we dally out our days
How we seek a thousand ways to find out
death to find out death The which if
none we take our course will show us one will
show us show us one.

Ne_____ver was there morn_ing
yet Sweet as is the vi_o_let which mans fol_ly did not
soon wish ex_pired, ere twas noon.
Major.
Be it joy or be it sorrow We re_fer it to the
morrow well the next day comes, and then a_no_ther
next And so to ten to twen_ty we a_

rive and find no so_lid joy left
Minore.
hind And at last of life be___reaved
die un_happy and de_ceived un___hap_py un
hap_py un___hap_py un___hap_py and de___
ceived un___hap_py un___hap_py un___hap_py un___
ad lib.
hap_py. and de___ceived.

HORNPIPE.

more suitable edifice than the London theatres. To show the erroneous conclusion Mr. Townsend has come to, I quote his work still further. He says:—"Handel arrived at Chester on his way to Ireland, November 5th, 1774, and was detained there thirteen days." This will be recollected by the well-known anecdote of Handel finding fault with one of the Chester singers, whom he engaged to try over some of his emendations, saying, "You *schountrel!* tit not you dell me dat you could sing at soite." "Yes sir, and so I can, but not at *first* sight." Immediately on Handel arriving in Ireland, he began a series of musical performances, in which he introduced *Alexander's Feast, Acis* and *Galatea, Allegro et Penseroso,* with his Anthems, *Te Deums, &c.*, which performances lasted for more than five months,—when a first rehearsal of his *Messiah* was announced, April 24th, 1742. During this interval, no doubt the author had been busily employed in perfecting his grand work.

I will now revert to some previous facts that will at once settle this question. Professor Mainwaring, who wrote the life of Handel the year after his death, says (page 131), "The *Messiah* had met with a cold reception—either the sense of musical excellence was become so weak, or the power of prejudices so strong, that all the effects of Handel's genius and industry proved ineffectual." There can be no doubt that the *Messiah* was written a year or more before the time Mr. Townsend fixes upon; that it was certainly first

performed in London, I learnt from a conversation I had with Mr. Cradock, of Gumley, who told me that Mr. Mainwaring was present at the performance, and that at the end of the second part, he heard Handel cry out "Go to the *Hallelujah*." This originally was the finishing chorus, and its bold and striking effect, brought in at that moment, saved the oratorio. From this circumstance the Hallelujah still remains as the conclusion of the second part, though it should properly conclude the performance. It must strike every one that the *Amen chorus*, though an excellent organ fugue, is out of place—it has none of the blaze of the *Hallelujah*. There is sufficient precedent for repeating the *Hallelujah* to restore the original conception of the author, and what can be more magnificent than the words, *the Lord God omnipotent reigneth*, crowning with splendour, this, the sublimest of all his works!

CHAPTER LXXIV.

ASTRONOMY.

In the second volume of this work, I mention the circumstance of Joseph Mills, a shoemaker, in Leicester, who calculated the path of Halley's comet, when it was expected to return, after seventy-five years absence, in 1835. This he did by drawing its orbit upon his

house floor, from which he made a diagram that more accurately represented the course of the comet than any that had been published. I saw this diagram, and questioned the humble astronomer how he had calculated the disturbing forces so as to come so near the truth. This he could not tell me, further than that he had performed it by the common rules of arithmetic. It is a curious circumstance worth mentioning, that my father saw this comet in the year 1759, and lived to see it return, on our Michaelmas fair day, (October 10, 1835.) What a thought! this body after travelling 75 years into the remotest regions of space, quicker than a cannon ball, to return to the very same spot—an instance of the wonderful laws that govern the universe, and the powers of the human mind in making these calculations. Mr. Mills the other day, presented me with a diagram of the great solar eclipse which will take place in 1858. Upon receiving it, I sent to him the following observations:—

Although the earth is covered with wonders—with innumerable organised animals and plants—which in themselves display the powers of an Almighty, yet, if we look out at midnight, when nature has gone to rest, our amazement is stretched to the utmost—when we behold above us a vault of countless stars.

What a dull being that must be who is not struck with awe at such a sight! Man may contemplate objects within his touch and comprehension, but when

he would penetrate the universe he is lost in its vastness! He is lost in the immensity of the Creator.

In this way was I astonished when my mind first opened to the wonders of astronomy. I have watched, like you, the phenomena of the heavens through a long life, and no subject has given me such high satisfaction as the study of the heavenly bodies; since the motion of all the worlds we see is founded upon true and incontrovertible laws.

In the *Edinburgh Review*, of the first of April, 1850, I have read with infinite delight an account of the daily operations which are going on in the Royal Observatory of Greenwich; and as the knowledge of such matters does not lie open to persons in your station, I shall give you a short account of them, with some remarks of my own, in which, if I am wrong, you will set me right.

The perfection to which this school of the stars has arrived, under the direction of the Astronomer Royal and his five assistants, is an example of the height to which science can attain. Here is concentrated the greatest amount of talent, and the finest instruments, that the wealth of England can procure,

The Italians have long been admitted to be the first astronomers in Europe, and under Galileo, Cassini, and Piazzi, the most brilliant discoveries were made; but it is in England that the grand work is performed, for the use of navigation, by which we become acquainted with every point of the terraqueous globe.

The number of observations necessary to trace and mark down the moon's wandering path through the heavens, is incredible. According to professor Airy, in some instances it has cost £700 or £800 to obtain one single fact. It takes thirty equations to find her true place, all of which are necessary to find our true place on the broad ocean.

The observations in parallax are highly curious, and are worked to the minuteness of the *second* of a degree.

Parallax is the result of an observation made upon the same object, as a star or planet, by two persons set wide apart on the earth's surface; as, for instance, at New York and the Cape of Good Hope. These observers refer the apparent place of the object to some particular point in the heavens; just as two persons, differently placed in a room, see the candle, and refer its apparent place to separate points upon the wall.

The finest instance of parallax is the view of a double star from opposite sides of the earth's orbit, on the longest day and the shortest, when she is two hundred millions of miles more on one side (when viewing the star) than on the other. The observer then, by the aid of a powerful glass, can see the space there is between the two stars, which, to the naked eye, appear as but a single star.

Let us show what is meant by the second part of a degree.

All circles, great or small, are divided upon the

rim into three hundred and sixty parts. When we stand on an elevated spot, with the circle of the horizon around us, as far as we can see; let us suppose ourselves standing on the nave of a wheel, large enough to fill up the whole space before us; if the wheel had 360 spokes, they would represent the divisions marked upon a circle, however great or small.

To show the extreme nicety of astronomical observations, it is found that a hair of the head, when held within three feet of the eye, is just equal in its thickness, or, we may say, in its breadth, to the small part of a degree called a *second;* and that a cricket ball, at the distance of eight miles, is just equal to the *second* of a degree upon a circle of eight miles radius, but is invisible without a glass. Such is the nicety requisite in measuring a degree upon the earth's surface, that the error of a second in the first operation, in working out a calculation, would make a difference of three hundred and sixteen miles, and in the distance of the nearest fixed star, such error would amount to sixty-five millions of miles.

One of the greatest difficulties in making these delicate observations, is to obtain a steadiness in the telescope. It is often said that the stand upon which it is placed is more costly than the instrument. The one in the Royal Observatory at Naples, rests upon two enormous broad based pillars of stone, that rise out of the Cape di Monte.

So sensible are these instruments to the alteration

of temperature, that even the approach of the human body obviously affects the operation, and on that account they are clothed in flannel.

The transit instrument is the perfection of the telescope. It is previously set to the altitude of the object to be observed. When the star is approaching the field of view, the trembling impatience of the observer for its entrance into the tube is like the sportsman whose dog has made a full point, and who waits for the rising of the game.

Immediately upon this the most ingenious clockwork begins to act, which so accurately opposes the earth's diurnal motion, as to keep the object always in the glass.

For purposes of measurement the old astronomers used six or eight wires, that crossed the chamber of the tube, which, being subject to the magnifying power of the telescope, were not fine enough for nice observations; and, as the magnifying power was increased, finer threads were used, such as human hair and the spider's web.

Since the wonderful discoveries now making, a still finer material is demanded for penetrating into space, and a superior breed of spiders is now kept in the institution, whose daily labours contribute much to sidereal astronomy, by spinning a finer web than has hitherto been procured.

In the chronometor room are one hundred and seventy time pieces, which are sent for regulation by

the various makers. These employ two ingenious mechanics constantly to attend upon them to regulate and report their mode of going.

On entering this department you are struck with the effect of their united ticking, which is a constant sound like the buzz of a bee-hive.

Those for hot climates are put into purgatory—subjected to a roasting heat, and then unmercifully plunged into snow. If they endure this treatment, and still go steadily—not varying more than the tenth of a second—their fortune is made, and they sell for enormous prices.

As it is from Greenwich only that true time can be obtained, and sent through the country, a curious machine is erected above the Observatory, for the convenience of the shipping in the Thames and the port of London. This is a high staff, called the "time ball,"—so high, that it may be seen for many miles. At five minutes before one o'clock the ball is hoisted to the top of the staff, when all eyes are upon it, and the instant it drops it is one o'clock. Since this was written, a "time ball" has been placed near Charing Cross, with which the mariner sets his chronometer, and with this, and the lunar tables, he sails to foreign parts. He never can be at a loss for his longitude upon the wide and trackless ocean, for he carries with him Greenwich time all over the world.

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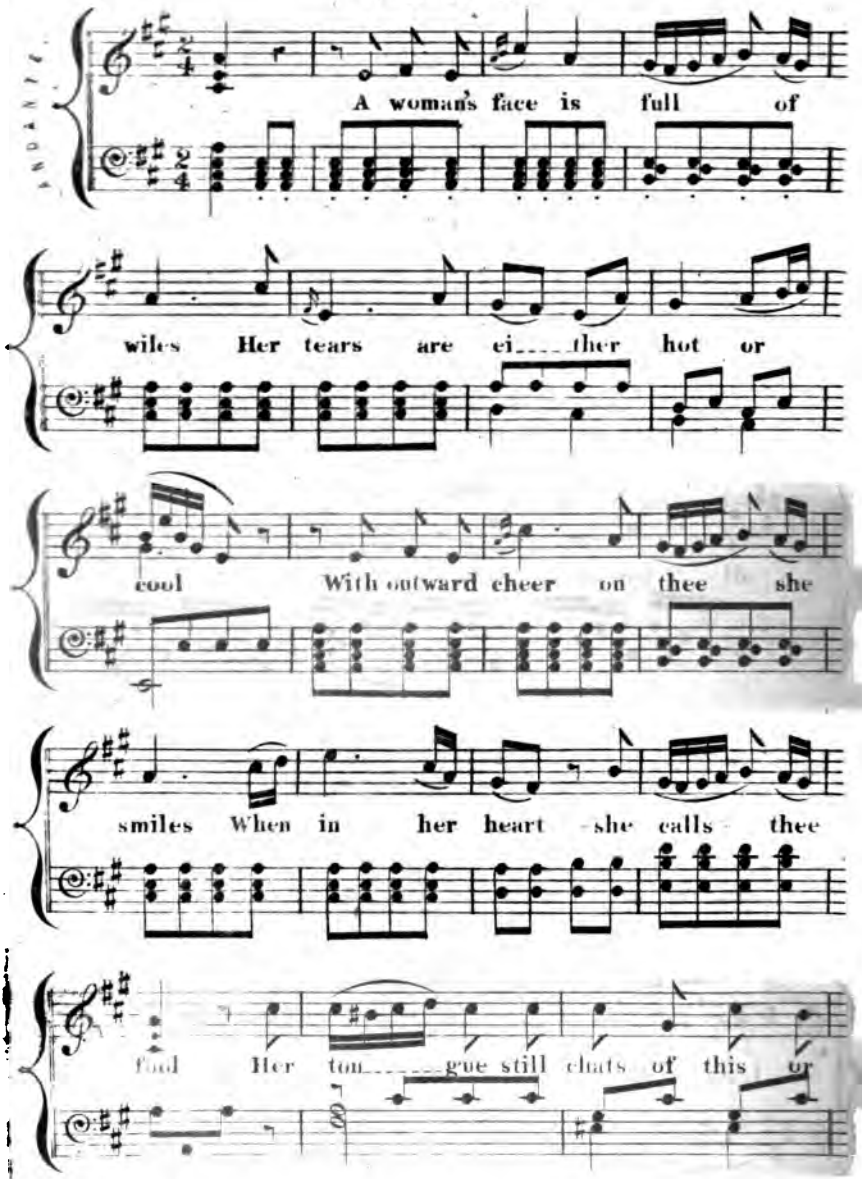
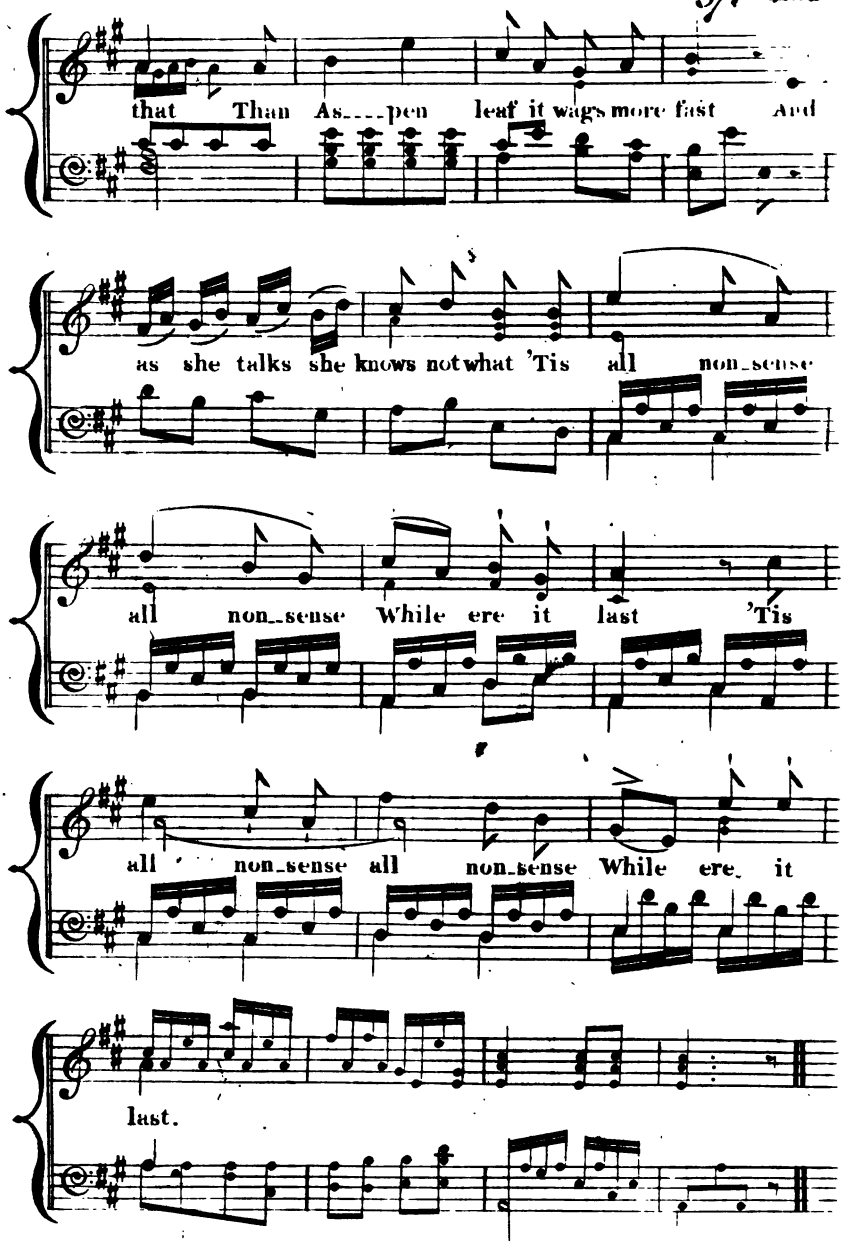
SONG.

ANDANTE.
A woman's face is full of
wiles Her tears are ei____ther hot or
cool With outward cheer on thee she
smiles When in her heart she calls thee
fool Her ton_____gue still chats of this or

that Than As___pen leaf it wags more fast And
as she talks she knows not what 'Tis all non_sense
all non_sense While ere it last 'Tis
all non_sense all non_sense While ere it
last.

CHAPTER LXXV.

MADRIGALS.

In many things in which taste is concerned, there is at the present day a great inclination to look for a model to a bye-gone age. If a man builds a house, the first point to decide is the style of its architecture, and the rage is now for the Gothic or Elizabethan—nothing of a more recent period would be sufficiently classical. He will probably embellish his house with all sorts of antique curiosities of the same period. A similar taste has of late years led to the re-introduction of a style of vocal music, which was brought into this country from Italy in the time of Henry VIII., called Madrigals, and which was cultivated with great success by our best English composers of that and the succeeding reign, and became exceedingly popular with all classes for many years. However, like everything else, it had its day, and by degrees was forgotten and superseded by other styles of composition; but now its turn is come round again, and Madrigal Societies are every where springing up.

It is eminently a social style of music, and is best sung round a table, when each performer has his part to himself, and every one present is expected to join—for it is no matter how many voices there are, provided that each sings correctly and in tune; and I may add that, to sing a madrigal correctly, and with proper

effect of light and shade, requires no slight musical knowledge and taste.

As I have all my lifetime taken an active part in promoting music in Leicester, both in public and in private, it always gives me great pleasure to see the same zeal kept up amongst a younger generation; and, after having had, for very many years, perhaps the chief share in the management of the musical affairs of the town, I am now allowed to be a listener, and to enjoy the fruits of the labours of others.

I make these few remarks by way of preface to the notice of the "Visitors' Night," given by the *Leicester Amateur Madrigal Society* last spring, when a company of twenty or thirty amateurs, assisted by a choir of treble boys, gave an evening's entertainment at the New Hall, to a large company. The performance was conducted by Mr. May, who, though a young amateur, has all the tact and precision of an experienced professed musician, and a knowledge of the subject rarely equalled. Under his direction I have no fear that a taste and love for music will be wanting in Leicester; and I shall hope to see the society continue to flourish under auspices so favourably commenced.

The meeting drew together all the first families of this town and neighbourhood. When gentlemen set about any public affair we may be assured it will be handsomely done. The arrangements of the room were much improved, and showed much taste.

By placing the voices at the entrance end, and closing the two doors, the room was made comfortable. The seating of the company was admirable, and, as every one was well-dressed, the appearance of the room was brilliant.

At eight o'clock, about thirty gentlemen and twelve boys glided in upon an elevated stage, and sat down to half-a-dozen tables, with their books and wax-lights, as in the olden time of Henry the Eighth and Elizabeth. I looked for the sack and canary—the usual accompaniments at that time, but, alas! there was none; a breathless silence reigned in the whole company—every one was wondering what madrigals were, as the Germans wonder about lobsters; no one could answer, except those who had read the learned address published by the society. Some looked in wild expectation for a flight of birds that were to be uncaged, but the silence gave no promise of music; when, presently, some low soft sounds stole upon the ear, swelling into gushes of harmony, and the Madrigal was introduced.

The charm of the boys voices delighted me indeed: they were lusciously sweet. The ear had not been tortured by a dozen self-sufficient fiddlers tuning their instruments before they made a start. The effect was quite novel and pleasing. Presently, we found ourselves "Down in a flowry dale," among Nymphs and Corydons "Lovers all a wooing;" after listening awhile to these amatory strains, we soon

discovered that these madrigals were a wholesale way of making love; a mode too dreamy for our Leicestershire fox-hunters—a sort of *pabulum vitæ*—too weak for their stomachs.

What a primitive age it must have been when such gentleness prevailed! Henry the Eighth, who was a composer of madrigals, now and then cut off a few heads by way of changing the key and giving a spirit to the age. The character of this music probably has been derived from dancers in the earlier stages of society, when there were no instruments superior to the human voice, the dancers keeping up the tune and measure in accordance with their steps, in the way we may notice little children at the present day. The little bits of melody called "Imitation," running after one another as the couples do in a dance, suggest the same song—following in close succession. Such is the character of the ancient Madrigal. The Fugue is composed of strains of greater length—involving great skill in their construction—a sort of arithmetical music, addressed more to the understanding than the heart.

CHAPTER LXXVI.

ORATORIO OF JUDAH.

While I was engaged upon the two first volumes of my Sacred Melodies, I met with many beautiful compositions of a cast too elaborate for the purposes of Psalmody. As many of these pieces were unknown in this country, I determined to put them together in the form of an Oratorio, connecting them with the principal events recorded in the Jewish Scriptures, commencing with the history of Abraham, and terminating with a prophetic view of the millenium. I was desirous that the work should be introduced by an original composition by Beethoven. To see if he could be prevailed upon to write an appropriate overture to the performance, I wrote the following letter to him, which the Baron Nieuman, of the Austrian Embassy did me the honour to forward to Vienna, at the same time telling me it was doubtful whether I should receive an answer, so uncommunicative with the world was Beethoven :—

"To Louis Van Beethoven.

"Dear Sir,

"At the house of Lady Bowater, in Leicestershire, in 1796, I met with your trio in E flat, (for violin, viola, and bass.) Its originality and beauty gave me inexpressible delight ; indeed, it was a new sense to me. Ever since I have anxiously endeavoured to procure your compositions, as much so as the war

would permit. Allow me to present to you the first volume of my Sacred Melodies, which contain your divine adagios appropriated to the British church. I am now engaged upon a work, entitled, "The Oratorio of *Judah*," giving a history of that peculiar people from the Jewish scriptures. The object of this letter is, to express a hope that I may induce you to compose an Overture for this work, upon which you can bring all the force of your sublime imagination (if it please you), in the key of D minor. For this service, my friend, Mr. Clementi will accept your draft upon him for one hundred guineas.

"I have the honor to be, dear Sir,

"Your faithful servant,

"WILLIAM GARDINER."

To this letter I had no reply, though I received the thanks of the Empress for the volume of Sacred Melodies which I sent her at the suggestion of the Embassador.

After I had published these works, I was often asked who were the authors of those pieces without a name? I had thought that as my name was on the title page of the book, these anonymous pieces would of course be assigned to me. In 1821, I attended the York festival, when the trio, *The Lord will comfort Zion*, was performed, and put down in the books as the composition of Haydn, whereas I wrote this trio to introduce the final chorus of the Oratorio, a glorious fugue by Haydn. I corrected the mistake in a paragraph which I sent to the London papers, reflecting upon the managers who could not distinguish my earthly composition from the divine strains of Haydn. Perhaps it has been a false modesty in me

not to affix my name; but to prevent any mistake, and as a general answer to these enquiries, I may state that every recitative, symphony, song, and chorus, without a name is of my composition. In the *Music of Nature*, *Music and Friends*, and *Sights in Italy*, there are more than fifty songs composed by me, besides many of intrinsic merit that I have shortened and improved by cutting out old-fashioned flourishes now obsolete.

The public will, I trust, forgive me for speaking here of my own works; but as this is probably my last appearance as an author or composer, I hope I may be allowed this explanation.

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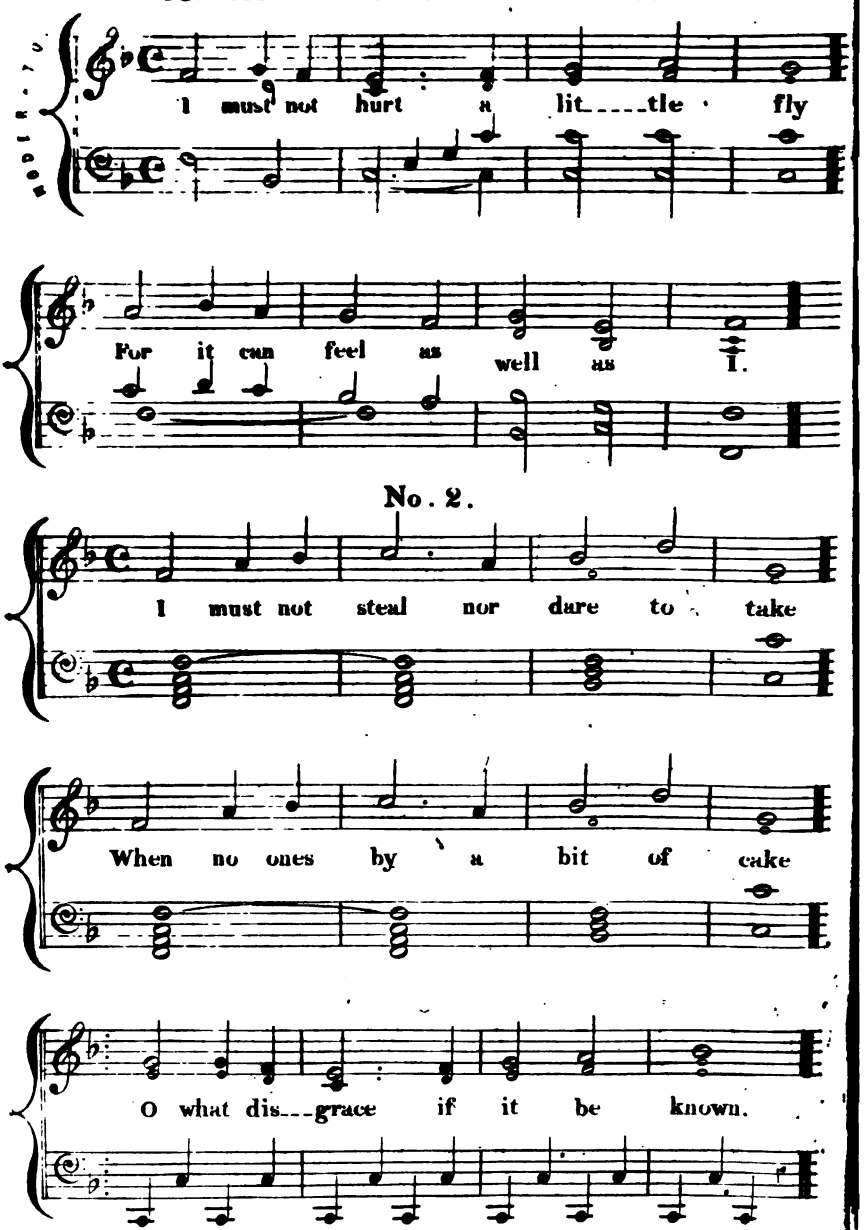
ANTHEMS.

One thing have I desired of the Lord.

Great God, Divine.

Holy, Holy, Lord.

THE MECHANICS' GLEE :—"At evening when my work is done."

I must not hurt a lit____tle fly
For it can feel as well as I.
No. 2.
I must not steal nor dare to take
When no ones by a bit of cake
O what dis___grace if it be known.

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